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APRIL 1981 • $2.50

**PLAYBOY'S MUSIC SPECIAL:**
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- WILLIE NELSON
- HITS & MISSES

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**THE GIRLS OF KOKOMO:** THERE'S MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE BACK HOME IN INDIANA

HOW TO GIVE THE IRS A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

**THE LIBERATION OF A CONGRESSIONAL WIFE– RITA JENRETTE'S** OWN STORY IN WORDS AND PICTURES

LOU GRANT LIVE: PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS **ED ASNER**

In either length—King or 100's:

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See how Carlton stacks down in tar compared with U.S. Gov't. figures for brands that call themselves low in tar:

| | tar mg./cig. | nicotine mg./cig. |
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| **Carlton Box (lowest of all brands)** | **less than 0.01** | **0.002** |
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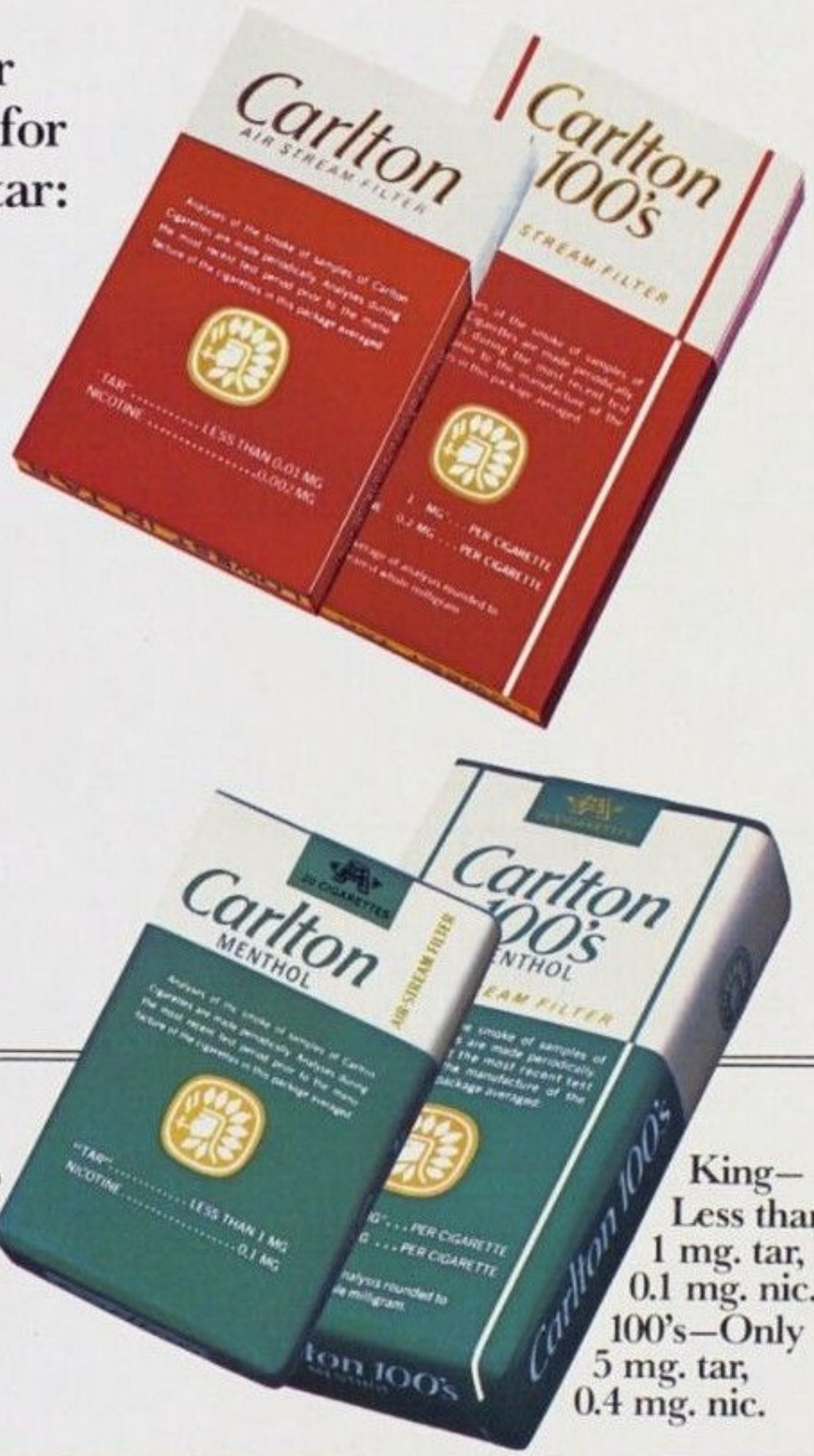
| Kent | 11 | 0.9 |
| Kent 100's | 14 | 1.0 |
| Merit | 8 | 0.6 |
| Merit 100's | 10 | 0.7 |
| Vantage | 11 | 0.8 |
| Vantage 100's | 12 | 0.9 |
| Winston Lights | 14 | 1.1 |
| Winston Lights 100's | 13 | 1.0 |




## Carlton Menthol.

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## The lighter menthols.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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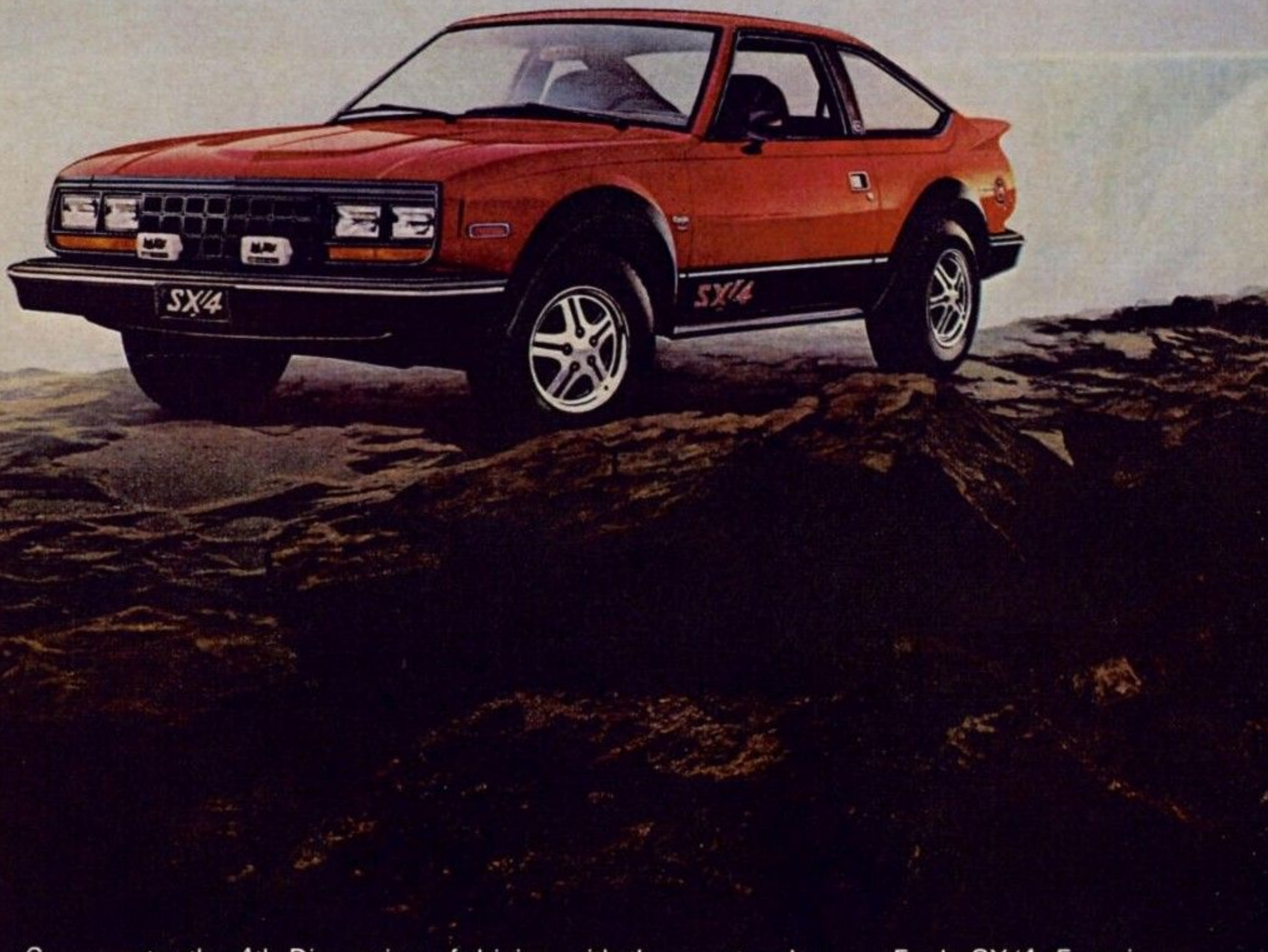


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*Use these figures for comparison. Your mileage may vary due to speed, weather and trip length. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. Calif. figures lower.

American Motors

# PLAYBILL

LAST OCTOBER, when South Carolina Democratic Congressman **John Jenrette** appeared in front of TV cameras to lament his conviction in the ABSCAM case, his wife, **Rita**, stood valiantly at his side. For most of us at the time, she was a peripheral image on our TV screens—blonde, demure, attractive, a young politician's wife about to edge into obscurity with her husband. But a few months later, when Rita's memoir, *Diary of a Mad Congresswife*, appeared in *The Washington Post*, that judgment was altered. She had written, candidly, of her marriage, her husband's drinking problem and, most revealingly, about straining to fit into the rigid mold of political society. It was not long before rumors began to circulate that the rebellious Mrs. Jenrette was going to pose for PLAYBOY. Would she? The media speculated. *Time* magazine claimed she had been asked but "modestly declined." Well, now you know; the rumors were, indeed, true. It all began when our Washington-based Contributing Editor, **Peter Ross Range**, intrigued by Rita's story, asked her to write a no-holds-barred version for PLAYBOY, a piece that would start where the *Post* story left off. In real life, of course, stories don't have neat endings. As we went to press, Rita had discovered her husband in yet another compromising situation and the couple had separated. This issue's pictorial was shot by Staff Photographer **Pompeo Posar**, and the accompanying article, *The Liberation of a Congressional Wife*, was written by Rita in collaboration with **Kathleen Maxa**, formerly an award-winning sportswriter for the Washington *Star*, who has known Rita several years. Associate Photography Editor **Jeff Cohen** and Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** brought the project to fruition.

This month's *Playboy Interview* features America's favorite newspaper editor: the star of *Lou Grant*, **Edward Asner**. Interviewer **Sam Merrill** got Asner to reveal, among other things, why he's a union activist and what **Mary Tyler Moore** is *really* like.

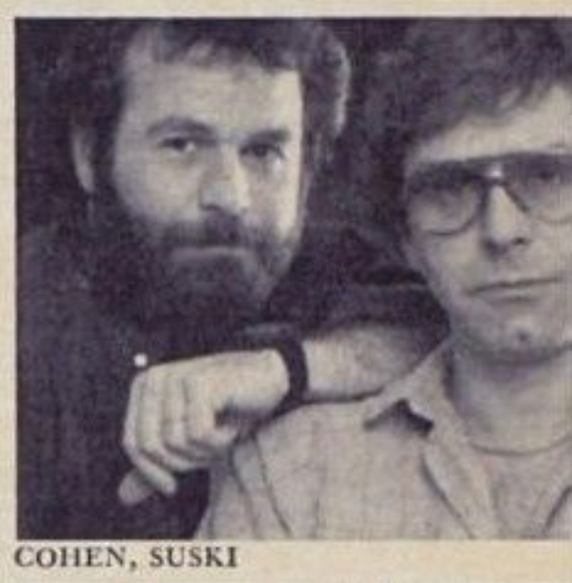
When T. S. Eliot wrote that "April is the cruelest month," his accountant's voice may not have been ringing in his ear. But it's loud and menacing in ours. *How to Outgun the IRS*, by **Paul Strassels** (illustrated by **Sandra Hendler**), should ease the pain. Formerly a tax-law specialist employed by the IRS, Strassels is a co-author of last year's best seller *All You Need to Know About the I.R.S.: A Taxpayer's Guide*.

Rape is an act of unspeakable cruelty, as victims have so persuasively testified. It is a crime of sexual violence that has intimidated police and outraged feminists. Contributing Editor **Richard Rhodes** has spent years probing the reasons such a crime occurs and who's likely to commit it. His report, *Why Do Men Rape?* (with accompanying art by **Dennis Mukai**), contains some staggering, and controversial, revelations.

Also in this issue: Longtime PLAYBOY contributor **Jay Cronley** waxes satirical on what he considers to be the most heinous sport ever devised by man in *I Hate Golf's Guts*. Our annual *Year in Music* package is a melodic harmony of talents: Contributing Editor **David Standish** reports on what it's like to be on the road with **Willie Nelson** and family, freelancer **Carl Philip Snyder** puts the year's trends in perspective and the late **John Lennon** reveals what inspired his most famous songs. Also credited with contributions above and beyond, etc., are Associate Editor **Kate Nolan**, Associate Art Director **Skip Williamson** and our crack research team—**Phil Cooper, Jackie Johnson, Bari Nash, Conan Putnam, David Tardy** and **Mary Zion**. And there's more. . . . Peripatetic Contributing Photographer **David** (*Girls of . . .*) **Chan** and Stylist **Sherryl Snow** team up to bring us the feminine delights of small-town America in *The Girls of Kokomo*; Fashion Director **David Platt** delivers our annual *Playboy's Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast*; and **Philip Roth** has provided us with a sizable slice of his new novel, due soon from Farrar, Straus & Giroux, *Zuckerman Unbound* (illustrated by **Marcia Marx**). Dig in!

JENRETTE

MAXA


COHEN, SUSKI

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SNOW, CHAN

WILLIAMSON, STANDISH, SNYDER, NOLAN

PLATT

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ROTH

MARX

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# PLAYBOY

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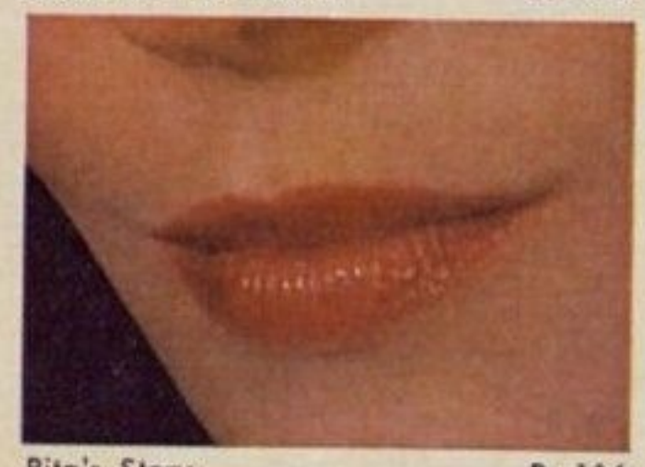

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**COVER STORY**

Meet Liz Wickersham, the Ford model/actress who graces this month's cover, which was designed and photographed by Executive Art Director Tom Staebler. Looking at her makes us think of a spring flower, though we wouldn't call Liz a late bloomer. Her plum-colored teddy just goes to prove what we've always said: Less is more.


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Spritzed out by light drinks? Plunge into headier libations. These high-proof spirits add a feisty—and flavorful—zip to any cocktail.

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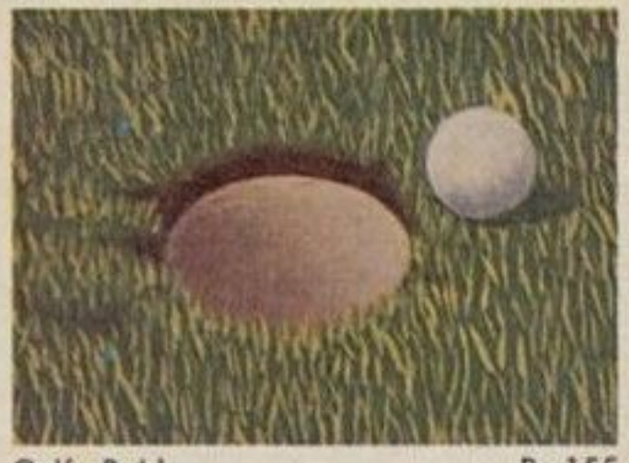

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| GENERAL Dual Steel II | B/C | 170 | 51,000 |
| B.F. GOODRICH Life Saver XLM | B/C | 170 | 51,000 |
| MICHELIN XWW | A/B | 140 | 42,000 |

*Most 15" Firestone 721 tires rated 200 which projects to 60,000 miles.

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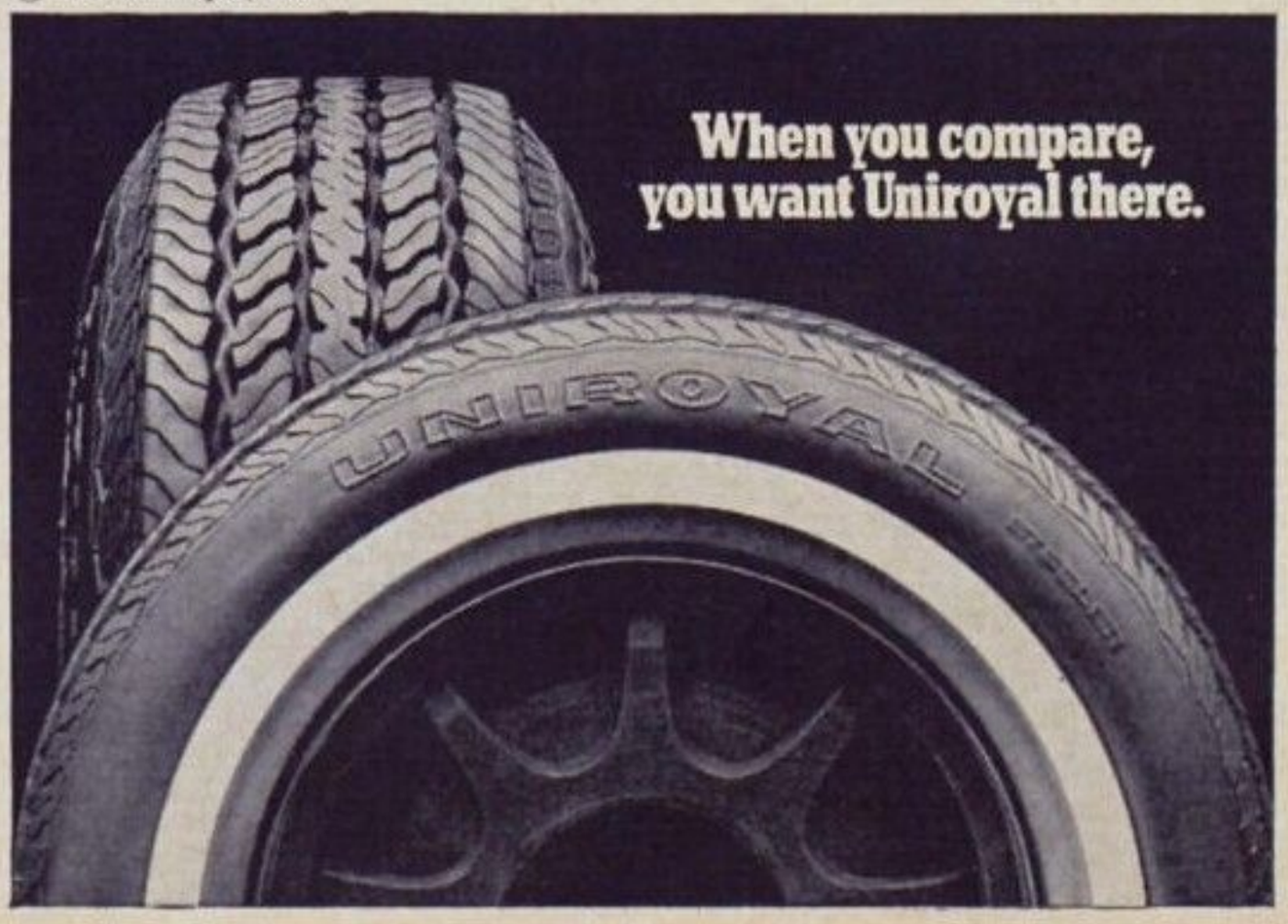

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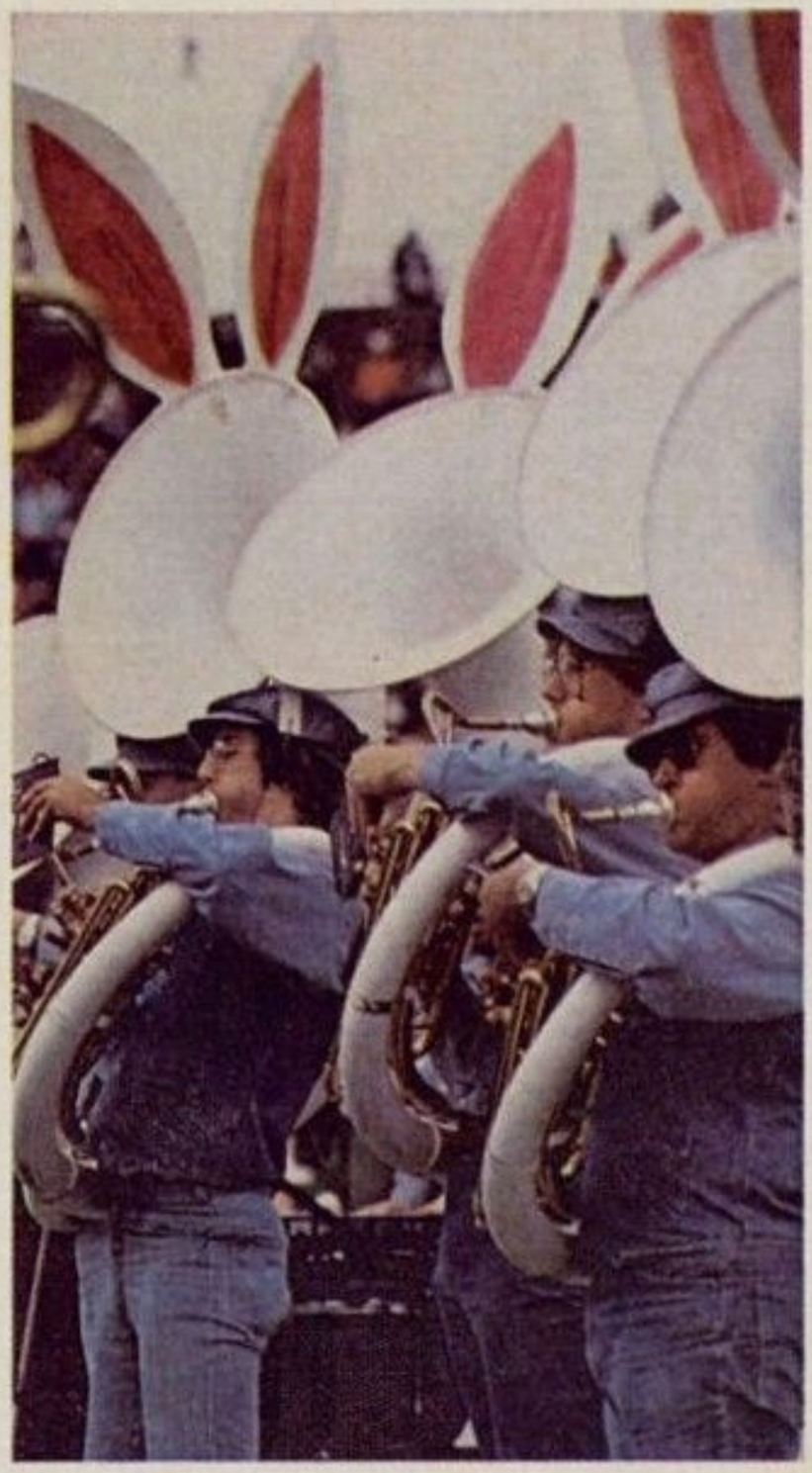
# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

*in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it*

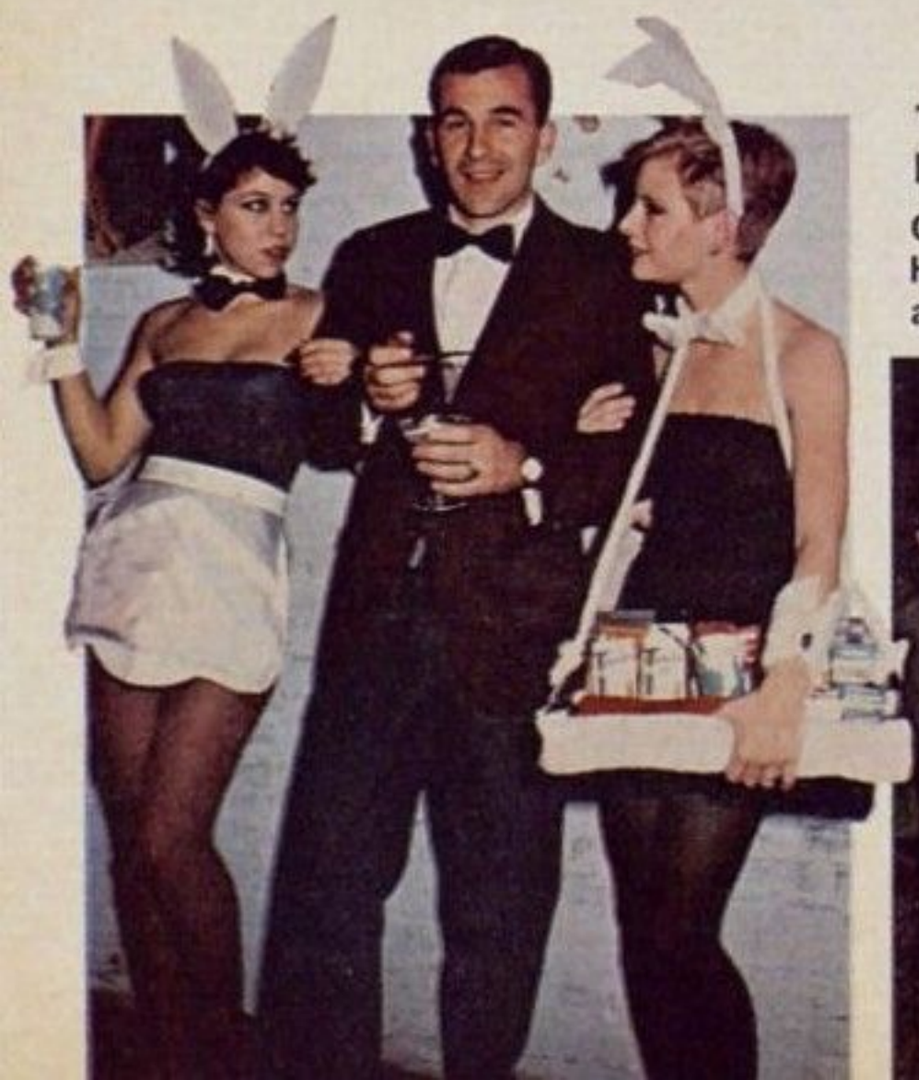
## MARCHING HARES

**The Rice University Owl Band (left) performs a Playboy Bunny hop, poking fun at Baylor University, whose administration protested publicly when we photographed coeds there last year. At halftime during the Rice/Baylor game, the band outfitted itself as would-be Bunnies; note the eared-tuba players, below.**



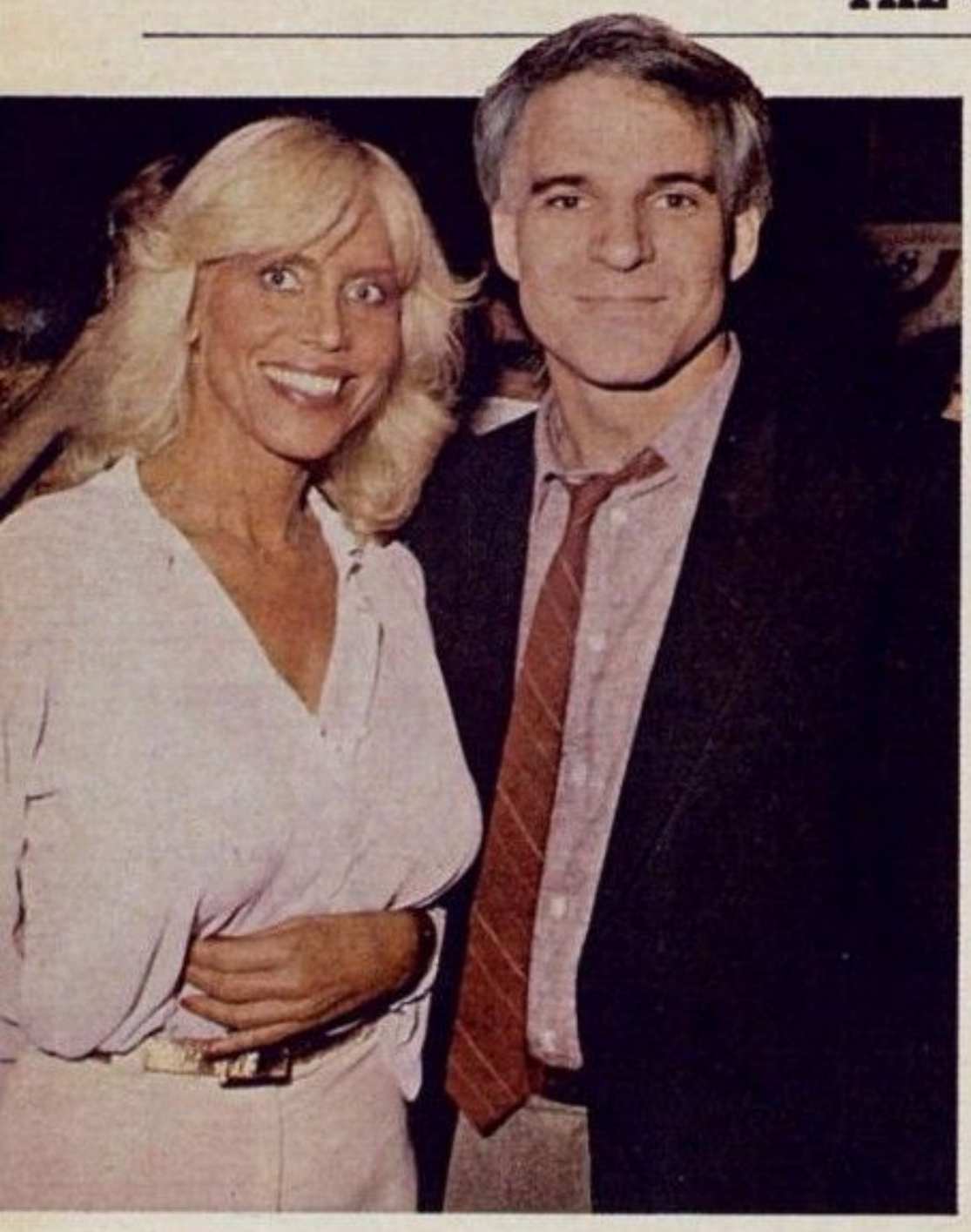
## WHAT KIND OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

**We've got a sneaking suspicion Johnny Carson's scrutinizing the November 1980 PLAYBOY with a particular feature in mind—that's the Playmate from that issue, Jeana Tomasino, updating Ed McMahon and Johnny on her film and modeling career in the course of a *Tonight Show* appearance.**



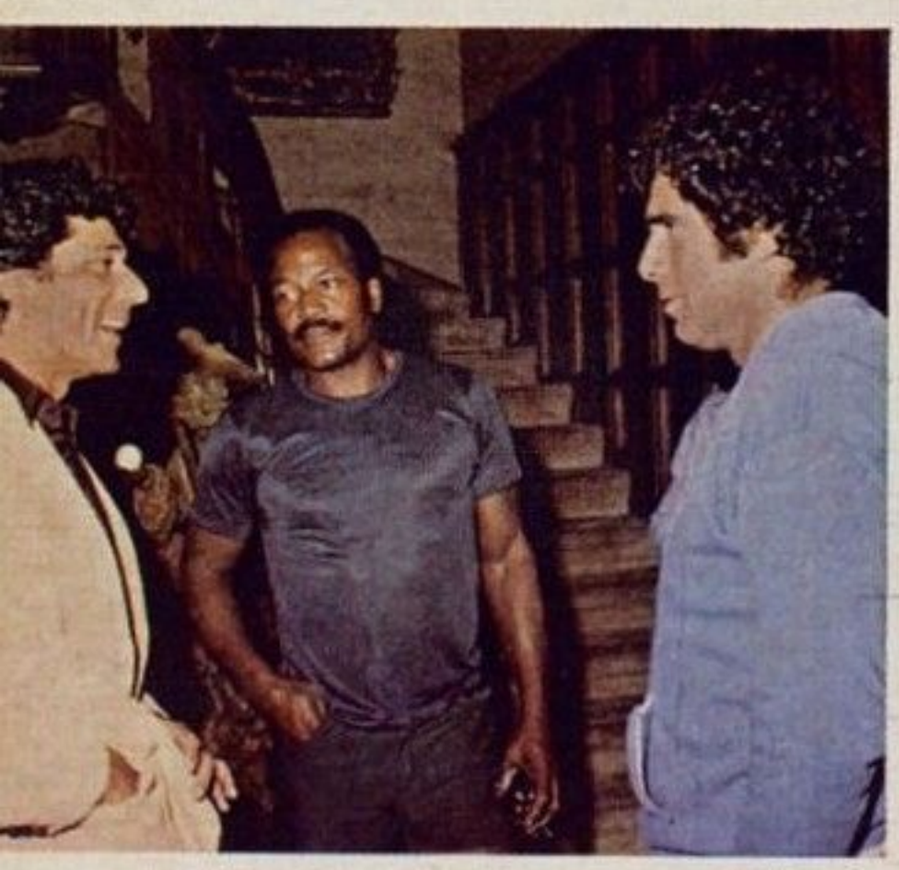
## THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS BAD PUBLICITY—JUST SPELL OUR NAME RIGHT

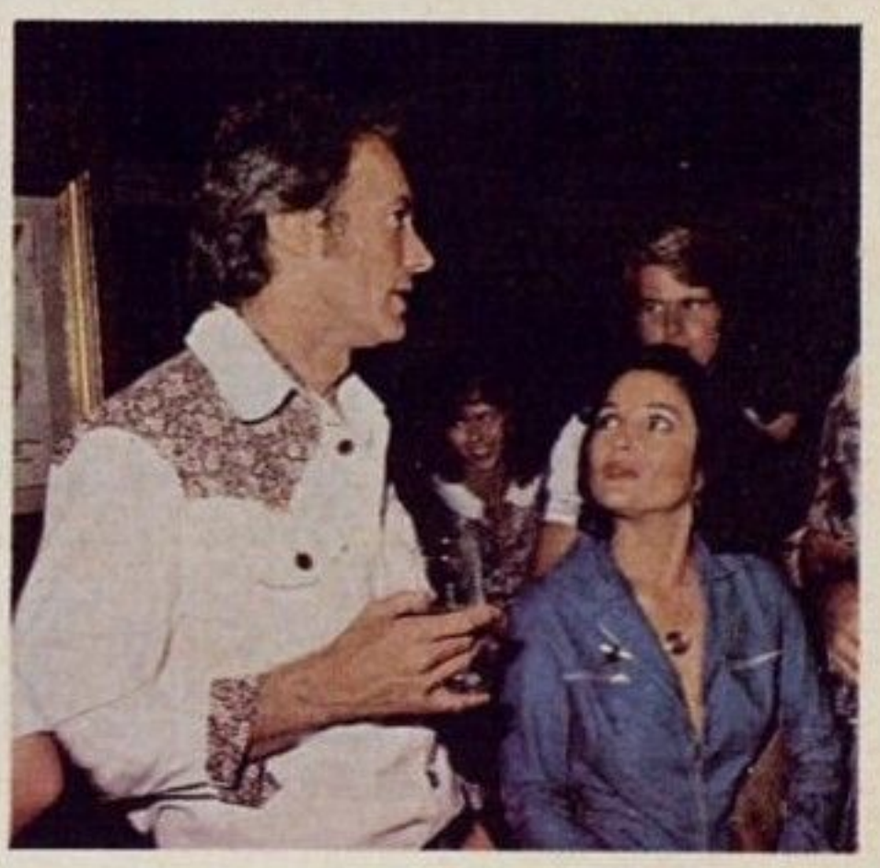
**Comedian Vinnie Platania, left, a counterfeit Bunny on each arm, plays Hugh M. Hefner circa 1960 at New York City's *très* New Wave spot, The Mudd Club. Platania and the ersatz Bunny revue below entertained during a campy Playboy theme night.**



## PLAYBOY FIGHT NIGHT: CLOSED-CIRCUIT PARTY A TECHNICAL KNOCKOUT

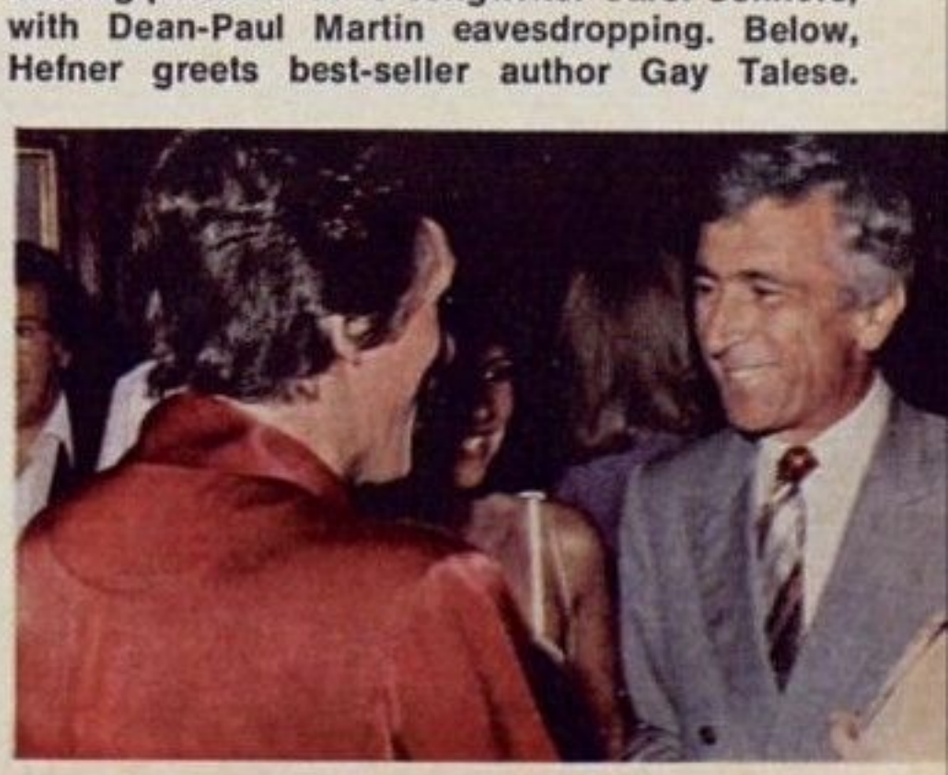
**Major championship boxing events always draw an impressive Hollywood cast for closed-circuit viewing at Playboy Mansion West. Whether for Ali or Holmes or Leonard or Duran, fight fans (below) pack the house. At left, October 1972 Playmate Sharon Johansen and Steve Martin, both fondly remembered for their performances in *The Jerk*, team up for another close-up.**





**And in this corner (above, from left): Joe Namath, Jim Brown and Elliott Gould. Kristy McNichol (right) floats like a butterfly while a sporty Danny Kaye (below) shakes Hef's hand before the opening bell.**

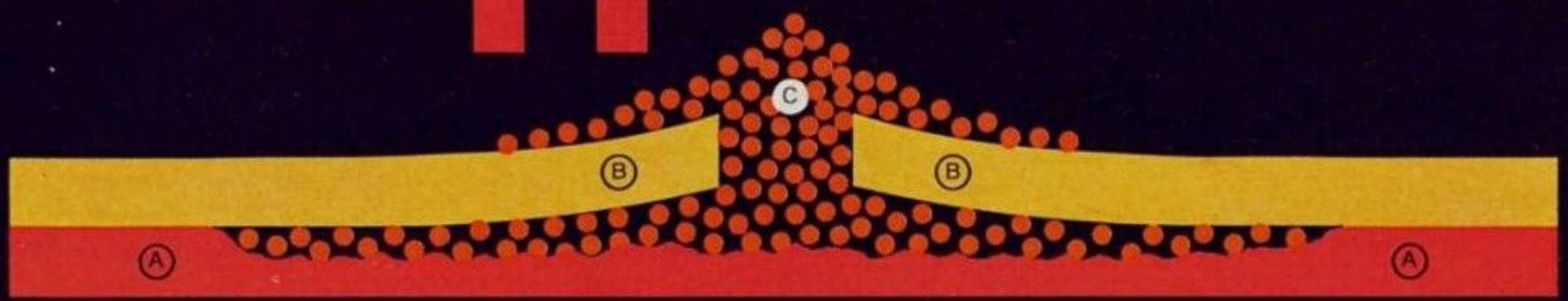
**The fights draw all kinds of celebs. Above, Clint Eastwood, who has thrown a few punches himself in the movies, seems contented merely delivering punch *lines* to songwriter Carol Connors, with Dean-Paul Martin eavesdropping. Below, Hefner greets best-seller author Gay Talese.**



**Consumer Orientation**
No. 11 in a Series
**Subject:** Longlife Design.
The Antithesis of
Planned Obsolescence.

# 11

# Porsche 911




At Porsche, we design our cars for the long term. We don't believe in the concept of planned obsolescence. Each new model is expected to have a production run of at least 10 years. (The 911 has been in production for more than 15 years.) In addition, every car we build is further expected to bring its owner many years of continued enjoyment.

Our goal of the longlife car has shown, however, that components such as the engine and drive train can have a far longer life span than the body. Road salt, acid rain, and other aggressive airborne matter have created increasing demands on the body's protective coating. Now more than ever, there is the danger of rust.

Paint alone is no protection against rust. (See diagram above.) Harmful elements can attack a car's sheet steel (A) through pinholes in the paint skin (B). Unchecked, rust (C) can expand, mar the finish, and weaken an ordinary steel body. So in addition to a 4-step paint process, the Porsche 911—like all Porsches—is protected by a hot dip galvanizing process.

All of the sheet steel used in all Porsches is hot dip galvanized—on both sides—in a 500°C liquid zinc bath. This produces (see diagram below) a protective zinc coating (D) on the sheet steel (E) that actually *grows* into the damaged portion (F) of the paint skin (G)—plugging pinholes and preventing further corrosion.

As a result of the effectiveness of hot dip galvanizing—beginning with the 1981 model year, we offer a limited warranty on the *entire* body of every new Porsche—911, 924, 924 Turbo, 928—against rust perforation for 7 years:

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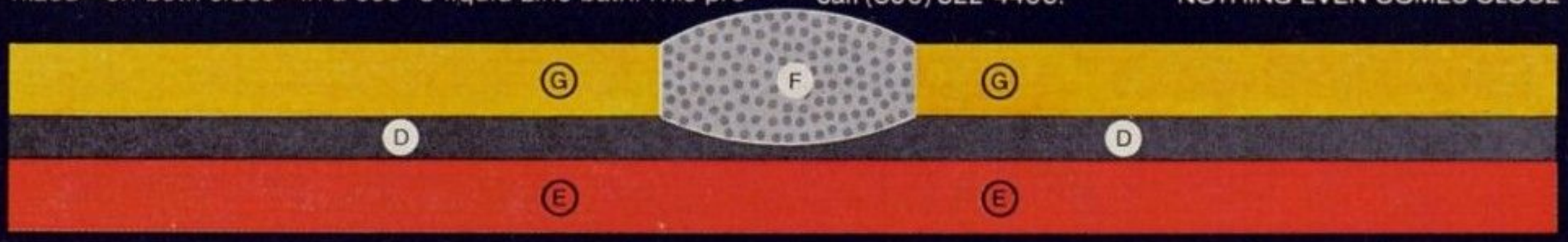


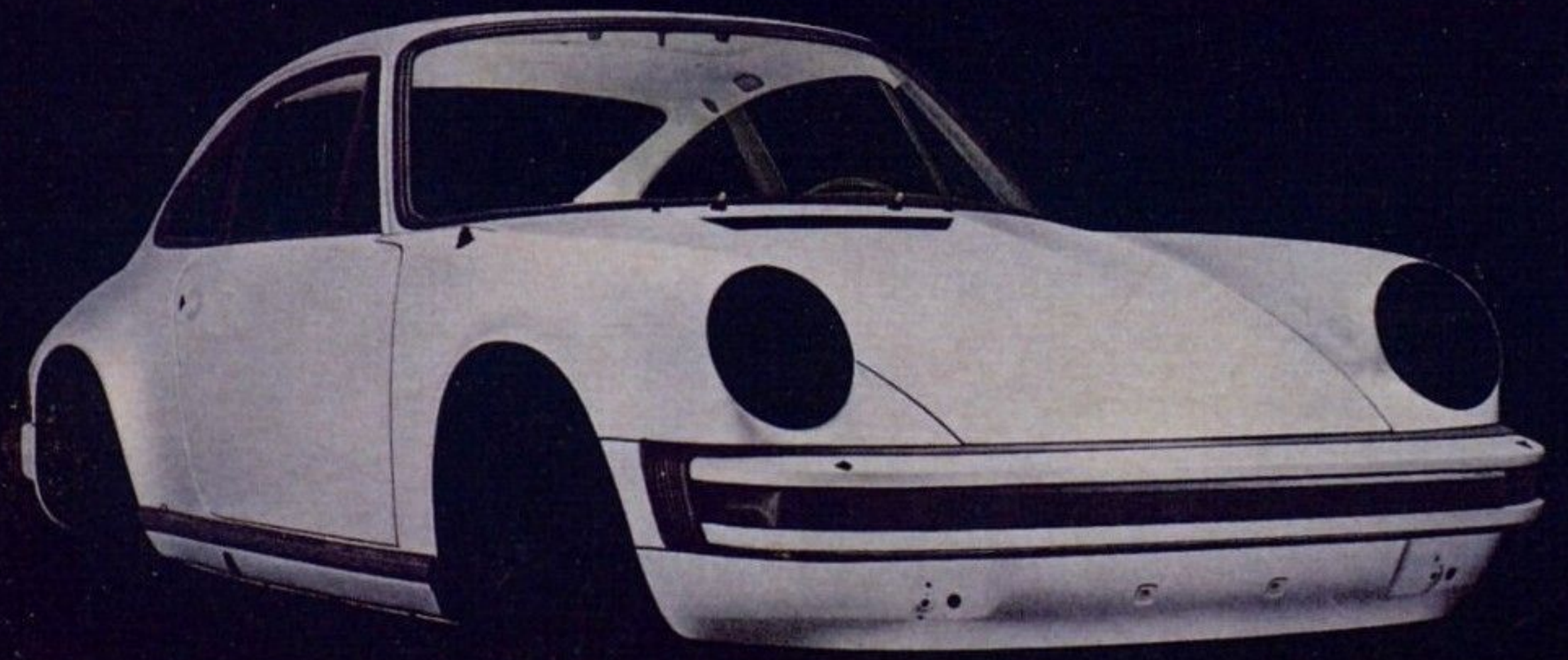

At the Porsche Research and Development Center (Entwicklungzentrum) in Weissach, the steel body of a Porsche 911 has been standing outside in the elements—protected only by hot dip galvanizing—for 7 years. To date, there has not been one speck of red rust.

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# DEAR PLAYBOY

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### JOHN AND YOKO

I finished the John and Yoko interview (PLAYBOY, January) yesterday; John Lennon died a few hours ago. It's cold in my apartment, I'm stunned and I won't be getting much sleep tonight. I drove through the Dallas streets crying myself dry a few weeks ago because of something that happened there 18 years ago. Now a phenomenal man who burst into my life that same pivotal year and changed things for the better, and forever, is gone. Not much more to say tonight, except that I hurt. My sympathy and love go out to Yoko and Sean, to myself and to the rest of us. What an utter, senseless, fucking waste.

Dan Paul Frizzelle
Dallas, Texas

Two weeks ago, after reading the John Lennon/Yoko Ono interview, I toyed with the idea of writing to say what a pleasant, peaceful end John's words had brought to my still-simmering sense of Beatlemania. Last night's tragedy leaves dead the vestiges of childhood in me. While John was cheated of a life full of promise and joy, we have been robbed of a beloved friend and an ofttimes witty, always eloquent spokesman. My deepest regrets to his family and friends.

Chris Lukesh
West Milford, New Jersey

Your January interview with John Lennon shows him to have been an amazing man with a message to give the world. Sadly, we must be content with his music and your interview.

Tim McGuinn
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Having read David Sheff's straightforward interview with John Lennon before his tragic murder made it much more painful to accept. I felt close to the man, knowing how he thought and understanding more about his life. On the other hand, I am content knowing that he died a happy man, at peace with himself. It is distressing, though, that his happiness and consuming love for Yoko could not protect him from the monstrous intrusion of an assassin's bullets.

Patricia Van Heel
Spokane, Washington

Thank you for your in-depth interview with John Lennon. You revealed the essence of the man, and we needed that to properly remember him. His music was full of hope, but the love and respect he obviously felt for his mate offer an even greater hope for all of us.

Jerome C. Graves
Redondo Beach, California

The only tribute we can possibly give a man like Lennon is to see to it that his child grows up in an atmosphere of peace.

T. M. Shine
Lake Worth, Florida

John Lennon was much more than just a musician and one of the Beatles. He was intelligent, direct, honest and loving. Even though I did not agree with all of his views and ideals, after reading your interview, I had a great amount of respect and admiration for the man. John Lennon will be sorely missed.

Hilton Robb
Llano, Texas

I am writing this just hours after hearing of John Lennon's death. I would like to offer my sincerest thanks to you, PLAYBOY, and to you, David Sheff, for giving us this memorable interview. Having read it only a day ago, I now feel a profound sadness at having lost a man I found to be complex, spirited, warm and so very appealing. It is so damned unfair. Why is it that when people such as

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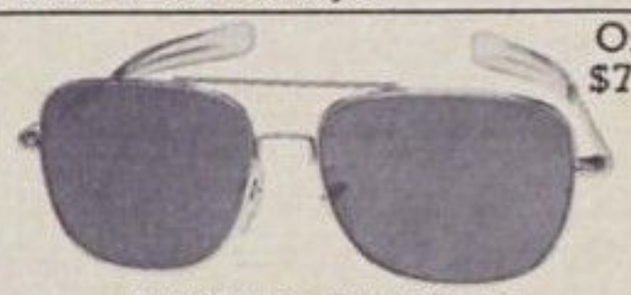

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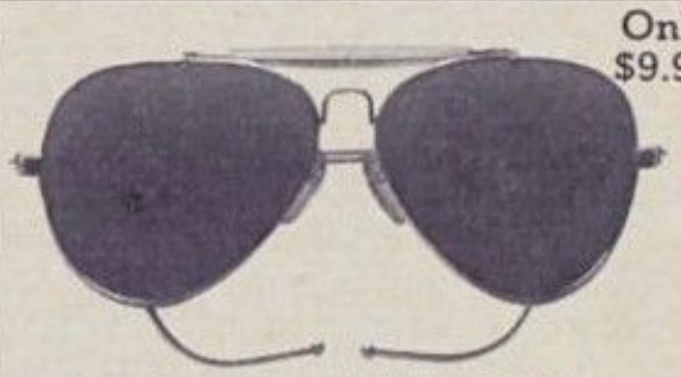

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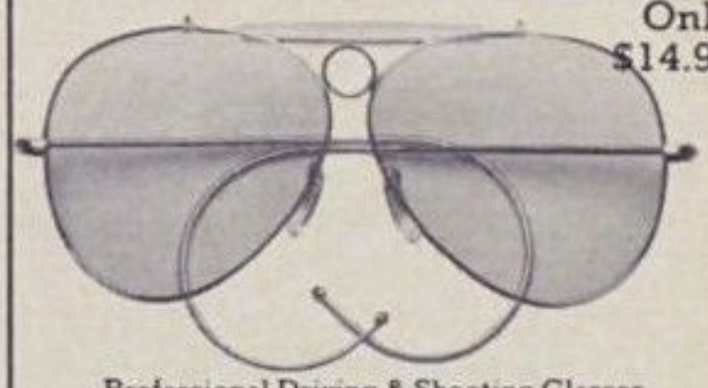

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Robert F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and John Lennon are just beginning to realize their dreams of personal triumph, someone in the crowd holds up a gun and fires away, dashing those dreams forever? Why must that always happen to the ones we've come to know and love so dearly? Sometimes it seems as if nothing ever changes.

Lise Bretton
San Diego, California

We did not just listen to John Lennon's music, we lived by and through it. While I am thankful for the music and wisdom that John gave us in the past, I cannot help but wonder what contributions he would have made to our future had he lived to a ripe old age.

Robert J. McKenzie
Hampton, Virginia

John Lennon was a light in the void. His honesty and his ability to view important issues more clearly than the rest of us were apparent. Now, as I sit in darkness, suddenly I feel very old.

Chuck Trapp
Englewood, Colorado

**THE PRICE IS RIGHT**

I believe you hit upon the perfect way to start off the new year beautifully with the well-endowed splendor of January Playmate Karen Price. I know my subscription was a great investment after viewing this most voluptuous woman. Please give me another glimpse of her!

Craig Metteler
St. Paul, Minnesota

Wow! What a way to start a new year. My compliments to Ken Marcus and to PLAYBOY. Playmate Karen Elaine Price is certainly a "gym dandy."

John M. Nostin
Dudley, Massachusetts

If ever there were a challenger to my all-time favorite Playmate, Candy Loving, it has to be January's Playmate, Karen Price.

Tom Bitner
Coopersburg, Pennsylvania

She is, by far, the best to appear on the centerfold in a long, long time! Please ensure that the rest of them in 1981 are like her!

Richard and Ella Banks
New Milford, Connecticut

Karen Price has the kind of body perfect that belongs in the role of Playmate of the Year, or at least in future pectorals, uh, pictorials.

J. J. Hamrin
New Lenox, Illinois

Karen Price is the most voluptuous woman I have ever seen. What an exquisite body! I hope your editors share my enthusiasm by selecting her Playmate of the Year.

Thomas Harrah
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

When God gave out the gifts, He gave them all to this luscious lady. Great looks, grace, and what a shape. Thanks for yet another stunning centerfold.

John P. McGrath
Brockton, Massachusetts

I'd pay any price to see Karen Price again; maybe even buy a subscription to PLAYBOY!

K. P. Taylor
Takoma Park, Maryland

*Not a bad deal, Taylor. We can guarantee that the price you pay for that*

*subscription will be nothing compared with the Price you get back.*

**JUDGING A CRATER**

How come Peter Ross Range (*Exhuming the Spooks, The Playboy Forum*, January) didn't come up with any evidence showing that the CIA was also responsible for the eruption of Mount St. Helens? This is mighty poor digging, Pete, and will never put you in Woodward and Bernstein's class.

Ed Chensky
Riverside, Illinois

*The CIA was only partly responsible for Mount St. Helens, Ed. It was another of its half-ash jobs.*

**SHIFT TO THE RIGHT**

In response to the "political horror story" *The Astonishing Wrongs of the New Moral Right*, by Johnny Greene, in the January issue: Bravo! At least *someone* can articulately and eloquently sound a warning. No science-fiction writer could have dreamed up a more terrifying time warp than the one this country now faces. Should this nightmare come to pass, we will be catapulted back in time from the somewhat enlightened Eighties past the McCarthy years, Nazism, the Victorian era, the Civil War, the Salem witch-hunts, and finally we will come to a dead stop—smack in the middle of the Dark Ages. In view of Oklahoma's liquor laws, when it comes to Dark Ages, I know whereof I speak. Reminiscent of H. G. Wells's *Time Machine*, you say? A few years ago, I would not have believed Greene's article; but then, a few years ago, I would not have believed that the North Carolina Department of Education would even consider removing Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* from school bookshelves, either. Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* is under fire in Ohio. The county library in Abington, Virginia, is under pressure to remove all works of Harold Robbins and Sidney Sheldon. Welcome to *Fahrenheit 451*.

Lela O'Bryan
Tulsa, Oklahoma

I thoroughly agree with Greene about the perils of the New Moral Right. This movement preaches ideas that are more totalitarian than those of any dictator the world has ever seen. If the Moral Right did somehow manage to gain control of the Government and implement its ideas, civil war would inevitably follow. It would follow because the true majority of people in this country would never put up with the repressive Government we would have *under* the Moral Right.

Jack L. Stutts
Columbus, Georgia

I read with great amusement *The Astonishing Wrongs of the New Moral Right*, by Johnny Greene. You made a mistake by not including it with the comics. From that point, its serious content (if any is, indeed, intended) is mired in the soporific convolutions and specious reasoning that have become tiresome expectations in practically everything written or said by a "liberal." Greene is so enamored of clichés and code words ("far right," "paranoid," "aid to needy Americans," etc.) that he comes across as more stupid and ridiculous than those groups he obviously hates and fears. When he sobs and bleats about aid to needy Americans, which Americans does he mean? Surely not those who genuinely deserve aid! Here's a neat solution to that problem: Let Greene and other whining, cringing liberals form their own relief organization and donate their own money to those bums now sucking the blood from the workers in our society. With the Government (that is, the American people who pay taxes) out of

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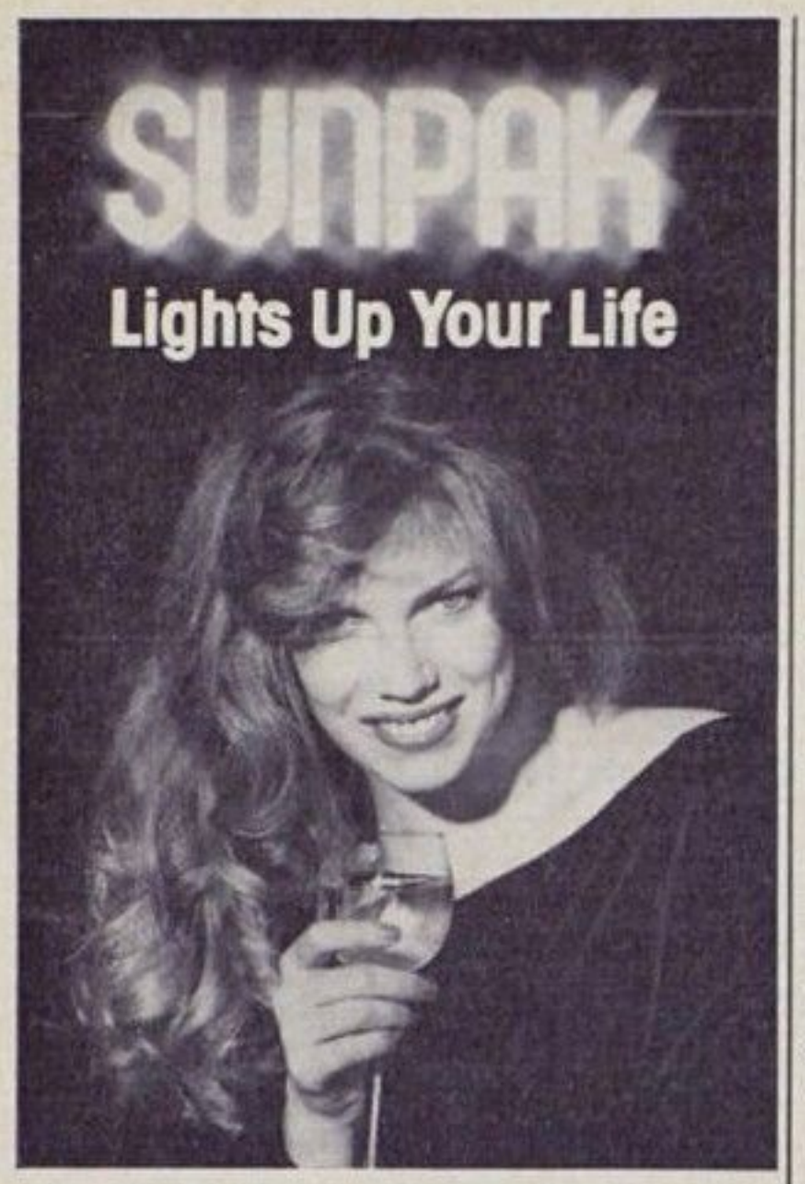


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the picture and the bleeding hearts playing Santa Claus, we'll see just how serious Greene and his ilk are. If they support the useless bastards, then we'll all be happy. If not, then we'll know Greene and company for exactly what they are—hypocritical assholes who never gave a damn about helping anyone in the first place.

Richard Owens
Colorado Springs, Colorado

*For a further discussion of the ideas expressed in the Greene and McGovern articles, see "The Playboy Forum" in this issue.*

### HAPPY LANDINGS

Here is a photograph of the icebreaker C.C.G. (Canadian Coast Guard) Pierre Radisson. As you can see, your Rabbit symbol appears on the flight deck. Up in the arctic region, radio-navigating people have had difficulty pronouncing "Pierre Radisson" and have

made it easier by using "Peter Rabbit." Since taking this picture, however, the Rabbit has been painted over in order to keep office gossip at a minimum—the original idea came from the seamen, not from the office.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

*A* PLAYBOY *salute to the seamen of the Radisson. Apparently, there's still a lot of ice to be broken up there.*

### TAKE THAT, CARL SAGAN!

When I received my January 1981 issue, I immediately tried to find the Rabbit on the cover. All I could find was the beautiful Barbara Bach. All right, guys, where's the Rabbit?

Larry W. Broussard
Metairie, Louisiana

I found the Rabbit on your January cover to be in close conjunction with my interest in astronomy. Thanks for the fun!

Dave Lindsley
Emporia, Kansas

I was quite gratified with the return to PLAYBOY's great tradition of hiding the Rabbit on the cover. Over the past few years, I have become upset with the Rabbit's being either obvious or given away in the cover explanation. Now, with the arrival of the January 1981 issue, I can return to my favorite detective role every month. I hope you keep up the practice. The future of PLAYBOY and your faithful readers is in the *stars*.

Donald I. Schwartz
Londonderry, New Hampshire

The best camouflage job ever. It stands out so obviously when found, but it took me a six-pack to see it.

R. Allen
Fort Worth, Texas

### HEAVENLY COWGIRLS

Congratulations on a fantastic pictorial essay. *Honky-Tonk Angels* (PLAYBOY, January) is another in a long line of beautifully photographed theme essays. Every issue of PLAYBOY that I purchase is fantastic, but I must admit that the issues that include *Girls of . . .* features are especially enticing.

Lance Oslinker
Oneonta, New York

You have outdone yourselves by having Patty Davis, Nancy Jo Whittingslow and Amy Crawford in the January *Honky-Tonk Angels* pictorial. All three are extremely beautiful and should be Playmates.

Fred Cook
Murphysboro, Illinois

I have to say that your *Honky-Tonk Angels* are without question my kind of heavenly creatures. If your photographers keep coming up with pictorials like that, I promise you I will never miss an issue.

Mike Maher
Menomonee, Wisconsin

If the ones to follow in 1981 are only half as good as your January issue, then we're in store for another whopping good year. I was particularly overwhelmed with the tantalizing cowgirls of our country.

Frank Margiotta
Farmingdale, New York

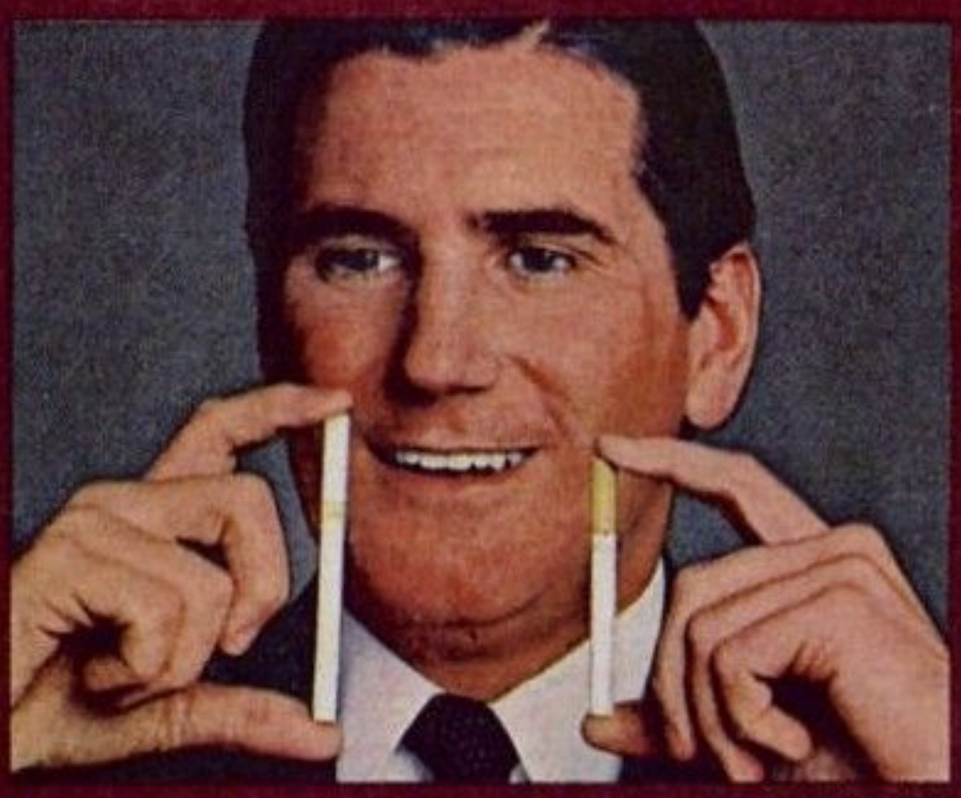
### ROUGH ON DIAMOND

I hope that if you ever have another "Checking In" interview with Neil Diamond (*Playboy After Hours*, January), it isn't by Richard J. Pietschmann. Most of his questions are stupid and seem to antagonize Diamond. Please let Pietschmann know that there are a lot of us who think Diamond most handsome and that he would be a star even if he were 6′11¾″.

Mary Lou Royer
Richland, Michigan

*Only if he could also slam dunk, Mary Lou.*

# A third less tar
## than the leading filter 85



## Longer, yet lighter

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| Leading filter 85 | 16 mg. tar 1.1 mg. nic. |
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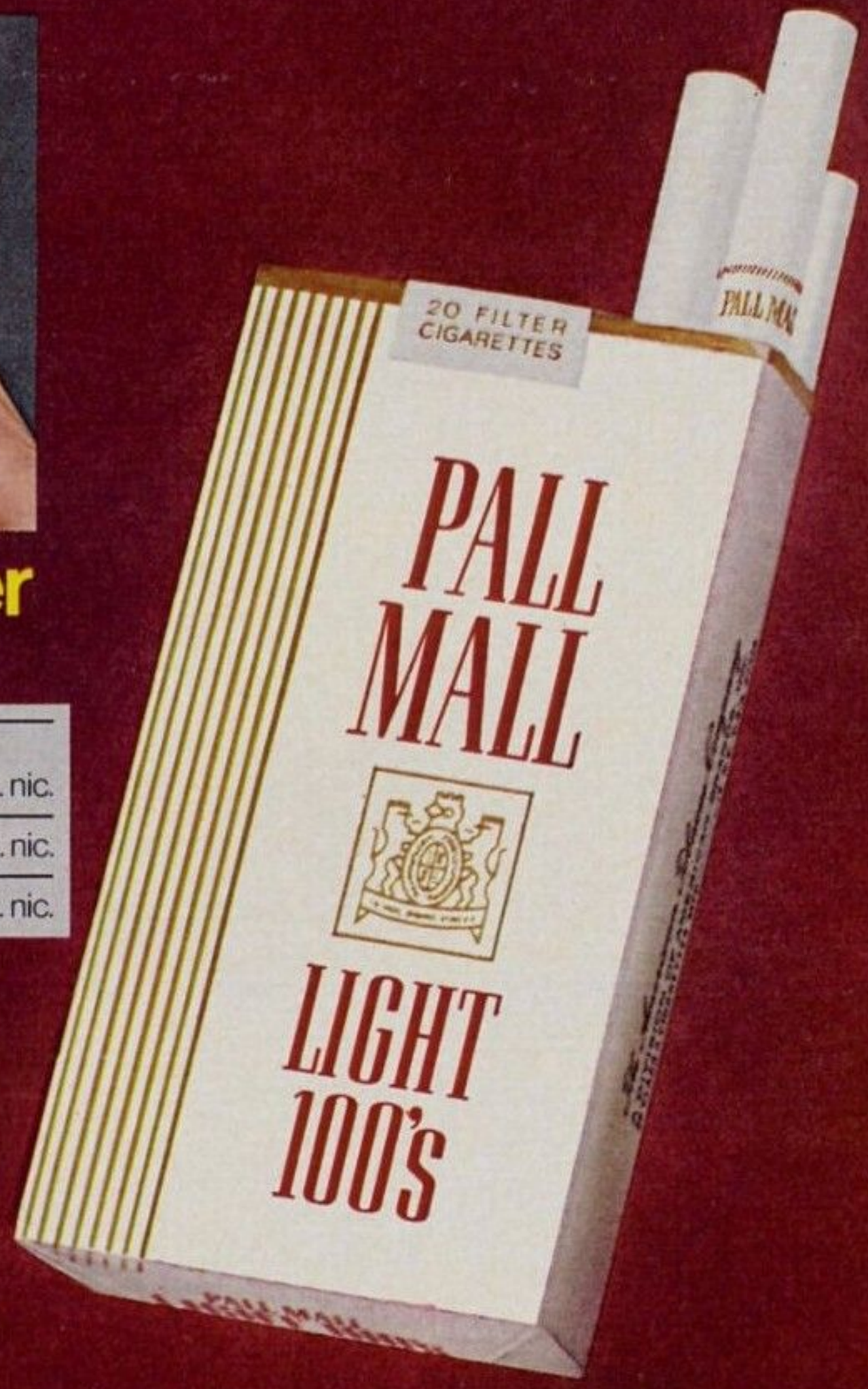


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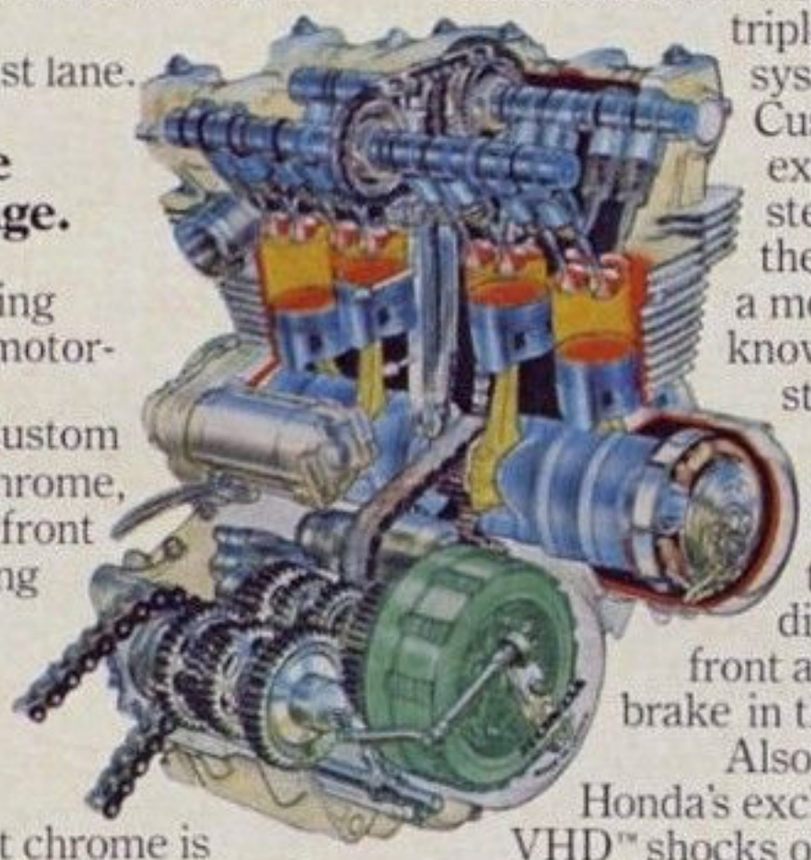
# A great motorcycle should be judged with the eye as well as the stopwatch.

The quarter mile might tell you how fast a motorcycle can move, but there's something it can never tell you.

How much a motorcycle can move you.

Honda presents the 1981 CB750 Custom, one of the most beautiful motorcycles to ever roll out of the showroom.

Or into the fast lane.



*Perhaps the most advanced custom 750 on the road.*

## Chrome on the range.

This is a shining example of how a motorcycle should look.

The CB750 Custom is a symphony of chrome, from the gleaming front fender to the glowing taillight.

And what isn't chrome is the deepest richest paint you've ever seen on a production machine. In fact, to get two-tone paint like this, you either buy a Honda Custom or you buy a custom paint job.

But underneath all this dazzle, don't be surprised if you discover a slightly aggressive attitude. The CB750 Custom rides on clean lean ComStars™ and big fat tubeless tires with raised white letters.

Like a muscle car on two wheels.

*Rakish new leading axle forks with dual disc brakes.*

## Lean back and enjoy the performance.

Now you've arrived at the most beautiful part of the CB750 Custom.

Riding it.

The handlebars and footpegs let you lean back comfortably instead of hunching forward.

The saddle sinks you down to just 29.9 inches off the ground. So you don't have to stand on tip-toe at stoplights.

Stretching out in front, the new leading axle fork gives you more than a rakish look. It's air adjustable, so you can tune it to load and road conditions. The ingenious offset triple steering clamp system lets this Custom retain almost exactly the same steering geometry as the Honda CB750F, a motorcycle well-known for its ability to straighten curves.

And because stopping is as important as going, there are now dual disc brakes in the front and a brawny drum brake in the back.

Also in back, Honda's exclusive VHD™ shocks offer you five spring preload settings – from limousine plush to road racer stiff.

And a swing arm pivot fitted with needle bearings reduces flex in tight corners.

The result of these refinements is a motorcycle that can handle almost anything from a hairpin curve to a double S. Luxuriously.

## Even its muscles have muscles.

You're looking at the technological cousin of Honda's famous superbike racers.

It features 749 cc's of four-stroke, four-cylinder power, complete with high tech touches like no-maintenance transistorized pointless ignition, double overhead cams, multiplate cam chains and a forged crankshaft with Kelmet racing bearings.

Inside the cylinder heads, you'll find Honda's unique Pentroof™ combustion chambers. With a direct valve system that reduces maintenance and four valves per cylinder, instead of two, to reduce valve float and improve breathing at higher rpm's.

Which translates into considerably more power at higher rpm's.

And to make sure you get all that power, smoothly and without waiting, the four 30 mm CV carburetors are fitted with an accelerator pump for quick, crisp throttle response.

Just roll it on.

## Tricks and treats.

The CB750 Custom is beautiful in big ways.

It's beautiful in small ways, too.

This year there's a quartz halogen headlight and new trick instrument lighting that doesn't just light up. It glows. Vibration-absorbing passenger footpegs. There's even a vacuum operated fuel petcock that you never have to remember to turn on or off.

But this is just the icing on the cake. Without a single gadget, this motorcycle combines pure beauty with brute force so well that you don't know whether to polish it or polish off the competition.

The CB750 Custom.

A moving experience even when it's standing still.

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Photographed at Lake Beauvert, Jasper, Canada

# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

### A STICKY SITUATION

The FBI, never afraid to take the bull by the horns, is groping around in a different area these days in an attempt to recover 3.13 ounces of prize-bull semen worth $90,000. While the FBI usually doesn't investigate this kind of theft, it was moved to do so when it discovered that the purloined jug of jism came from Round Oak Rag Apple Elevation (known as just plain Elevation to his friends), the greatest dairy stud in history. Elevation, a 2000-pound Virginia Holstein, is 13 years old and has sired 36,394 daughters and a countless number of sons via artificial insemination. FBI investigators know, at this point, that the bullishness was stolen from a storage room in Waupun, Wisconsin. But they have no idea who took it or why. However, several G men have been reported loitering outside the residence of one Elsie D. Cow. Milk her, Danno.

•

Headline in the Woodland-David, California, *Daily Democrat*: "ESPARTO HIGH FOOTBALL COACH EXCITED OVER FIRST HEAD JOB."

### REVENGE OF GOBBLE-ZILLA

Last Thanksgiving, at the height of the turkey-eating season, a 15-pound wild turkey, in what may have been a kamikaze attempt to avenge the deaths of its kindred fowl, ran down Interstate 91 in Connecticut and leaped, beakfirst, into the windshield of an oncoming vehicle. And the target of this wanton attack? A Perdue Chicken truck, of course.

### GOODBYE, MR. LIPS

Shortly before leaving the White House, former President Jimmy Carter bade farewell to the Organization of American States. While addressing the largely Spanish-speaking assembly, Jimmy referred to himself as a "lame duck" chief executive, or, as it was translated to the delegates, "*pato cojo*." That description led to a flutter of laughter, because *pato cojo*, in some Latin countries, is slang for either a homosexual or someone who has no sex life at all. That would explain those frown lines on Rosalynn.

•

In Vancouver, British Columbia, Morris Davie was in jail awaiting trial on a charge of setting a forest fire. He got down on his knees, raised his hands and prayed, "Oh, God, please let me get away with it, just this once," unaware that his cell was under electronic surveillance. He was later convicted in court when the prosecution used his prayer as evidence against him.

•

In describing the heated election debate between incumbent Democratic Congressman Norm Dicks and his Republican challenger, Jim Beaver, the *Seattle Post Intelligencer* didn't beat around the bush when it titled its article: "CHIPS FLY AS BEAVER AND DICKS MEET."

### SO SOLLY

Every aspiring author fears his first encounter with the archfoe of all writers: the rejection slip. In China, however, one economic journal seems to have come up with a "Thanks, but no thanks" note that has real style.

"We have read your manuscript with boundless delight," the pass letter begins. "If we were to publish your paper, it would be impossible for us to publish any work of a lower standard. And as it is unthinkable that, in the next thousand years, we shall see its equal, we are, to our regret, compelled to return your divine composition, and to beg you a thousand times to overlook our short sight and timidity."

In the United States, *The National Enquirer* reportedly sends out cow chips to its would-be contributors. What it doesn't mail, it prints.

### THE ROD SQUAD

Once upon a time, radical Abbie Hoffman wrote *Steal This Book*. These days, with Hoffman going legit, it's pop star Rod Stewart who's living up to that credo. Spotting a copy of his ex-lover Britt Ekland's tell-all book at London's Heathrow Airport, he calmly walked into the bookstore and stole it. "I looked around for security mirrors and I just grabbed it," says Rod. "I put it straight

America is bullish on halls of fame. We have more than 500 halls memorializing everything from mush dogs to ministers, while England, for example, has only one and it's for tennis players. According to *The Big Book of Halls of Fame in the United States and Canada*, the average hall is 12.86 years old, has 57.3 members and if you're not eligible for one of them, you haven't played a sport or held a job; in fact, you've probably never been born.

All members of the majority gender are candidates for the National Women's Hall of Fame in Seneca Falls, New York, though only 27 have made it so far. Forty-seven percent of the population qualifies for either the Golden Age Hall of Fame in Washington, D.C., or the Youth Hall of Fame in Addison, Illinois; while another gauche tenth might someday deck the Left-handers International Hall in Topeka, Kansas. If you can't find your niche in the Jewish-American Hall of Fame in Berkeley, California, the United Indians of All Tribes Foundation Hall of Fame in Seattle or the Hall of Fame of Mothers in New York, you can still aspire to the oldest—established in 1901—and grandest hall of all, the Hall of Fame for Great Americans in New York City.

Even if immortality is not a birthright, you can still work your way into the halls of fame for Bus Drivers (Flint, Michigan), Accountants (Columbus, Ohio), Barbers (Salt Lake City), Auctioneers (Lincoln, Nebraska), Sportcasters (Salisbury, North Carolina), Pro Picture Framers (Highland Springs, Virginia), Drilled Shaft Contractors (Dallas), Pickle Packers (St. Charles, Illinois), Young Republicans (Washington, D.C.) or Vermont Headmasters (Northfield, Vermont). If you had followed the advice offered to Dustin Hoffman in *The Graduate*, you might already have made the Plastics Hall of Fame in New York, but you can still qualify for the Water Utility Hall of Fame in Denver, as soon as five years after you die, if you've made "significant contributions to public water."

Every sport worth its jockstrap commemorates athletes' feats with numerous shrines—softball has 16; horseshoe pitching, ten. But while most halls exist only as figments of a trade association's file cabinet, sports halls of fame are often visitable museums like the Green Bay Packer Hall of Fame, which features a replica of the Packer locker room; the Fresh-Water Fishing Hall of Fame in Hayward, Wisconsin, housed in a four-and-a-half-story-high fish; and the National Polish-American Sports Hall of Fame in Detroit, which is rumored to possess the world's largest collections of javelin-catchers' mitts and Dacron football helmets, plus the Tomb of the Unknown Bowler.

Visitors to the American Police Museum and Hall of Fame near Sarasota, Florida, can rubberneck a French guillotine, sprawl over an electric chair, sniff tear gas and try on a pair of antique thumb cuffs. At the Houdini Magical Hall of Fame in Niagara Falls, Ontario, you can examine the maestro's paraphernalia and transform your loved one into a monster. The Songwriters' Hall of Fame in New York City proudly shows off Fred Astaire's top hat and Jimmy Durante's fedora. And Left Coast showbiz shrines include the Stuntman's Hall of Fame in North Hollywood, the Exotic Dancers League of America Hall of Fame in Rancho Palos Verdes and the Count Dracula Society Horror Hall of Fame in Los Angeles, a city whose status as the fame capital of the universe is confirmed by its grand total of 41 halls.

Some kinky deviations of the format are the *walls* of fame for New York Printers and Bankers Life of Nebraska agents and the Man Will Never Fly Memorial Society's Aviation Hall of Infamy, which has inducted John Glenn, Snoopy and Chuck Yeager, the flying demon who broke the sound barrier. The society's motto, "Birds fly—men drink," reminds us of Billy Carter and how he got poked by the Fickle Finger of Fame when the Beer Drinkers Hall of Fame in Ruskin, Florida, declared his Libyan high-jinks more than it could swallow. The hall expelled Billy and removed his portrait from the wall, thereby teaching the world that nothing lasts forever, not even immortality. —THEODORE FISCHER

under my fur coat and walked out to the VIP lounge." The reason the multimillionaire boosted the book in the first place? "I was damned if I was going to *pay* for it!"

### QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Dirk Bogarde on mortality: "I'm almost 60, and it makes you think. So many of my friends died too young. Kay Kendall died far too young. Judy Garland was too young. My mother died last week, but we didn't much like her."

•

The *Daily World* in Aberdeen, Washington, ran a story about Vince Deck of Spanish Lake, Missouri, who conducts a beer school for suds suppliers. It was titled "BEER PROFESSOR RECOMMENDS HEAD!" Where do we register for class?

### BLOW-UP!

While sealing a small incision in the lower digestive tract of a patient, Dr. J. Milton Miller was blown across the room when the electrocautery device he was using came in contact with a pocket of intestinal gas. The Salem, Virginia, doctor was not the first to encounter this untapped source of natural energy (a previous instance was reported in medical journals in the mid-Seventies), and analysis is under way to determine whether the gas was methane or hydrogen or any of the other flammable vapors known to be present in the human body. You can be sure Big Oil is standing by, but at a safe distance.

### GENEROUS JOHNS

Prostitutes in Las Vegas said the 25,000 broadcast executives and on-air personalities coming to town for this April's National Association of Broadcasters convention will be very, very welcome because they are the freest with their money, reports the publisher of *Your Las Vegas Connection*, a monthly newsletter. The cheapest conventioneers, the ladies said, are doctors, then home builders.

### GEORGE WASHINGTON LITHPED HERE

History buffs, take note: George Washington's wooden teeth were, in reality, not wooden at all but made from carvings culled from lead, cow's teeth, elephant and walrus tusks, hippopotamus teeth and old human teeth. "He must have had a very difficult time talking and eating," says research dentist Reidar Sognnaes. Must have been one hell of a kisser, too.

•

Forty-one representatives of gay religious caucuses in American churches met last spring with the Reverend Robert Maddox, President Carter's special assistant for religious liaison. Thanking the group for coming, he reportedly said: "You've blown a number of stereotypes for me today."

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6 Manual: Yes. For those times when you absolutely want to do it all yourself. To experiment. To explore the possibilities.

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# BOOKS

Reading a novel by George V. Higgins is a lot like listening to late-night talk radio. The characters rattle on for pages, and while the topics don't include UFOs or ESP, just about everything else gets equal time. ***The Rat on Fire*** (Knopf) is the latest from the author of *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* and *The Digger's Game*. There are three pages of plot (a crew of lowlifes torch an apartment building by dousing rats with gasoline, setting their tails on fire and turning them loose in the basement) and 180 pages of sentimentality, characterization by complaint and general whining. Higgins lets his characters tell the story—and, like an exasperated talk-show jock, he has a hard time keeping them under control.

•

***The Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People*** (Delacorte) is the latest collection of "facts" from the publishing conglomerate of Wallace, Wallace, Wallechinsky and Wallace—those wonderful folks who gave us *The People's Almanacs* (one and two) and *The Books of Lists* (one and two). This book begins with a quote from W. Somerset Maugham: "There is hardly anyone whose sexual life, if it were broadcast, would not fill the world at large with surprise and horror"—then spends the next 695 pages proving that Maugham was wrong. These people may have been famous, but for the most part, their sex lives were not particularly exciting. Do we really need to know that Mozart was a coprophiliac, or that James Joyce had an underwear fetish and carried around a pair of doll's panties? Someone once said that a fact is merely the point at which the investigation ceased. W.W.W.&W. give us the bare facts but not the passions that moved these people.

•

The Selous Game Reserve in southeastern Tanzania may be the last wild place in Africa. Peter Matthiessen's ***Sand Rivers*** (Viking) is an account of the last full-bore safari there in 1979. The book is a real treat. There are wonderful photographs by Hugo van Lawick, and Matthiessen's text is a marvelous chronicle by someone who is used to looking around carefully and recording the details of what he sees. Some people might be content just to note a gaggle of hippos in a river. Matthiessen gives us more: "Sometimes hippos remain beneath [the water surface] for minutes at a time, thinking long thoughts or cooling the cumbersome machinery of their brains . . . ," and then describes the blustery ballet they perform to gain dominance and how they insult inferiors by defecating in their faces. It is writing and photography of this quality that makes us forget for a moment that only this book will remain when we have finally plundered all of the African plain.

*The Rat on Fire:* four-footed arson.

Higgins' urban tale burns out; Matthiessen's *segue* into the Dark Continent illuminates.

*Sand Rivers:* Africa's last wilds.

•

Salesmen respond to a challenge—that's why some would sell you even their grandmothers. William Price Fox, an extremely talented veteran Southern writer, gives us an enthusiastic and sympathetic picture of some of those characters in ***Dixiana Moon*** (Viking). Joe Mahaffey, a wrapping-goods salesman in New York, gets burned in a deal by Buck Mozingo and follows him south to Sarasota to get his money back. Mozingo, though, keeps dazzling Joe with his salesmanship and wild, improbable schemes that drive Joe crazy when they fall apart. Salesmen are dream merchants, and Joe finally realizes that he and his counterparts are "the biggest suckers out here on the pike." *Dixiana Moon* reveals the lies we all tell ourselves that allow us to go about our business.

•

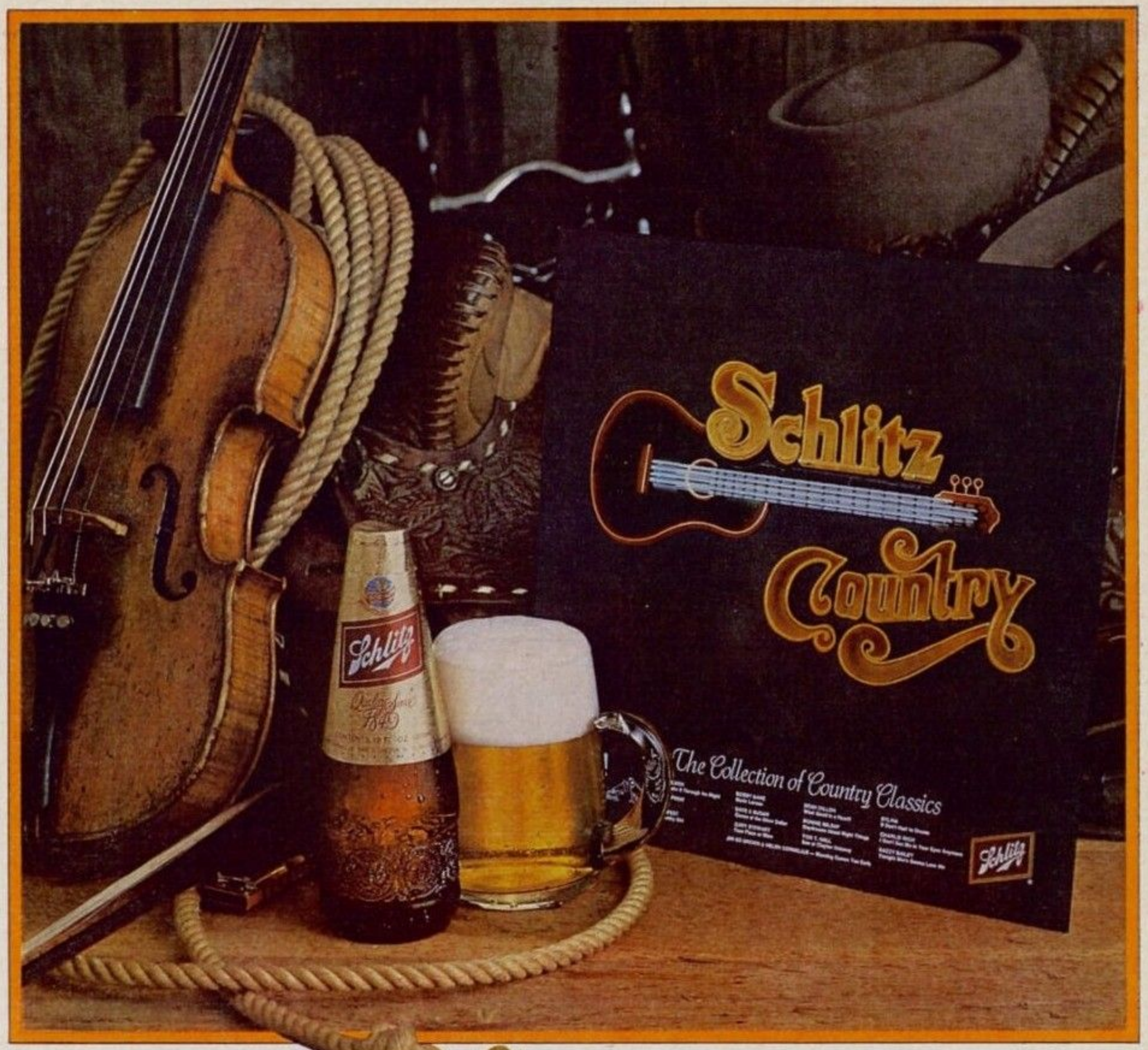
"What I have most wanted to do . . . is to make political writing into an art," George Orwell once wrote, and with books like *1984* and *Animal Farm*, it is fair to say he reached his goal. Now, in ***George Orwell: A Life*** (Atlantic Monthly), Bernard Crick has given us Orwell's "first full and unwanted biography." A full book it is: more than 400 pages of detailed chronology and interpretation, tracing Orwell's complex career from a scholarship at Eton to policework in Burma to front-line action in the Spanish Civil War and to eventual success as a novelist and essayist, ending with death from tuberculosis at the age of 46. Crick is very thorough in his examination, but his tone is often far too scholarly to capture the essence of Orwell's rebellious nature. Yet the material is there, though sometimes under glass, and Orwell the man passes muster as original, human and bold, with a prophet's eye and a cynic's distance.

•

***Palm Sunday*** (Delacorte), Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s latest effort, is an autobiographical collection of speeches, anecdotes, essays, observations and what have you. It isn't terrific. The author himself gives it a grade of C. So it goes. The book has its saving graces, however, and the reprinting of "The Big Space Fuck" is one of them. Copyrighted in 1972, it begins: "In 1977, it became possible in the United States of America for a young person to sue his parents for the way he had been raised." Who can criticize the work of a visionary?

•

John Knowles returns to Devon, the boys' school of *A Separate Peace*, in his new novel, ***Peace Breaks Out*** (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The time is 1945; the war is over. The members of the senior class must plan their own futures rather than have the military plan for them. Disappointed at missing the war, the boys take out their frustrations on one another and make their own war—with tragic results. Knowles once more explores moral corruption against a deceptively idyllic backdrop, but, unlike those in his first novel, the characterizations are not subtle and the symbols are too broad. No, you can't go home again, at least not very successfully.

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**FUTURE PUNK:** Since the New Wave in London has now moved on to rock-a-billy, having already devoured *reggae* and *ska*, we're certain that the next big thing after that is bound to be punk bluegrass. And now, skinheads and cowboys, let's hear a big hand for the nearly legendary Foggy Mountain Dead Boys!

**YOU GOTTA HAVE BEEFHEART:** Like Halley's comet, **Captain Beefheart** periodically emerges from hyperspace to dazzle us earthlings with a display of otherworldly delights. This time around, the captain has released his first album in two years, ***Doc at the Radar Station*** (Virgin), done some concerts, terrorized the audience and viewers of *Saturday Night Live* and, in his oblique fashion, talked with the press.

At the age of 39, having made ten albums of idiosyncratic, uncompromising music, the captain is still usually known—if he's known at all—as "that weird musician all the wackos in the dorm are always listening to." In his own elliptical manner, however, Beefheart has been quite influential. Rock New Wavers have acknowledged their debt to his jagged rhythms, dissonant melodies and the occasional emotional violence of his surrealistic lyrics, as have the jazz-funk avant-gardists gathered around Ornette Coleman and guitarist James "Blood" Ulmer. As the captain said of his new LP, "It looks like it's finally safe for me to play the stuff I was doing ten years ago."

Talking with the captain (his civilian name is Don Van Vliet) in his manager's New York apartment recently was the equivalent of moving into one of his more bizarre songs for a brief stay: nice place to visit but a little rough on the nerve endings. Having become dissatisfied with the alleged Real World at an early age (he's a *kindergarten* dropout), young Don decided to take a shot at creating one of his own, through the media of music, sculpture and painting.

This is a continuing process, understand: It never stops. As we spoke, connections between events of that day, of his past, emotional states—even sounds—were made and remade through the inventive kind of free association that marks his lyrics, punctuated by ambient noises from the captain—whooshes, pfffts, oohhs and aahhs—to embellish his remarks.

The captain jerked around the first time the phone rang, then relaxed and explained, "I'm very sensitive to noise. I live way out in the desert—the Mojave Desert, in a trailer, and I don't usually see anything but ravens and coyotes. I usually don't go out in the daytime. I don't like the sun."

"Isn't it hot in the trailer?" he was asked. "I have a swamp cooler," he replied. "One of those life-support systems, so then I hear *that* noise. But I——" He broke off; the phone was ringing again. "That song I wrote about that *thing*," gesturing toward it with dislike. "It *is* a plastic-horned devil!"

"Were you always like this?" I asked him. "It's been said that you started sculpting when you were four years old."

"Ohh, before that; when I was three. But," he emphasized, "I was whistling when I was, probably, two. I had a mockingbird friend when I used to lie in my bassinet in my grandfather's back yard—he had a lot of foliage out there. He grew roses, fantastic roses."

After a digression about his grandfather's career as a riverboat gambler and the gardens he'd had in New Orleans, the captain mentioned that he'd been given a paper punch for his fifth birthday. Nonplused, I thought, What the hell does that have to do with rose gardens. . . . Oh, no. "You didn't punch the——"

"Every one of the leaves, perfectly," he said, rather proudly, "on every rosebush in the yard. I thought it was so nice

the way the sun shone through the holes in the leaves; and the shadows, the little green dots they'd create on the grass. Of course, I got caught; I came into the house all covered with green pulp.

"I've never grown up; I've refused." He turned serious. Alluding to his legendary problems with record companies, he said, "But I feel real abused, you know what I mean? I've worked so much. . . ." His voice trailed off. Did he resent the current popularity of the New Wavers, given his obvious influence on their music? I mentioned the impassioned—pained, really—vocal he'd done on *Ashtray Heart* on the new album, whose lyrics begin, "You used me like an ashtray heart/Case of the Punks/Right from the start."

His face impassive, he got up from the table and, miming a guitarist strumming, intoned, "You can't sell a heartbeat: thump, thump, thump, thump, thump," in the unaccented 4/4 time favored by the young bands.

"OK, that takes care of them, but what about you? How do you stand in relation to the rest of the universe?"

The captain thought a moment and then said carefully, "An artist is one who kids himself the most gracefully." Pause. "That's all I've ever been able to come up with." —MARK VON LEHMDEN

## REVIEWS

On ***Back to the Barrooms*** (MCA), Merle Haggard sings songs for the new recession. He has returned to the shot-and-a-beer crowd, and why not? The bottle's never let him down before with boozy ditties such as *Drink Up and Be Somebody* and *Swinging Doors*. Now, with what may be a classic, *I Think I'll Just Stay Here and Drink*, he shows the Moes and Joes and Kennys who've been occupying his musical barstool how to really get hurt in a bar. This is fine Haggard, recorded in Nashville, a departure for the Hag, who usually works back home in Bakersfield, California. It's just the thing to drink to until he brings out another live album.

•

His father was Dorsey and his uncle was Johnny, and as far as we can tell from his first album on this label, ***Billy Burnette*** (Columbia) inherited a great batch of rock-a-billy genes, pure and undiluted. This debut blows away such Fifties poseurs as Robert Gordon et al. Burnette's not doing wax-museum recreations but, rather, takes the spirit of rock-a-billy and drags it into the present—giving, for instance, *One Night* an almost New Wave punch while still being true to the original Elvis hit featuring that timeless line, "I ain't never did no wrong!" Burnette's originals are also right there in the rock-a-billy notch, and he's a fairly mean moto-scootah on guitar, too. Good fun.

•

Pat Metheny is probably the most lyrical, melodically inventive guitarist around—too much so, at times, given

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his tendency to smother a tune with chorus after chorus of shimmering solos. Not so on ***80/81*** (ECM), however. This two-LP set finds Metheny well integrated into a brilliant ensemble of such equals as Dewey Redman, Mike Brecker, Charlie Haden and Jack DeJohnette, and the group's consistently inspired musical interaction makes this Metheny's best album to date.

•

For several years, word has been drifting north about a sensational Brazilian jazzman. And, believe us, on his first North American release, ***Victor Assis Brasil Quintet*** (Inner City), he surpasses all expectations, as he rips off one stunning solo after another on a variety of reed instruments. Not that Assis Brasil is the entire show; his quintet is dangerous at any speed, and when he turns the solo spotlight over to guitarist Helio Delmiro or pianist Fernando Martins, the music suffers not at all.

•

As they prove once again on ***Fleetwood Mac Live*** (Warner Bros.), they aren't called The Big Mac for nothing. It's not just their record sales, which are right up there with the billions of burgers served to date; it's that, like McDonald's, Fleetwood Mac is at once bland and tasty, having located the intersecting point of those qualities that please the most people, as in some market researcher's wet dream. Fleetwood Mac's music is competent and pleasant junk-food rock, but a long way from truly exciting *cordon bleu* fare. Still, you could do a lot worse—so we expect this two-record set to sell like Egg McMuffins, if not hot cakes.

•

Local legends have a tendency to turn into stars overnight. If it worked for Bob Seger, it can work for someone else—so you should be paying attention to regional artists. Lisa Gilkyson is a cult figure around Santa Fe, and a complete unknown outside the Southwest, but that may change. Gilkyson's voice invites comparison with Linda Ronstadt's, Joni Mitchell's and Jennifer Warnes's. Lisa's sound is folksy, heartfelt, free of hype. ***Love from the Heart*** is available from the independent label Helios Records. Ask your record store to order it; you won't regret it.

•

One of the most pleasing country albums we've heard lately is a new release by Patsy Cline, ***Always*** (Decca/MCA). But wait, you may carp, Patsy's been dead nearly 18 years! True, but such details aren't as significant in the record business as they are in mere life. So someone had the bright idea to trot out these vintage Cline vocal tracks—including *I Fall to Pieces, Faded Love, I Love You So Much It Hurts Me, South of the Border (Down Mexico Way)*—and

# FAST TRACKS

**TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS DEPARTMENT:** John Denver was quite unimpressed with a track on the latest Monty Python album. So unimpressed that the Pythons had to pull the record off the British market and remove a cut called *Farewell to John Denver* (on which Eric Idle does a brief imitation of Denver before being strangled in full stereophonic sound), replacing it with something called *A Short but Perverted Message*. Never fear, Python freaks, the U. S. version remains unabridged.

**REELING AND ROCKING:** **Grace Slick**'s plan to branch out? A movie role. She says she wants to play Darth Vader's wife. So far no word from **George Lucas**. . . . **Francis Ford Coppola** is reportedly negotiating with **Joe Papp** to make a film of the New York Shakespeare Festival's *Pirates of Penzance*, starring **Linda Ronstadt**, who's in the Broadway production. . . . **Blondie** finally got the necessary clearances and released the long-overdue video version of its *Eat to the Beat* album. It took a year to work it all out. . . . **Paul McCartney** is working on a feature-length cartoon based on the former popular English comic-strip character *Rupert the Bear*. McCartney has written the story line and 11 songs. It will be out at the end of the year.

**RANDOM RUMORS:** A woman in California swears this happened: **Ellen Howe** says she went into a rock-oriented record store to ask for a copy of the national anthem. The clerk asked, "Is that a rock group?" . . . **Frank Zappa** is having a quilt made entirely from the underpants that were thrown at him onstage during his last tour. Zappa said that Chicago and San Diego were the two most generous cities. . . . **Paul Simon** bought drinks for the entire audience of his final concert in London and was presented with a $2400 bar tab. . . . A friend of **Bill Wyman**'s named **Eric Gardner** was invited to visit Wyman in the south of France. Gardner agreed to carry a package over for Wyman and threw it into his suitcase. At French customs, he was detained by a couple of dope-sniffing security dogs, which brought out a couple of gun-toting cops. As Gardner stood there swearing at Wyman under his breath, the cops opened the package and found a box of Milk-Bone dog biscuits, a gift for Wyman's pooch, Hendrix. *That's* our shaggy-dog story of the month.

**NEWSBREAKS:** *The Fifties Are Back Department:* The Peppermint Lounge, once the home of the twist, has reopened in New York in the same location, with the original decor. Can the old jet set still cut a rug? . . . Artist manager **Al Bunetta** and record producer **José Silva** recently formed a production company to help major performers such as **Kenny Rogers**, the **Pointer Sisters**, **Kim Carnes** and **Robbie Dupree** record Spanish-language versions of their songs. Bunetta said, "There's a $76,000,000 Spanish-language market in the U. S. alone" and "a hit is a hit." . . . **Phil Walden** has been allowed to reorganize his record label. Capricorn, once the home of the **Allman Brothers** and the **Marshall Tucker Band**, could go back into business to pay off the more than 1000 creditors who claim they still have money coming. Capricorn is negotiating a distribution deal with a major label and is expected to sign up some new talent. The South shall rise again. . . . Remember when we told you to keep on the lookout for Virgin Books' *Rock Stars in Their Underpants*? Well, it's out, and the British music paper *Melody Maker* called *Underpants* "one of the most socially relevant books since *Das Kapital*." They were kidding, right? . . . **Al Kooper** tried to play his two gold records—the ones he got while playing with **Blood, Sweat & Tears**—and discovered neither contained a note of B. S. & T. music. Is nothing sacred?

—BARBARA NELLIS

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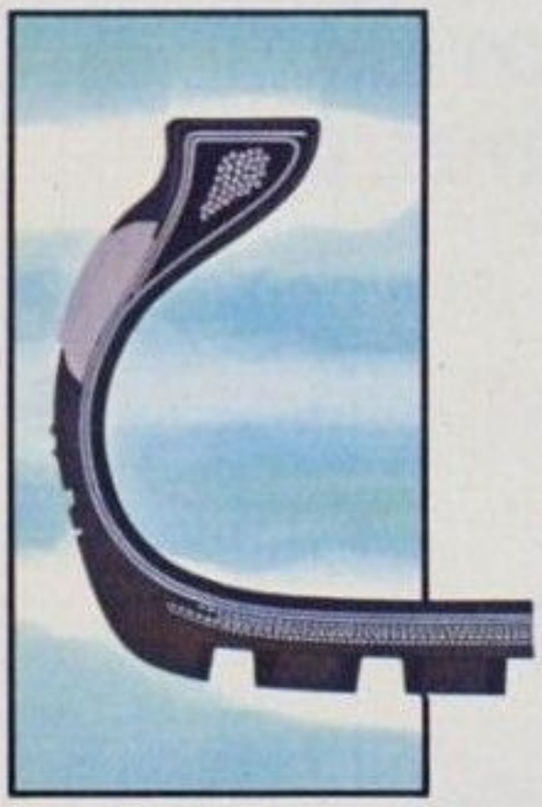

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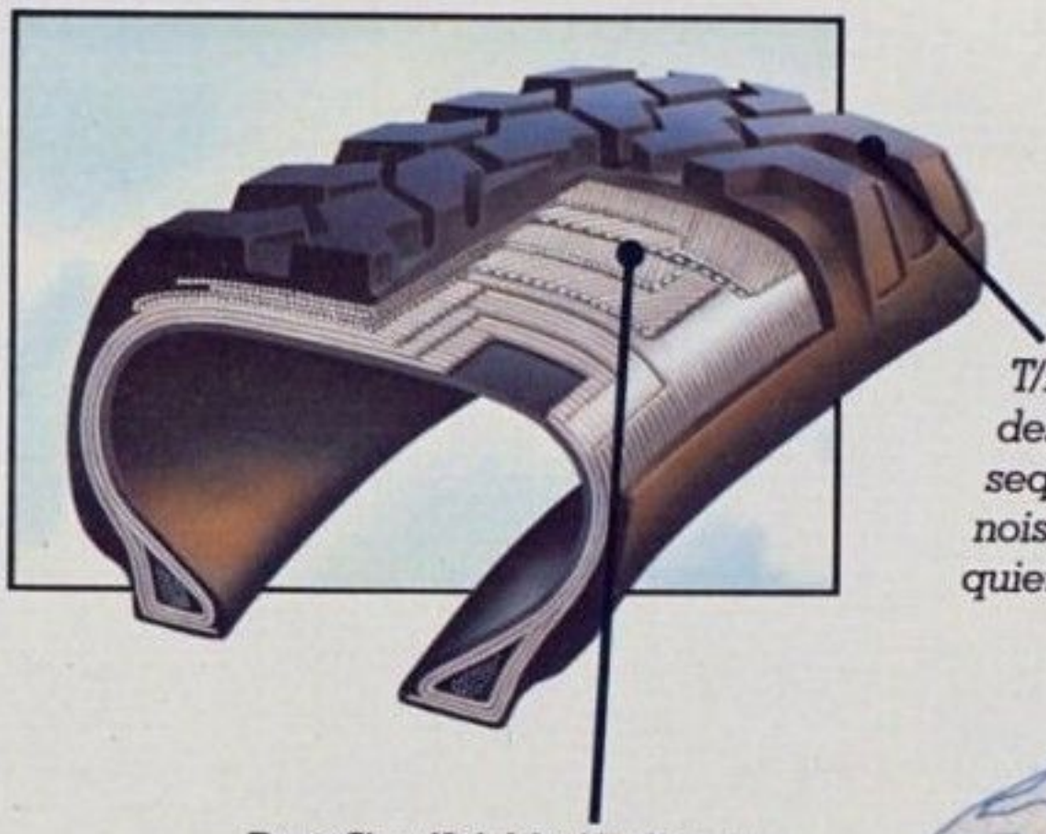

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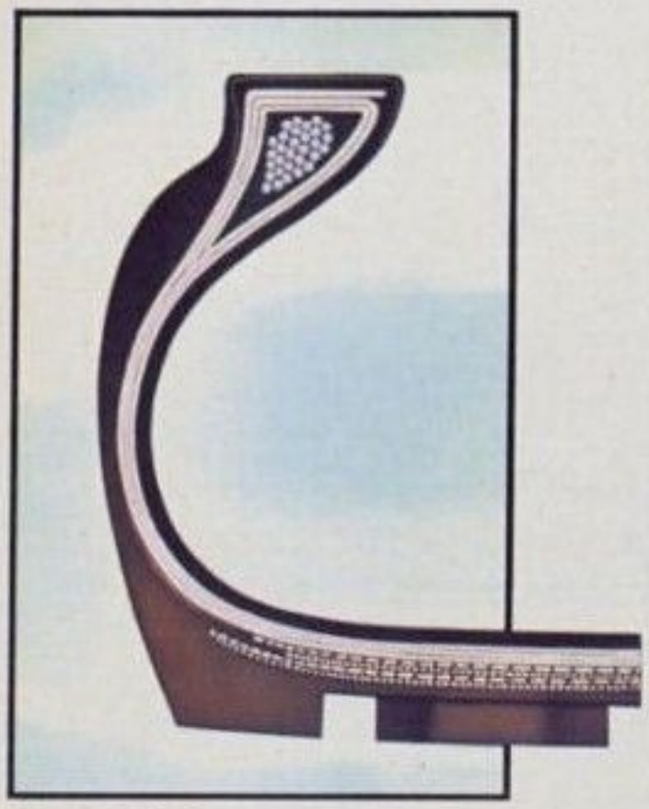

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record brand-new musical accompaniment and background vocals around them. The surprise is that this collaboration with the dead sounds remarkably fresh and contemporary—there are even a few too many modern-day saccharine Nashville violins for purists to complain about. *Always* is a virtual companion piece to Willie Nelson's *Stardust* album—country classics done pretty much as the Lord intended.

•

Some thought him a genius; others, a charlatan. You probably haven't heard of him, despite his lifelong attempts at promoting himself. Regardless, the late Babs Gonzales—raconteur, humorist, *bon vivant*, author, pioneer of bebop singing and the hip lifestyle—was fun, fun, fun. And that's a fair description of his ***Live at Small's Paradise*** (Chiaroscuro), a sizzling set on which the irrepressible Gonzales—assisted by Clark Terry, Johnny Griffin and a soulful rhythm unit—switches back and forth between hard-nosed scat singing and his hilarious verses, which he tries to blame on Shakespeare. We'd like to borrow one of his favorite words and say that whether you take it as introduction or as memorial, this is an expoobident LP.

### SHORT CUTS

***Eagles Live*** (Asylum): To paraphrase Blake, when thou hearest an eagle, thou hearest a portion of genius.

***Giants of Traditional Jazz*** (Savoy): Corny, you say? We'll take Sidney Bechet and Mutt Carey over *Bolero* any day.

**Pam Windo and The Shades / *It*** (Bearsville): A musical must for everyone with wrap-around Foster Grants on his (or her) night stand.

**Johnny Cash / *Rockabilly Blues*** (Columbia): Not a classic, but the title tune, written by Johnny himself, Nick Lowe's *Without Love* and Rodney Crowell's *One Way Rider*, featuring June Carter, make this at least three cuts above most country albums we've heard lately.

**Taxi / *Day for Night*** (Fantasy): Thanks, anyway; we'll wait for the bus.

**Cal Tjader / *Gozame! Pero Ya* . . .** (Concord Jazz/Picante): Cal's a veteran on the Latin tjazz scene, but he's obviously far from tjaded.

**Mel Tillis / *Southern Rain*** (Elektra): Mel has cut the usual schlocky string arrangements and the result is good, upbeat *country*.

**Ellen Shipley / *Breaking Through the Ice Age*** (RCA): A socko New Wave squealer without the hypertension usually associated with the sport. A brave new world.

**Hiroshima / *Odori*** (Arista): California nisei attempt mixture of classic Japanese instruments and American fusion music, achieve fission, instead.

**The Blackbyrds / *Better Days*** (Fantasy): Tight, compelling dance music—no more, no less.

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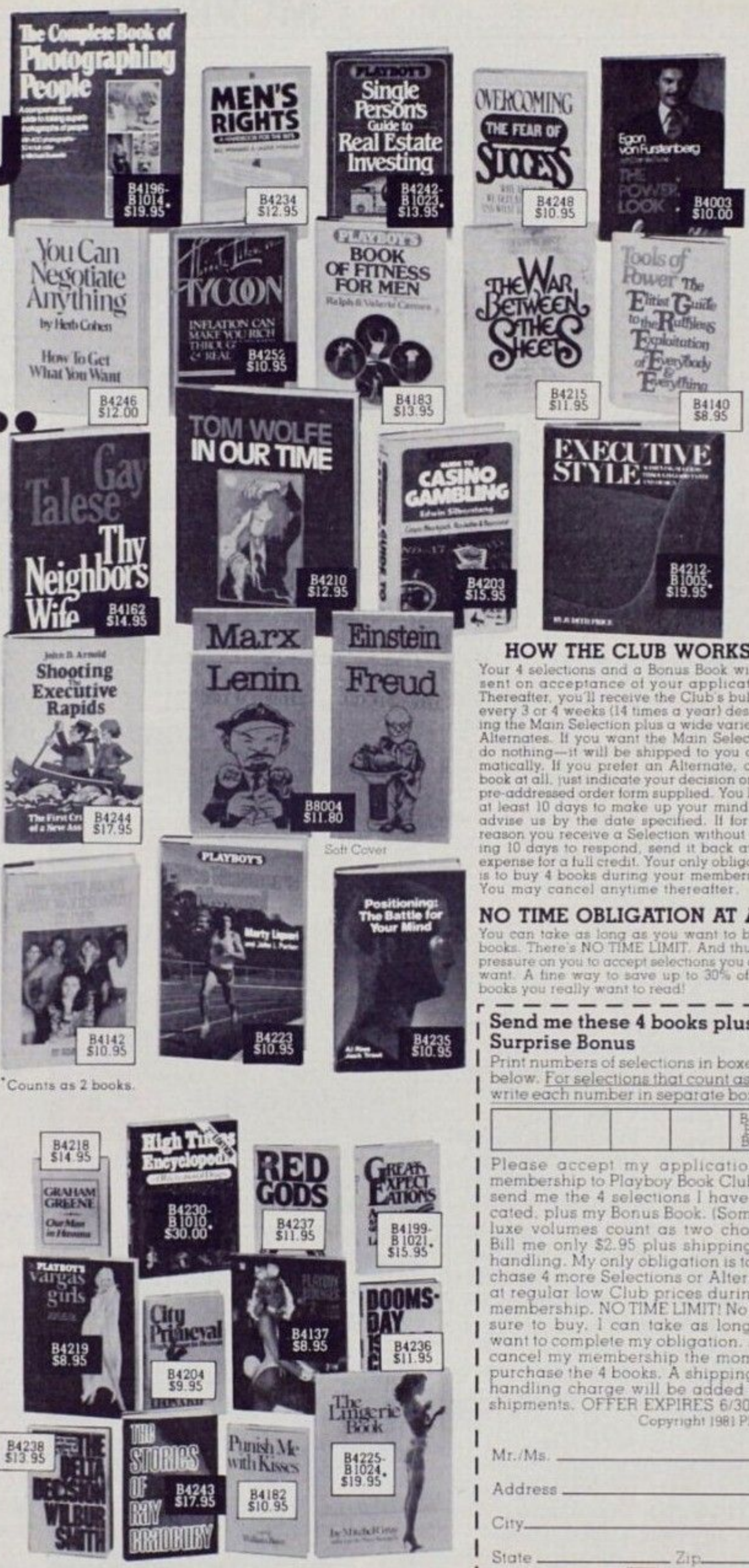


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# MOVIES

Roman Polanski's **Tess** (Columbia) is beautiful but not a movie I'd recommend to people who say they slept through *Barry Lyndon*. Languid, lovely films based on literary classics are the still water of cinema, made in a contemplative mood, and this serene adaptation of Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* is hardly what audiences have learned to expect from Polanski. There is a touching dedication "to Sharon" (his wife, Sharon Tate, victim of the Manson gang) discreetly added to the opening credits of *Tess*, and that grace note sets the tone for everything that follows. Of course, there's violence as well as delicacy in *Tess*—rape and murder and a heroine who comes to a pretty bad end, albeit she's more sinned against than sinning. But Polanski spins out Hardy's tale of a poor country lass and her misadventures in a flow of pastoral images so breath-taking that nearly every frame of the picture looks like museum-quality art. The views of the English countryside (shot mostly in Normandy, as a matter of fact) are a fittingly eye-filling epilog to the career of the late Geoffrey Unsworth, who shares cinematography credit with Ghislain Cloquet.

The final test of *Tess* has to be Tess herself, however, and Polanski defied the odds when he gave the role to German-born Nastassia Kinski, scarcely 17 as the filming began. Kinski turns out to have been a magnificent choice, a stunning screen presence who bears an almost uncanny resemblance to the young Ingrid Bergman back in the days when Ingrid was shyly but surely asserting her claim to superstardom. Nastassia's accent wavers from time to time, and she is probably too girlish and tentative for the plucky Tess conceived by Hardy. What she lacks in accomplishment, though, Polanski covers brilliantly by using her passivity to trigger the plot—as if she were a lustrous pearl out of her element, sullied by the wicked, grasping old world. Among those who undo Tess in a splendid supporting cast, the nonpareil is Peter Firth as Angel Clare, who loves her, marries her, leaves her to fate after she confesses on their wedding night that she has borne another man's bastard child. Nearly three hours long, the movie takes its own sweet time yet ultimately measures up as time well spent. ¥¥¥½

•

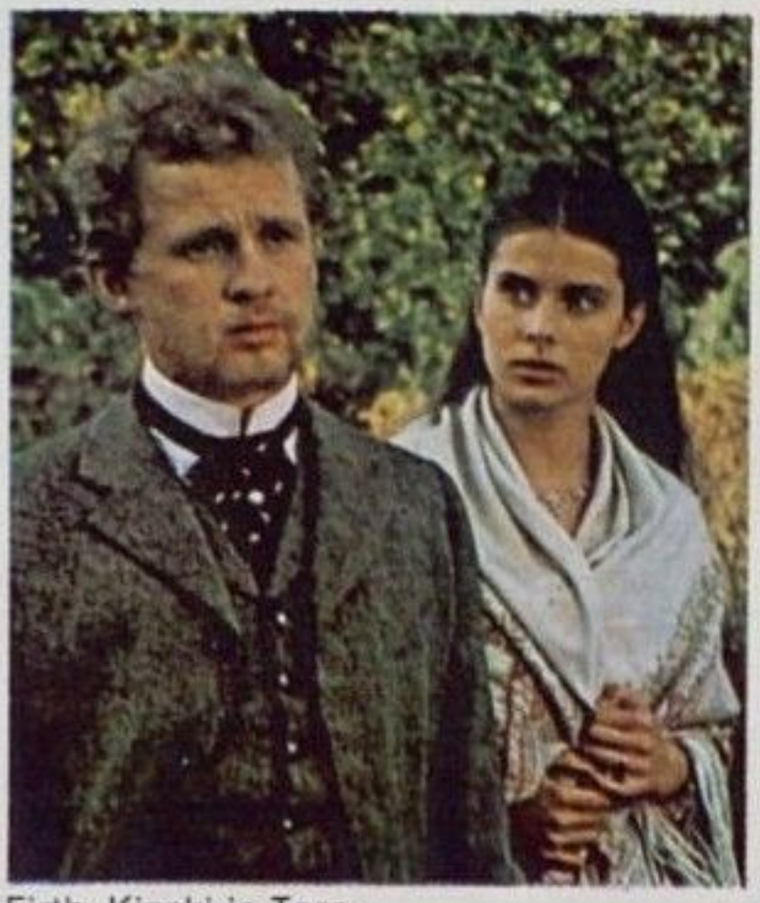
The glory of Egypt and the glamor of Lesley-Anne Down are the tandem pleasures of **Sphinx** (WB/Orion), a farfetched but enticing topical thriller based on the novel by Robin Cook, adapted by John Byrum, directed by Franklin J. (*Patton*) Schaffner. Those credentials may promise something more substantial than a latter-day *Perils of Pauline*, but *Sphinx* is a forthright cliff-hanger that's only superficially sophisticated despite knowledgeable references to the curse of Tutankhamen and the tomb of Seti I. Any moviegoer who's a nut for Egyptology, as I am, will be enthralled by the views of Luxor, Saqqara, the Sphinx and scenes shot with special permission of the Tut exhibit in the National Museum at Cairo. It's also quite easy to develop a fondness for Down as the beautiful English Egyptologist who is chased, beaten, mauled, seduced, shot at and entombed because she *knows* too much. Although her misadventures are often incredible, Lesley-Anne is always believable except for a wild mop of reddish bobbed hair that looks stylish but out of character—as if her last gig had been spent digging into the origins of punk rock. Frank Langella, Maurice Ronet and John Gielgud add to the intrigue very effectively, yet *Sphinx* remains a provocative one-woman show, with Down making the traditional damsel in distress into a dogged professional dame whose fear is tempered by fierce ambition. ¥¥¥

•

Agatha Christie's **The Mirror Crack'd** (AFD), produced by the people who brought you *Murder on the Orient Express* and *Death on the Nile*, stars Angela Lansbury in the Miss Marple role made famous by the late Dame Margaret Rutherford. Lansbury plays fairly straight what Rutherford played tongue in jowl through a whole series of madcap Christie comedies; but that's just a trivial footnote. True to recent tradition, there's another all-star cast featuring Geraldine Chaplin, Tony Curtis, Elizabeth Taylor, Kim Novak, Edward Fox and Rock Hudson. As Miss Marple's nephew from Scotland Yard, Fox is the only civilian unconnected to a Yank movie company that invades an English village back in 1953. *Mirror Crack'd* provides all of them with mere scraps of mirth and murder to fill up a full-length feature. Best of show is the nonstop bitchery between Liz and Kim, as a pair of rival screen queens on the comeback trail. Confronting her somewhat overstuffed beauty in a looking glass, Liz loudly wishes she could bestow her bags upon Doris Day, while Kim—trimmer and sassier than she looked 20 years ago—spews her venom on Rock, the hack moviemaker: "Did you see his last picture? I could eat a can of Kodak and *puke* a better movie." I doubt whether such zingers are pure Christie, but they're prime Novak, custom Taylor. ¥¥

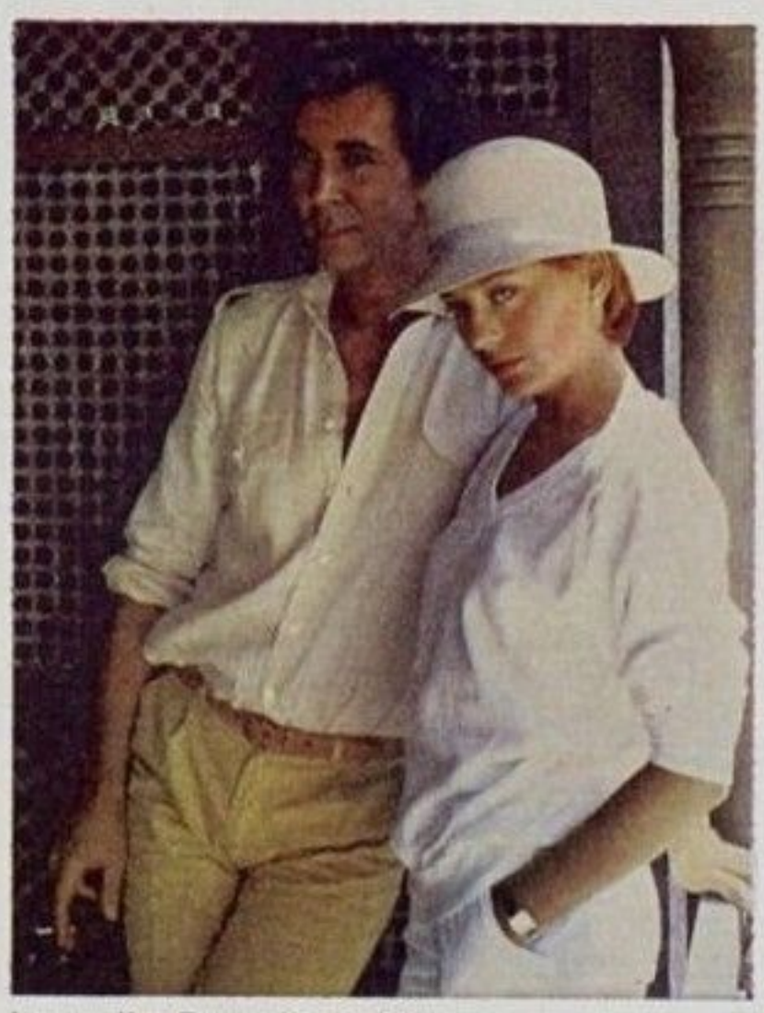
•

**Hard Country** (AFD) covers the same ground explored by *Urban Cowboy*,



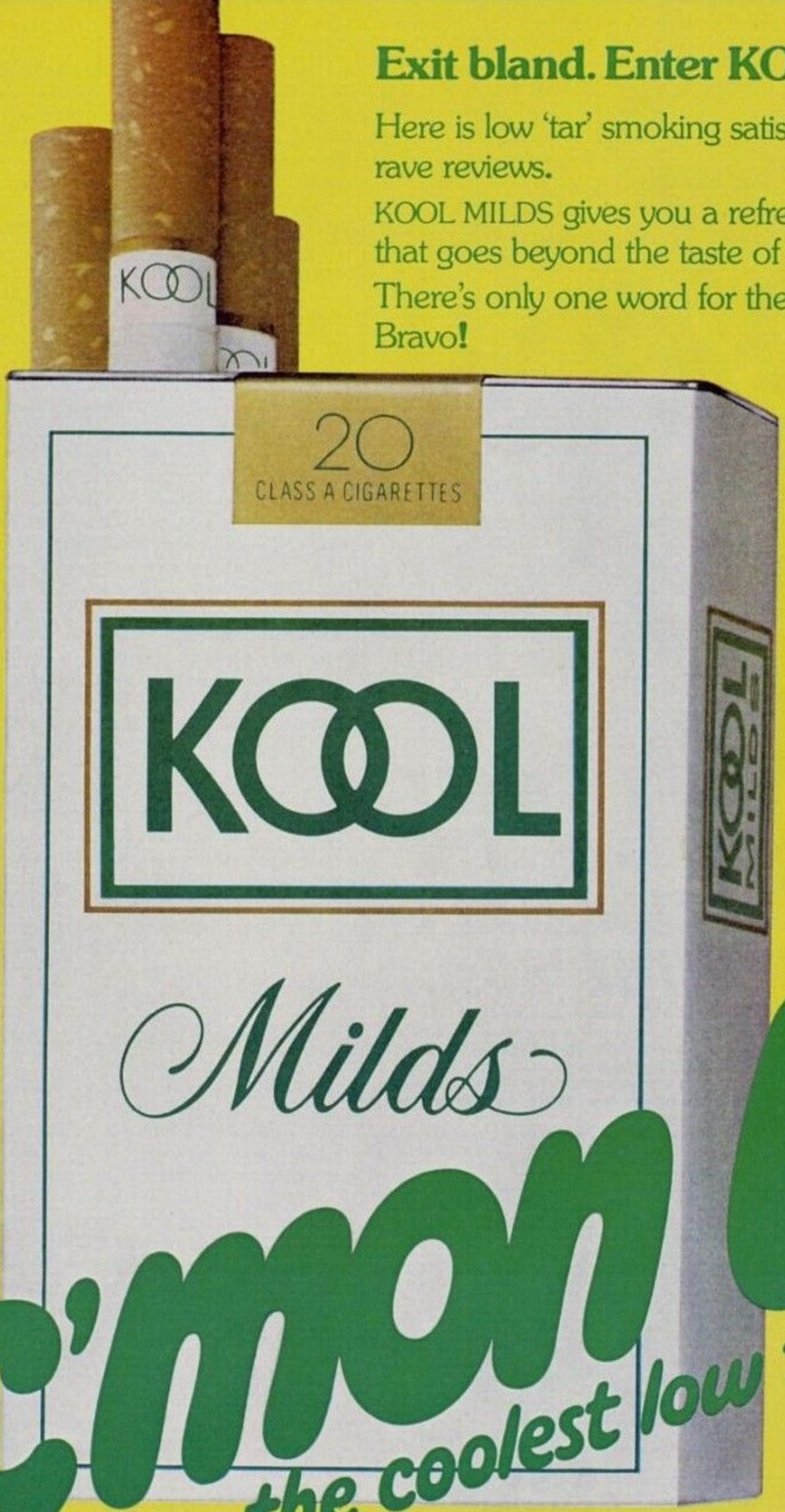
Firth, Kinski in *Tess*.

A dreamy *Tess*,
a cliff-hanging *Sphinx*
and a star-spangled *Mirror*.



Langella, Down in *Sphinx*.

Novak, Hudson, Taylor shine in *Mirror*.

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delving somewhat deeper into the heart of Texas. The title song by country singer–composer Michael Murphey supposedly came first, followed by Michael Kane's screenplay. What results is a reasonably good B movie with a couple of grade-A performances by Jan-Michael Vincent, yesterday's teen idol aging well as the kind of gin-mill jock who cures a hangover by dropping Bromo into his Lone Star beer, and Kim Basinger, in an impressive feature-film debut as the girl who knows she's got to get her urban cowboy out of Texas, away from his Saturday-night heroics as the local chugalug champion. "That ain't Cole Younger and Wyatt Earp walkin' down the street—it's Exxon," declares Kim. Her notion of happiness is "to be a woman in California" like her friend Caroline the singer (warmly played by Tanya Tucker). The ideas may seem simple-minded, but Kim keeps them honest. Already a budding star based on her TV exposure in *Katie: Portrait of a Centerfold* and the miniseries *From Here to Eternity*,. Basinger exhibits equal parts of beauty, intelligence and true grit. That's star power, and *Hard Country* would be run of the mill without her. ¥¥½

•

The way movies affect all of us becomes a wry inside joke for French director Alain Resnais in his surprising romantic comedy ***Mon Oncle d'Amérique*** (New World), winner of The Special Grand Jury Prize at last year's Cannes festival. Regarding the title: I think one of the three pivotal characters, played by Gerard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia and Roger-Pierre, actually *has* an uncle in America, but that's not the point made by Resnais—who made the convoluted *Last Year at Marienbad*, remember, and almost never takes the shortest distance between two points. Here, the absent uncle who goes to America to seek his fortune seems to symbolize all human aspirations—the difference between what we expect from life and how we handle what we actually get. At intervals during this complex, intelligent and captivating movie based on the writings of behavioral scientist Henri Laborit (screenplay by Jean Gruault), there are fast cuts to old film clips featuring Jean Gabin, Jean Marais and Danielle Darrieux. They happen to be the role models favored by Depardieu as an insecure textile executive; Roger-Pierre as a French radio news director and author; Garcia as a former actress, the newsman's mistress. The three are introduced, as the film begins, like clinical case histories selected by computer. A commentator occasionally remarks on their moves and countermoves, comparing their behavior to that of animals in his

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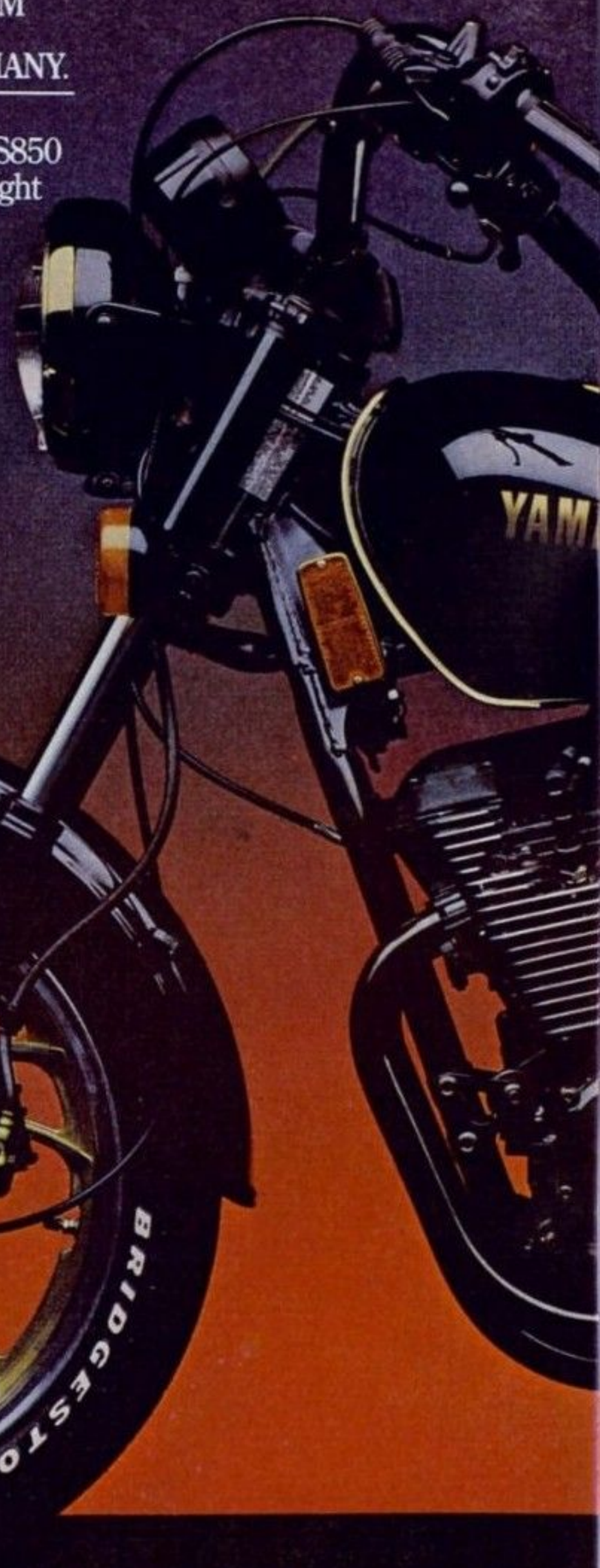


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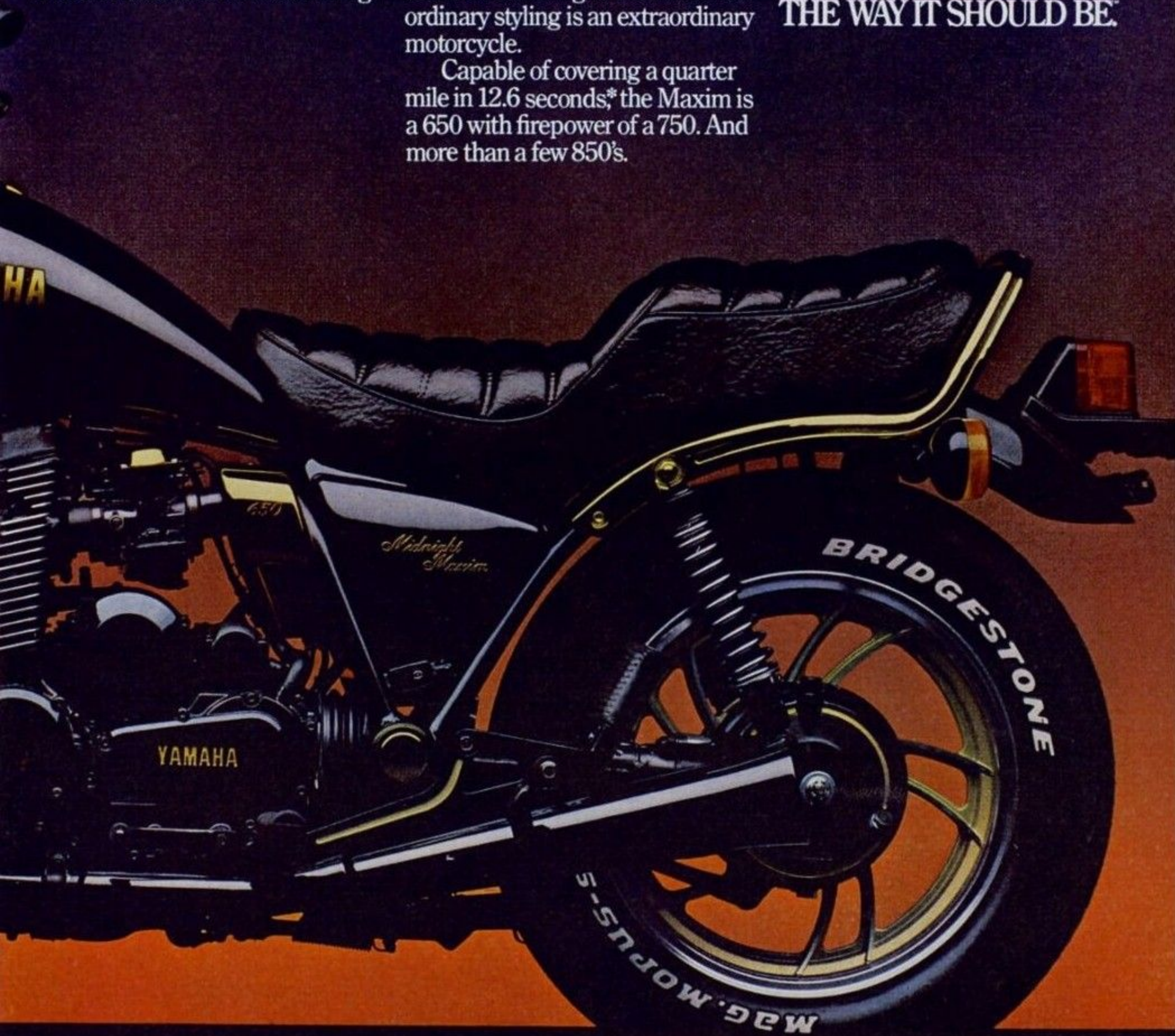

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laboratory, then *Mon Oncle* digresses for a moment to look directly at caged rats or forest creatures. In a few droll sequences, the transformed human actors suddenly are white rats, at least from the neck up, locked into their own chaotic rat-races, marital or professional. Considering the cerebral kind of game he's playing, Resnais manages to give the movie amazing warmth and emotional pitch. He makes us know these characters intimately, though their concerns about jobs, wives, lovers, status, family and self-esteem are underscored as universal. For imagination and sheer originality, I'd call *Mon Oncle* the richest, most sophisticated French arrival since *Cousin Cousine*. ¥¥¥¥

•

Together again in **Any Which Way You Can** (Warner Bros.) are Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Ruth Gordon and that oversexed orangutan from *Every Which Way but Loose*, a very bad (but hugely profitable) Eastwood potboiler. If you liked that one, you'll love the sequel. ¥

•

While I won't go along with the wags who have referred to producer Robert Evans' **Popeye** (Paramount) as *Evans' Gate*—in other words, a disaster comparable to *Heaven's Gate*, 1980's *primo* cinematic fiasco—a lot went wrong with the movie version of E. C. Segar's durable comic strip. *Popeye* is a letdown in many ways, and we'll get to them. Yet director Robert Altman also scores points for what went *right* with the movie. First, there's the inspired casting of Shelley Duvall as Olive Oyl—an angular, offbeat actress in a role she was born to play. Marvelous. She can't sing or dance, and this is supposed to be a musical comedy, but Shelley makes even gawkiness endearing. Then there's a tyke named Wesley Ivan Hurt as Swee'pea, stealing scene after scene with a squeak or a chortle and making you wish Altman (little Wesley happens to be his grandson) and Jules Feiffer (who wrote the screenplay) had worked this infant prodigy into the plot a bit sooner. If they could stunt the kid's growth, he'd be bigger than Lassie as a lovable series star. The town of Sweethaven, created in Malta, also *looks* wonderful. The costumes and settings are top notch.

Which brings us to the debit side, a pretty long list. Robin Williams as Popeye and Paul Dooley as Wimpy the hamburger addict are nearly perfect replicas of the originals—unfortunately, merely dead ringers, like windup dolls in a novelty shop. Duvall is luckier in that respect. So are Ray Walston as Poopdeck Pappy, Popeye's long-lost father, and Paul L. Smith as the bearded, bullying Bluto. Although *Popeye* is technically a musical, its slew of new ditties supplied by Harry Nilsson are mostly undistinguished. They are also performed with no particular flair and have a


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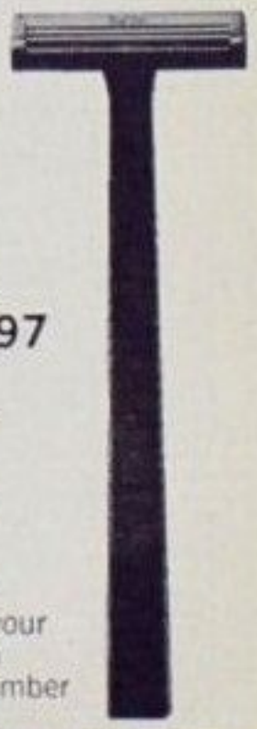

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distant prerecorded sound that destroys any illusion of immediacy when the entire village of Sweethaven bursts into song. Furthermore, I kept waiting for the rambling script to come alive with flashes of Feiffer's inimitable humor, and waited in vain. Overall, *Popeye* is such a mishmash of good, bad and indifferent that one begins to wonder whether transmuting cartoons into flesh-and-blood comedies is such a good idea in the first place. *Superman* may be the exception that proves the rule. Still, Olive and Swee'pea are reasons enough to take the kids to see *Popeye*. ¥¥

•

Updating ***The Jazz Singer*** (AFD) with Neil Diamond in the title role originally played by Al Jolson (and remade with Danny Thomas) makes no sense at all unless you're ready to believe it's still big news when a nice Jewish boy goes into show business. Back in 1927, *Jazz Singer* achieved landmark status with a double whammy—the advent of sound and Jolson's rendition of *Mammy*. The schmaltzy Broadway tale of a cantor's son who willingly trades the Star of David for a star on his dressing-room door was pure claptrap then and still is, though today it's harder than ever to justify Diamond doing a number in blackface (not *Mammy* but an equally offensive substitute). The only thing in *Jazz Singer* that didn't embarrass me was Lucie Arnaz, unbeatably bright and easy as the girl who cheers from the wings. I don't know why they had to hire imported premium ham to play Diamond's father, the cantor, but there ought to be a moratorium declared on casting Laurence Olivier as a crotchety Old World Jew with a studied accent. Here, as in *The Boys from Brazil*, a great actor is at his sniveling worst. Diehard Diamond fans should buy the record and be done with it. ¥

•

Considering the talent collected by writer-director Buck Henry for ***First Family*** (Warner Bros.), the laughs ought to come faster than they do. Henry's routine spoof of the White House occupants doesn't seem to have any particular targets in mind, so that Bob Newhart and Madeline Kahn, as President Manfred Link and his First Lady, perform a kind of generalized satire in support of Gilda Radner, playing their wayward but zealously guarded daughter Gloria, a 28-year-old virgin determined to become a nymphomaniac. Gloria finds a way during a state visit to a Third World nation where economic problems are solved by fairly primitive means. "You raise and lower the prime rate—we sacrifice a virgin," says the leader of Upper Gorm. That's about the best joke on the sound track, which is devoted mainly to darkest-Africa jive about Americans turning greenish on cocktails made from donkey blood and cows' urine. Richard

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Benjamin, Fred Willard and Bob Dishy do what they can as White House regulars, but Buck seldom comes up with anything half as funny as the plain truth of who's really who at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue: the incumbent a passable former movie star in a part no Hollywood mogul would have given him, preceded by Carter, whose kith and kin, as noted by one waggish Washington observer, appeared to be the entire original cast of *Li'l Abner*. ¥¥

•

Shot almost entirely in dreamy pastel shades that suggest a homemaker's magazine endorsing springtime, ***The Incredible Shrinking Woman*** (Universal) is less a satire of science fiction than an effusive send-up of our consumer society. *That's* been done so often that it seems trite to cast Lily Tomlin as a pert suburban cipher who helps her husband (Charles Grodin) invent advertising slogans and tries to control the children—dreadful beasties raised on Mattel toys and junk food, behaving like refugees from *The Exorcist*. When she starts to grow small, Tomlin is funny because Tomlin *is* funny, given half a chance. She does her best bits here by grabbing both halves of a dual role, sharing the screen as her housewifely self and as a prune-faced approximation of an Avon lady. Grodin has a few fine moments playing his patented middlebrow male, who finally complains of his miniaturized *Frau*: "She showers in the *sink* . . . I almost *sat* on her last night."

All the same, as written by Jane Wagner (Lily's accomplice in the dubious *Moment by Moment*, if memory serves) and directed by Joel Schumacher, *Shrinking Woman* tries too hard to satirize too much. There's even a spoof of *King Kong* when some big-business baddies kidnap the heroine, hoping to unlock the secret of shrinkage and conceal the fact that her odd condition has been caused by new improved detergents, instant foods, vaginal sprays and other miracles of modern consumer technology. The minuscule Lily winds up in a lab with a caged but perceptive gorilla, and by that time, *Shrinking Woman* has begun to seem a bit desperate. As the jokes wear thin, the plot thickens, and the sappy ending merely reminds us that the original *Shrinking Man*, back in 1957, was superior on all counts. ¥¥½

•

Hate to be tough on the girls, but lukewarm tea and empathy are about all I can muster for the three hard-working women who produced ***Tell Me a Riddle*** (Filmways) and thereby gave actress Lee Grant the opportunity to direct her first feature film. Grant is understandably sensitive to actors, and she's got *actors*: Melvyn Douglas and Lila Kedrova as the Russian-Jewish grandparents of Brooke Adams. The elderly couple travel to San Francisco to see their granddaughter because the old gent wants, on the sly, to sell the house they have lived in for 40 years; the old lady has a terminal illness but doesn't know it. All that is nicely handled, but *Riddle* is one long death scene—bittersweet and about as enjoyable as a vigil in a hospital corridor. ¥¥

*Family*'s Benjamin, Newhart and Willard.

For laughs, give us the *real* First Family; *Man* shrank better than *Woman*.

Tomlin shrinking.

•

Thinking young, on the other hand, ***Lunch Wagon*** (Seymour Borde & Associates) delivers brainless, braless fun with Playmates Pamela Bryant and Rosanne Katon abetted by Candy Moore as a trio of girls who get into fast food, not to mention fast company. Rosanne's instinctive timing complements Pam's natural bounce, while Candy looks dandy with a little help from Academy Award–winning director Ernest Pintoff. Recruits from The Ace Trucking Company, plus Rose Marie, Chuck McCann, Dick Van Patten (of TV's *Eight Is Enough*) and two of his sons flesh out a roster of pros doing everything in their power to give sexploitation a good name. ¥¥

—REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

## MOVIE SCORE CARD

*capsule close-ups of current films*
*by bruce williamson*

***Any Which Way You Can*** (Reviewed this month) Putrefied Eastwood. ¥

***Eyewitness*** Murder will out, while boy meets girl in Peter Yates's offbeat thriller, with William Hurt and Sigourney Weaver. ¥¥¥

***First Family*** (Reviewed this month) Bob Newhart, Madeline Kahn and Gilda Radner play the White House for laughs but get only a few. ¥¥

***Flash Gordon*** A dim hero outshone by Max von Sydow's villainous Ming. ¥¥½

***The Formula*** Both bigger than life, George C. Scott and Marlon Brando heat up a drama about big oil. ¥¥¥

***Hard Country*** (Reviewed this month) It may be *Urban Cowboy* revisited, but Basinger and Vincent score. ¥¥½

***The Incredible Shrinking Woman*** (Reviewed this month) Small wonder. ¥¥½

***The Jazz Singer*** (Reviewed this month) Neil Diamond redoing all that jazz that Jolson did back in 1927, now cornier than ever. ¥

***Lunch Wagon*** (Reviewed this month) Fast food, plus fun with Playmates Pam Bryant and Rosanne Katon. ¥¥

***The Mirror Crack'd*** (Reviewed this month) All-star Agatha Christie. ¥¥

***Mon Oncle d'Amérique*** (Reviewed this month) *L'amour* the merrier in a masterful French comedy. ¥¥¥¥

***Nine to Five*** The liveliest office party of the year, with Tomlin, Parton and Fonda as genial hostesses. ¥¥¥¥

***Ordinary People*** Directed by Robert Redford, and already an odds-on favorite to win an Oscar or two. ¥¥¥¥

***Popeye*** (Reviewed this month) Olive Oyl and Swee'pea are swelegant in a very mixed bag from Altman. ¥¥

***Private Benjamin*** The Army giddily outmaneuvered by Goldie Hawn. ¥¥¥

***Raging Bull*** Oscar bets are on De Niro for his tour-de-force performance as boxer Jake La Motta. ¥¥¥

***Scanners*** Another scary, exhilarating head trip, by David Cronenberg, a young director to watch. ¥¥½

***Sphinx*** (Reviewed this month) Down in Egypt doing mummy dearest. ¥¥¥

***The Stunt Man*** The mad, mad world of movie-making, with Peter O'Toole as a driven director. ¥¥¥¥

***Tell Me a Riddle*** (Reviewed this month) Old age, illness and death. Lee Grant's directorial debut is well done—but *why*? ¥¥

***Tess*** (Reviewed this month) Out of Thomas Hardy by Polanski, a star is born: Hail, Nastassia Kinski. ¥¥¥½

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¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

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# EROTICA

Mah-jongg will have to wait; this night, about 30 curious Brooklyn women gather in a friend's living room for a ladies' night out. They are promised an evening even more titillating than a trip to the Sheepshead Bay bar that features male strippers. Those with an idea of what the evening holds in store tear into the onion dip like anxious brides. They are preparing for group sex, of a sort, and there is an increasingly illicit air permeating the room.

The women, mostly housewives, mothers and young singles, are studies in nervous excitement. Perhaps for the first time in their lives, they will lay hands on dildos equipped with variable-speed motors, jab fingers through the slots of crotchless panties, contemplate the potential of the *ben-wa* and whet their sexual appetites with palatable love oils. They gather in semisecret not to revel in bodily pleasures but to be sold a variety of sex paraphernalia so diverse that neither the onanist nor the orgiast will feel left out. Amid the chatter, two women, a representative and her assistant from a company called **Just for Play,** methodically arrange their foreplay gadgets on a card table.

Marsha Lesser, president and founder of Just for Play, a home-sales company specializing in sex toys and lingerie, says, "People, especially women, are embarrassed in sex boutiques." In March 1979, her company turned that notion into profits at its first party. By March 1981, some 1000 trained representatives were at work presiding over 2000 to 3000 parties per month.

The rep informs the hostess that she's ready. As the ladies come to order, nervous titters filter through the din. The rep is friendly and breaks the tension with well-rehearsed lines designed to warm up the ladies at first, and later to get them really hot—for the products, that is.

"How many of you have ever been massaged?" the rep asks. Surprisingly few women raise their hands, but everybody seems eager to hear what she has to say on the subject. One by one, the rep demonstrates, then passes around, samples of a dozen sensuous concoctions, mostly massage lotions and creams. Touching and tasting the flavored edible lotions helps get the ladies, well, aroused. Just for Play's biggest seller, Emotion Lotion, an ointment that's warm to the touch and gets hot when you blow on it, seems to be a favorite.

Cautiously, the rep describes the advantages of Prolong Cream. "It's for those times," she explains, "when you've been making love for four hours and want that extra 30 minutes." The women seem to swoon in their seats. Expressions of delight appear on several faces and raucous laughter breaks out when one especially attentive young wife proclaims that her Johnny could use a gallon of the stuff.

Just an ordinary *Kaffeeklatsch* in Brooklyn? Not on your motorized *ben-wa* balls, it ain't.

Just for Play also conducts parties for couples, but those are said to be more rowdy. That's a little hard to believe. When the lingerie—some two dozen varieties including panties, bra-and-bikini sets, stockings and garter belts—is passed around, one woman tries on each and every item, over her head.

In another corner of the room, a striking 18-year-old redhead holds a garter belt provocatively next to her body and suggests to her soon-to-be-married friend that she wear the white belt for the wedding and the purple one thereafter.

"Those crotchless panties," the rep says as she twiddles her middle finger through the lace-lined cutout, "are great for quickies." The idea seems to be pure rapture to these conventional ladies. The trance is broken, though, when somebody suggests that the easy-access underthing is even better for a visit to the gynecologist and another wonders about the dangers of frostbite.

"I'd be lying if I said you needed all these things," the rep tells them during a planned lull in the spiel. "These are enhancers to lovemaking. We're putting the spark back into some tired marriages. At least we're supplying the plug."

The plug?

"Vibrators," she continues, "are not necessarily meant to replace your partners but to create sensation." She throws a switch and the white, ribbed phallus in her hand fills the room with a low-pitched buzz.

"How do I turn it off?" one woman screams when the quaking plastic missile lands in her lap.

"Sit on it," answers an experienced friend.

The vibrators and dildos are also available in gift sets such as the Midnight Special, a package that includes a phallic vibrator and several interchangeable tickler attachments. But the ladies' interests are particularly sparked by newfangled variations such as Joannie's Butterfly. It's a strap-on clitoral vibrator that doesn't interfere with intercourse and that, says the rep, "can be worn just as easily to the A&P as to the office."

Many of the women seem resistant to the idea of anal love beads, and some wince at a story about a woman who refused to leave the house (or remain very long *in* it) without her *ben-wa* balls in place. They are a bit more receptive to personal vibrator kits. Among the attachments accompanying the dandy hand tool are one for the scalp, one for the skin and four for where the moon doesn't shine.

About 90 minutes after the first massage oils are sampled, the order forms that were distributed at the start of the presentation are filled out. The Just for Play sales whiz then adds up the total to determine which free gift the hostess has earned as her incentive premium.

"They come in like giggling girls," a rep confides, "and leave like happy women."

"Everybody wins," says Lesser. "The rep becomes a star, the hostess becomes a star . . . and the people get re-educated in terms of sex."

One big winner this night is the woman who has made an unusually large purchase. She removes a pocket calculator from her purse, turns it on and stands motionless staring at the device for several moments. She had been trying to figure out, she later said, why the damned thing wasn't vibrating.

—MANNY NEUHAUS

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# ☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

**IDOL GOSSIP:** **John Ritter** is now the rumored choice to take up where **Peter Sellers** left off as Inspector Clouseau, should the *Pink Panther* series be continued. . . . **Diane** (*Alice*) **Ladd** will play the role of **Martha Mitchell** in the film biography of ex–Attorney General John Mitchell's late wife. The flick, which begins shooting this summer, will be based on the files of White House correspondent **Helen Thomas**, who knew Mrs. Mitchell well (she was the recipient of her celebrated late-night phone calls). Ladd, who will executive-produce the project, has apparently been working on it for three years. . . . **Polly Bergen** and **Robert Mitchum** co-star in *The Winds of War*, Paramount TV's 16-hour miniseries for ABC. Based on **Herman Wouk**'s best-selling novel, the miniseries is reputedly the largest project ever attempted in the history of television, with a 14-month shooting schedule. . . . **Brian De Palma, John Travolta** and **Nancy Allen** (Mrs. De Palma) will be reunited onscreen for the first time since *Carrie* in De Palma's next thriller, *Blow Out*. . . . *La Cage aux Folles* screenwriter **Francis Veber** has written a comedy for Paramount called *Partners* about a straight cop and a gay cop. . . . Book Beat: Knopf plans to publish *The Hite Report on Male Sexuality* in June. . . . **Tom Wolfe**'s next will be *Underneath the I Beams, Inside the Compound*, an essay on architecture.

Ritter

Ladd

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**SAMURAI NEWSPAPER REPORTER:** Following pans for *1941* and not-so-hot reviews for *The Blues Brothers*, **John Belushi** has apparently decided to change pace. He and actress **Blair Brown** star in *Continental Divide*, a romantic comedy in the "Tracy-Hepburn vein." (Even if it's more in the Doris Day–Rock Hudson vein, in Hollywood they'll always say Tracy-Hepburn.) In any case, Belushi plays a muckracking urban columnist (**Mike Royko** type) who decides to "cool off" from his *Chicago Sun-Times* beat by climbing the Rockies to interview a beautiful lady recluse (Brown) who is researching the endangered bald eagle. Natch, they fall in love, but not before the urbanized Belushi is introduced unceremoniously to the Great Outdoors. Part of the film was shot in southern Colorado (helicopters carried cast and crew to an otherwise inaccessible 14,000-foot location), much of the rest in Chicago, largely at the *Sun-Times* offices. The Windy City being Belushi's home

Brown

Belushi

town, the actor already knew a bunch of the paper's reporters, including Royko, who, I'm told, got a kick out of the whole project. As for Belushi's performance, says one source, "He plays it with a great deal of pixyish charm."

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**THE NEWS, CONTINUED:** Another newspaper-oriented film, *Absence of Malice*, stars **Paul Newman** and **Sally Field**. (Rumor has it **Al Pacino** was first choice for the Newman role but declined due to creative differences.) Produced and directed by **Sydney Pollack**, the film was written by **Kurt Luedtke**, formerly executive editor of *The Detroit Free Press*. Newman plays a street-smart, savvy guy whose entire life has been shadowed by his father's association with gangsters. As owner of a modest warehouse—a legitimate business—he has succeeded in keeping his nose clean and staying out of the spotlight. Then, along comes Sally Field, a reporter with a Miami newspaper, who's

Field

Newman

proud of her commitment to truth and objectivity. The conflict begins when a prominent union leader disappears. After weeks pass without a clue, pressure mounts to break the case. A zealous investigator tries to smoke out the guilty party by starting a bogus investigation of Newman, which is then leaked to Field. The movie is about what happens when those two people—one representing a revered institution and the other a powerless individual—confront each other. Although the film seems to be based loosely on the Hoffa case, sources close to the production claim it is not.

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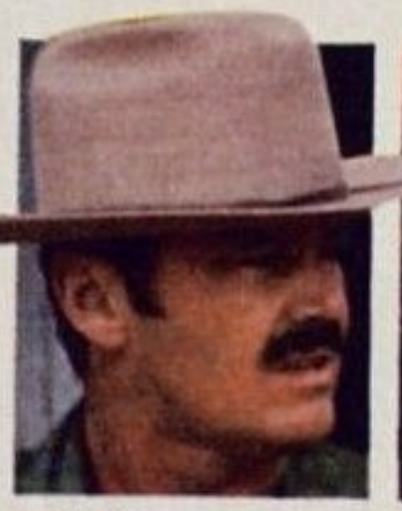
**LOVE DIVIDED BY NINE:** Films comprised of short vignettes seem to be making something of a comeback. The latest of those is *Love*, set for a May release. The nine vignettes that make up the flick were written by **Germaine Greer, Nancy** (*Coming Home*) **Dowd, Lady Antonia Fraser, Edna O'Brien, Joni Mitchell, Gael Greene, Mai Zetterling, Penelope Gilliatt** and **Liv Ullmann**. (Mitchell will also appear in the film—as a black pimp, yet.) In each segment, a different aspect of love—obsessive love, rejection, betrayal, and so on—is explored. Although the film is entirely by women, the film makers claim it is not "feminist" or slanted as a message movie.

•

**IMMIGRATION MAN:** Those involved in the production of Universal's *The Border*, starring **Jack Nicholson** and **Valerie Perrine**, are calling it the role of Nicholson's career. "It makes his part in *Cuckoo's Nest* look like a cameo by comparison," says one insider. "It's a serious dramatic role and the first time Nicholson's played



Nicholson

Perrine

an ordinary guy." Filmed primarily in El Paso, the flick concerns a man who's fed up with his job, his marriage and his Los Angeles life in general and moves with his wife (Perrine) to make a new start as a border-patrol guard. There, while his marriage continues to disintegrate, he falls in love with a young Mexican "illegal" and is ultimately overwhelmed by the pressures of his personal life, combined with border conditions. Co-starring **Harvey Keitel** and **Warren Oates** and directed by **Tony Richardson**, the film (which was written by Deric [*The Deer Hunter*] Washburn and Walon Green) raises some controversial questions about our current immigration policy. An October release is scheduled.

—JOHN BLUMENTHAL

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# PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

## By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

# RIDES ON THE WILD SIDE

Bigger and better ways to risk losing your cookies.

I'M NOT REALLY a very big fan of the so-called thrill rides whose main aim seems to me to be to encourage people to throw up, but I'm obviously a member of a very small minority. Higher, faster, more terrifying amusement-park attractions are packin' 'em in all over the United States, and there are huge groups of people who get their kicks from surviving multiple confrontations with these mechanical monsters. As might be expected, sheer drops, 360-degree circles and convolutions that would give cramps to a contortionist are staple elements, with exaggerated claims of height, speed and danger nearly a necessity.

But according to the 1981 *Guinness Book of World Records*, the highest, fastest and longest roller coaster in the world is The Beast at Kings Island, Ohio (just outside Cincinnati), where scientific tests clocked this beastly mechanism at 64.77 miles per hour at the base of a 141-foot drop. Its 7400 feet of track make it longer—and, I assume, more harrowing—than any other roller coaster anywhere. There's a 540-degree helix included in the course, and if the bare statistics are not calamitous enough, there are 800 feet of tunnels that compound the speed and swirling trajectory.

About to top The Beast in height and speed is The American Eagle at Great America in Gurnee, Illinois, with a drop of 147 feet and speeds of 66 mph. Of classic wooden construction, it's promised to be the country's biggest double racing coaster when unveiled in May.

The former titleholder was Colossus at Magic Mountain in Valencia, California. It jars abdominal walls for a harrowing 5000 feet at 60 miles an hour as it climbs 125 feet high. Two drops of more than 100 feet each provide an ample sense of weightlessness.

The Screamin' Eagle at Six Flags Over Mid-America in St. Louis, Missouri, held the title of the world's longest, fastest and highest roller coaster from February 1976 to July 1978. And although individual drops are somewhat less sheer than on the newer rides, passengers are still regularly subjected to gravitational forces of up to 2.2 gs. I've even heard there are people who go on this ride for fun.

The Gemini at Cedar Point in Sandusky, Ohio, offers a couple of cars that go careening side by side through the Midwestern sky, and the Loch Ness Monster in the Scotland area at The Old Country Busch Gardens in Williamsburg, Virginia, is no less terrifying. The Monster's route runs through a dark building, where the excitement is intensified by the passage from light to dark and out again (we hope).

The Mind Bender at Six Flags Over Georgia, about ten miles from Atlanta, has three spectacular loops that are each about four and a half stories high; while the Screamin' Demon at Magic Valley Park in Bushkill, Pennsylvania, boasts ten four-seat cars that all run at the same time, though spaced (we're told) safely apart.

The Shock Wave is the main ride at Six Flags Over Texas in Arlington. Here again, speeds of 60 miles an hour seem designed to probe the top end of human endurance, and here, too, riders are spun upside down through two separate 70-foot loops in rapid succession.

For sheer acceleration, the cyclonic thrust of Greezed Lightnin' at Astro-World in Houston gets the nod. On this ride, passengers go from zero to 60 miles an hour in a bloodcurdling four seconds, and eventually endure a force of about six times normal gravity. Those riders who survive the initial thrust are then subjected to riding upside down through an 80-foot-high loop, shot 138 feet up a 70-degree ramp, at the top of which gravity pulls the cars backward and the 850-foot track is run in reverse.

The Tidal Wave, one of the more unusual rides at Marriott's Great America in Illinois, is a single-track bit of lunacy that turns riders upside down in a 76-foot loop before sending them 142 feet into the air. After this experience, passengers have the blissful opportunity for a return run round the loop—backward.

The ride called Montezooma's Revenge at Knott's Berry Farm in Buena Park, California, is included primarily because I can't think of a better name for a ride whose main purpose is to destroy a rider's digestive system. And there are several other such stomach jarrers sprinkled around the amusement-park premises of this country that are at least worthy of noting. There are the Great American Scream Machine at Six Flags Over Georgia; The Python at The Dark Continent Busch Gardens in Tampa, Florida; The Thunderbolt at Kennywood in West Mifflin, Pennsylvania; and perhaps my favorite of all the ride names, the SooperdooperLooper at Hersheypark in Hershey, Pennsylvania. They all have their magical moments that inspire terror and terrible trepidations.

But to show that height and speed alone are not the only elements that can turn a roller-coaster ride into a really thrilling few minutes, one need look no further than Walt Disney World in Lake Buena Vista, Florida, and Disneyland in Anaheim, California. In both of those parks, Space Mountain posts repeated signs (along the long waiting maze that precedes the actual ride) that warn prospective passengers with heart problems to forgo the experience. The terror of Space Mountain rests less in its speed and length—which are hardly tame—than in the fact that this is the only ride of its kind that is operated entirely *inside* a building. Here Disney's diabolical forces have managed to create some impressively frightening environments. At the start of the ride, for example, riders are hurled into an inky blackness that appears to have no bottom, and the impression that one may never stop falling is encouraged.

The most expensive of all the superrides is Big Thunder Mountain Railroad at Disney World, where no less than $20,000,000—the total cost of many amusement parks—has been invested in a single ride. (A similar one thrills visitors to Disneyland.) Not only is the mountain itself the tallest "peak" in all Florida but the impact of the many illusions that this runaway railroad train creates is hard to describe. All it does is careen down nearly 3000 hair-raising feet of railway track, twisting, turning, bouncing and buffeting around the man-made red-stone buttes and sand-swept canyons—that's when it's not racing through old mining towns. Twenty million bucks buys a whole lot of kicks.

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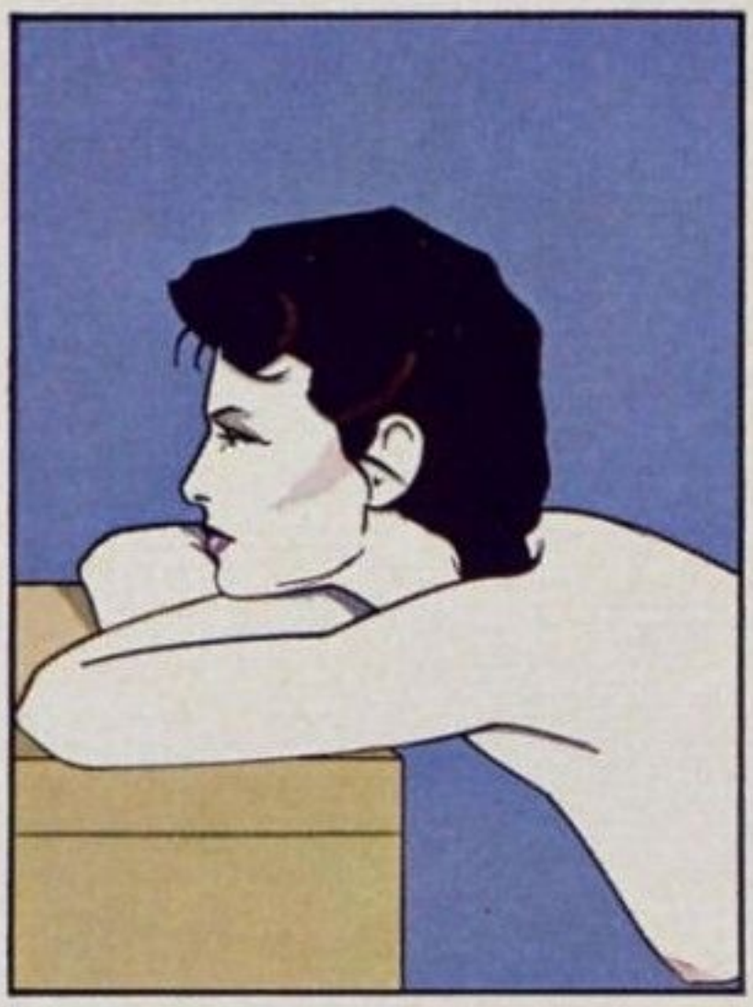
# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I found myself in an unusual situation a few weeks ago. A female friend from high school paid a visit to my college. Before the night was over, she tried to initiate a sexual encounter. Since I am deeply involved in another relationship, I was not too interested. However, since I didn't know how to refuse, I said what the hell and tried to go through with it. The evening was a disaster. How does a guy say no without hurting a woman's feelings?—R. X., Dallas, Texas.

*We can understand your confusion. Our culture teaches us that man initiates sex, while woman sets the limits. The stereotypes are pretty deep. Three researchers asked students to rate a list of strategies for having sex and avoiding sex as masculine or feminine. Without fail, the strategies for initiating sex (touching, wandering hands, direct requests, etc.) were all labeled masculine. Those for avoiding sex (body language, moralizing, logic, etc.) were all labeled feminine. However, the sexual scripts were not mutually exclusive—some 84 percent of the men reported that they had been approached by a date to have sex, but did not necessarily have it, on at least one occasion. If your sexual script won't let you say no, your body will resort to mime—and loss of erection is one way of saying you'd rather not. That trauma goes well beyond hurting someone's feelings. Say no. Now that women are taking the initiative, they will have to learn to take an occasional rejection. We assume that you have been turned down on occasion. Why not recall the most graceful technique and make it your own? If you've never been turned down, you have no business writing to us.*

Because I like to listen to my records at increased volume without disturbing my neighbors, I have headphones—two sets, in fact. They're the same model, but one is older than the other. For some reason, the new set has better high-frequency response. I've taken the old set apart and checked all the connections and they seem to be intact. What could account for the difference?—M. L., Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Assuming that there is no physical damage to the older set of headphones, the problem may lie in its age. Stereo systems depend on a multitude of good connections, clean metal to clean metal. On-off switches, plugs and jacks, rheostat-type knobs and the like are subject to an eventual build-up of oxides. Those oxides can impede electrical signals and cause a loss of fidelity. If you use your equipment constantly, you may not even notice the problem or you may compensate for it with amplification. The solution is exercise. Periodically remove and clean all jacks and leads; do that with a twisting motion to rub off any oxidation. For an especially thick accumulation, rub with an eraser until shiny metal emerges. If you maintain your knob or slide controls at a certain level, occasionally turn them all the way up and down (with no music on, of course) or they will "set" in that position. Exercise of that sort won't provide your system with any more muscle, but it will enable it to better use the muscle it has.*



All of the sex books I've read recommend Masters and Johnson's squeeze technique for curing premature ejaculation. However, there is one flaw in that technique. You need a regular partner, one who is willing to play therapist for the night. What about the guy who is single and, what's more, who is so embarrassed by the condition that he's not actively dating? I have suffered this for several years. If I can't find help, I'm going to become a monk. Any suggestions?—K. L., Miami, Florida.

*Help is on the way. We recommend that you find a copy of "Sexual Solutions," by Michael Castleman. The book is the best common-sense guide to sexual problems we've encountered. If it were required reading in high school, this column would be out of business. There is a whole chapter devoted to do-it-yourself techniques for curing involuntary ejaculation. Castleman writes: "There are two keys to lasting longer: Reduce tensions and become more comfortable with your body's sensual responsiveness. A body under stress for any reason looks for ways to relieve the pressure. If a man bottles up his emotions and denies himself other means of stress reduction, his body may decide that the only way out is to release the stress through ejaculation. Learning to last longer involves transferring stress reduction away from the penis to other parts of the body. In other words, expand sexuality to include sensuality." Among the techniques discussed by Castleman are deep breathing (people under stress hold their breath), vocalizing to release tension (forget being the strong, silent type) and various muscle-relaxation techniques (some men find that they can exert more control if they keep their buttock, anal and stomach muscles relaxed through loveplay). Castleman provides exercises that you can practice during masturbation or intercourse. You can order "Sexual Solutions" from Self-Care Associates, P.O. Box 161, Boulder Creek, California 95006, for $14.45.*

By the middle of the summer, I plan to be in better shape than I've ever been. Unfortunately, while doing weight training, I find that my muscles get tired much too quickly. I am on a high-protein diet to help strengthen them, but I still get the fatigue factor. My muscles are getting bigger, but I don't have the energy to use them. What can I do?—M. P., Reno, Nevada.

*If you keep up your present regimen, you're going to have the equivalent of a high-powered sports car with no gas. You're on the right track in thinking that the protein will help build muscle tissue. But the protein will not give you useful energy. For that, you need carbohydrates. Carbos are stored in the liver and muscles as sugar (glycogen). That's what keeps you going. If your body has no glycogen to burn, it simply gets tired. Trying to increase the load at that time simply worsens the problem. Indeed, your body will continue to burn calories at an increased rate for several hours after you stop exercising. Protein, fat (for secondary energy supply) and carbohydrates should all be taken in balance for your body to function properly.*

Over the past few months, I've run into several women who have abandoned the traditional female forms of birth control. They say that they no longer want sole responsibility for contraception, nor do they want to sacrifice their bodies to pills or I.U.D.s. If a man wants to have sex, he should carry a condom around in his wallet. I had one woman tell me that reluctance to use a condom is a sign of American male chauvinism. I am reluctant to sacrifice sensitivity. Any

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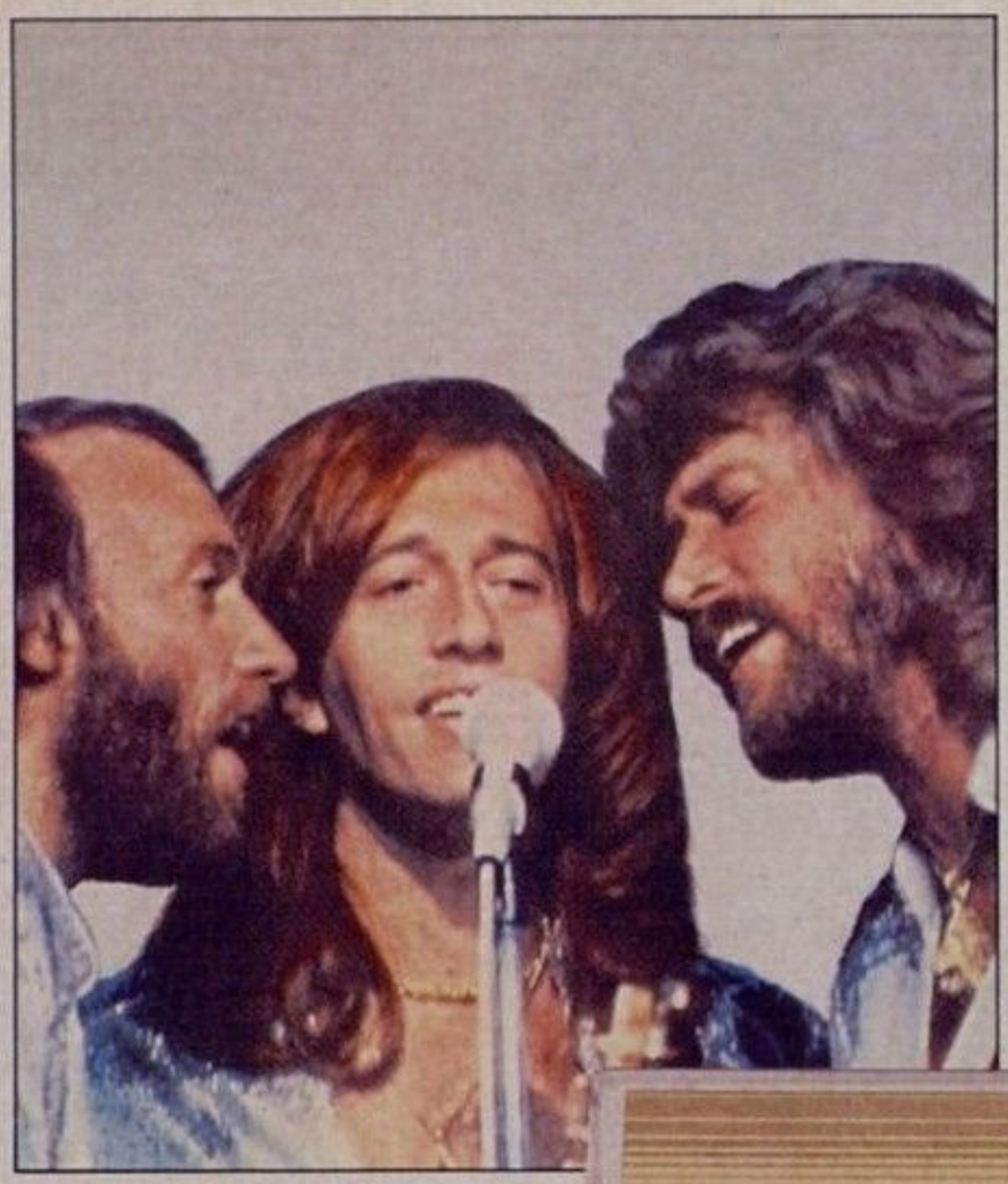
suggestions?—E. D., New York, New York.

*Well, one thing you should not do is carry a condom around in your wallet for days. Body heat can cause the rubber to deteriorate. Better to keep them at bedside or, better yet, have your girlfriend carry them around in her purse. As for American males' being less conscientious, your friend may have a point. Of the more than 250,000,000 people in the world using some method of birth control, about one out of three relies on male contraception, with 37,000,000 using condoms and 35,000,000 using vasectomy. Condom use is coming back. Sales in the United States grew from 300,000,000 in 1975 to nearly 500,000,000 in 1980. It's time to check them out: Condoms have a theoretical effectiveness of 97 percent and a use effectiveness of 90 percent. Some men claim that they limit sensation, but that seems to be a self-defeating prophecy. In Japan, where 79 percent of the men use condoms, one almost never hears that complaint. The attitude seems to be more the result of condom advertising than of condom use: Competing brands claim to deliver greater sensitivity, though the actual differences in thickness are negligible. We suggest that you find a brand you like and, er, stick to it. One writer has suggested that the primary benefit of condom use is that no one has to sleep on the wet spot.*

**M**y VCR is an older-model four-hour tape player. It does not have the scanning capabilities of the new machines; therefore, finding the part of a program I am interested in is a time-consuming process. Is it possible to add some sort of audio signal to the fast-forward mode to indicate the start of a program?—P. T., Columbus, Ohio.

*Why complicate your life? The answer is already on your machine in the form of the digital tape counter. It's always a good idea before recording to set the counter at the 000 position and then note the reading at the end of the recording. That information should be logged on the cassette along with the title, date and other useful information. That way, if you want the second half of a program, you'll be able to divide the counter readout by two and start there.*

**I** have a problem that is causing me significant anguish. The only way I can achieve orgasm during intercourse with my husband is to fantasize about a certain man (it is always the same man—the one who claimed my virginity some 15 years ago). When I do come while fantasizing, I always end up crying or moaning that man's name. This appears to be something thoroughly out of my control (though can that be?). It has rendered me inorgasmic with my husband, as, naturally, I am afraid to come, knowing that I will "spill the beans" again. I have now



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resorted to masturbation as my sole means of gaining satisfaction (and I cry out my fantasy's name then, too). My husband just ignored it the first few times he heard me say another man's name, but he made it clear as time went on that this nasty habit of mine was not to be tolerated. The general message was, you can think what you damn well please, but keep his name out of my bed. What do I do?—Mrs. L. D., New York, New York.

*Many women report having a favorite fantasy that they rely on to precipitate orgasm. Researchers call such erotic scenarios "old friend" fantasies, even though the subjects may vary. That much is normal. Anything that works is all right sexually. However, when a technique becomes the only source of pleasure, or when it stops working, you have a problem. (For example, a person wearing a wet suit and a feather boa seriously cuts down the chances of a fulfilling sex life.) The fantasy and your sexual behavior are very much in your control. Since your habit of crying out your first boyfriend's name decreases your own pleasure and that of your husband, it's obviously time to change. Analyze the fantasy and see what parts of it truly appeal to you. Does your husband share any traits (gentleness, aggressiveness, whatever) with the man you remember? Replace the fantasy with new experiences, the old memories with new ones, the reruns with prime-time specials. You are not a prisoner of your past. As Tom Robbins says, "It's never too late to have a happy childhood."*

You are probably familiar with the phrase "The honeymoon is over." I've been wondering: How long does the grace period last these days? In other words, how long before you start thinking about divorce? If the first year is your paper anniversary, the second year your Valium anniversary, the third year your hard-alcohol and dangerous-drug anniversary, what year are you most likely to ask for a divorce?—R. J., Los Angeles, California.

*According to an article in* Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, *4.5 percent of all divorces occur during the first year after marriage, 8.6 percent during the second year, 9.4 percent during the third year, 8.9 percent during the fourth year, 8.1 percent during the fifth year, 7.4 percent during the sixth year, and so on to 2.5 percent after 30 years. But, as they say, you will break no vow before its time.*

My girlfriend and I have been trying to improve our love life, but we seem to have radically different ideas about how to go about it. She keeps harping on the importance of sensuality over sexuality. Apparently, she saw a therapist on TV

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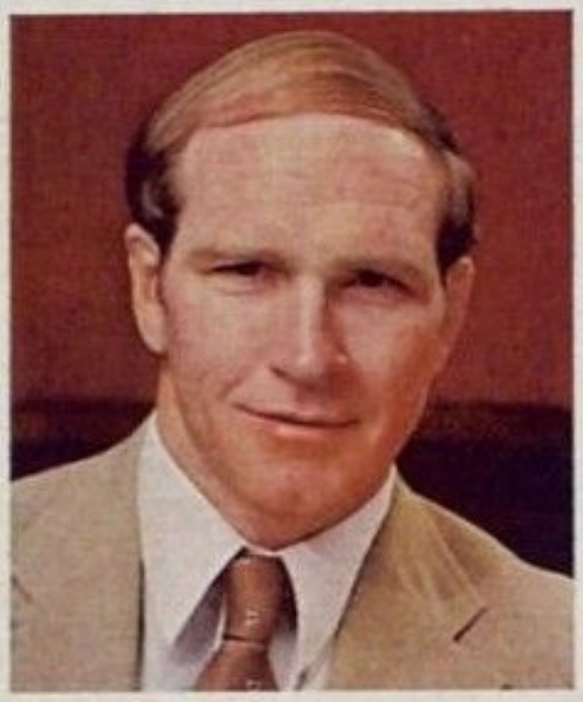

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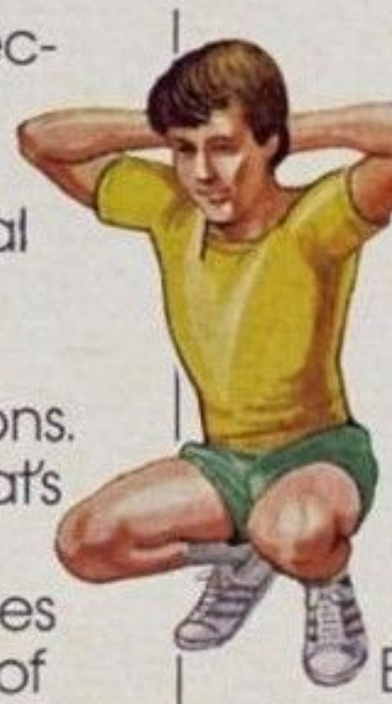

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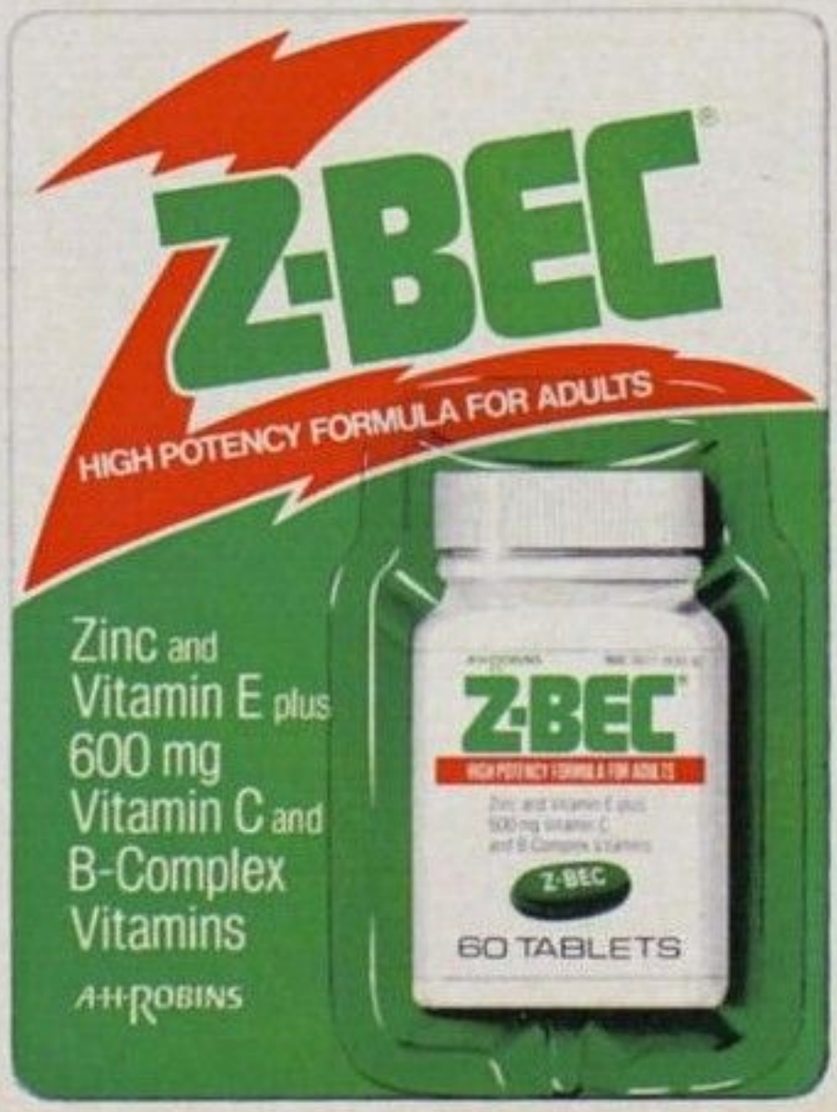


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recently who suggested that the path to pleasure came through celibacy. Her Rx. was this: "Throw your genitals out the window for two weeks." I don't think that avoiding sex is the way to improve your game. What do *you* say?—W. G., San Francisco, California.

*We don't think sensuality is the same as celibacy: It might clear the confusion if you simply view sensuality as nongenital fooling around. The whole body is an erogenous zone, but most Americans create sexual ghettos—restricting sensory input to their genitals and their foreplay to lips, breasts and occasionally the clitoris. By most accounts, women prefer total body stimulation—hugging, cuddling, light massage, whatever. A lot of men respond negatively to requests for more foreplay (two weeks does strike us as being a bit extreme), because they feel the woman is trying to avoid sex altogether. Most therapists don't make a distinction among foreplay, intercourse and afterplay. It's all loveplay, and the longer you make the fun last, the better it is. As for throwing your genitals out the window, we live on the 32nd floor of a high-rise. We're not sure what shape they would be in or if they would even be there after two weeks. And imagine the poor pedestrians.*

I thought I had heard everything, but a guy I was out with the other night told me that sex is a cure for cancer. He couldn't remember the details of the article he'd read but suggested that if I valued his life, I would go to bed with him immediately. I admired his sense of humor and enjoyed saving his life. Now I want to check his facts. What do you say?—Miss W. S., Chicago, Illinois.

*We are glad to see science being put to such good use. Sex may not be a cure for cancer, but it does seem to prevent a certain type—prostate cancer. Dr. I. D. Rokin compared 430 patients with prostate cancer with 430 healthy men. He discovered that sexual repression seemed to contribute to poor health. The cancer victims had a greater-than-normal sex urge but actually engaged in less sexual activity than did the men who did not have cancer. The theory is that sex hormones build up during abstinence and subsequently reduce the immunity of prostate cells by 16 to 80 percent. What can we say? Get it on if you want your friend to remain in good health.*

---

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*


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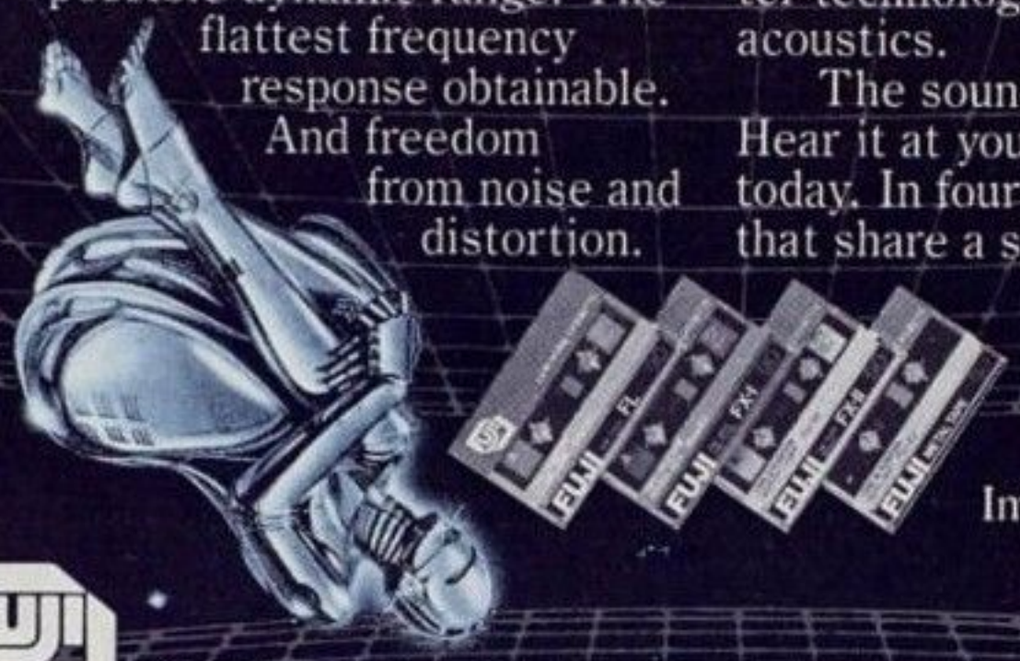

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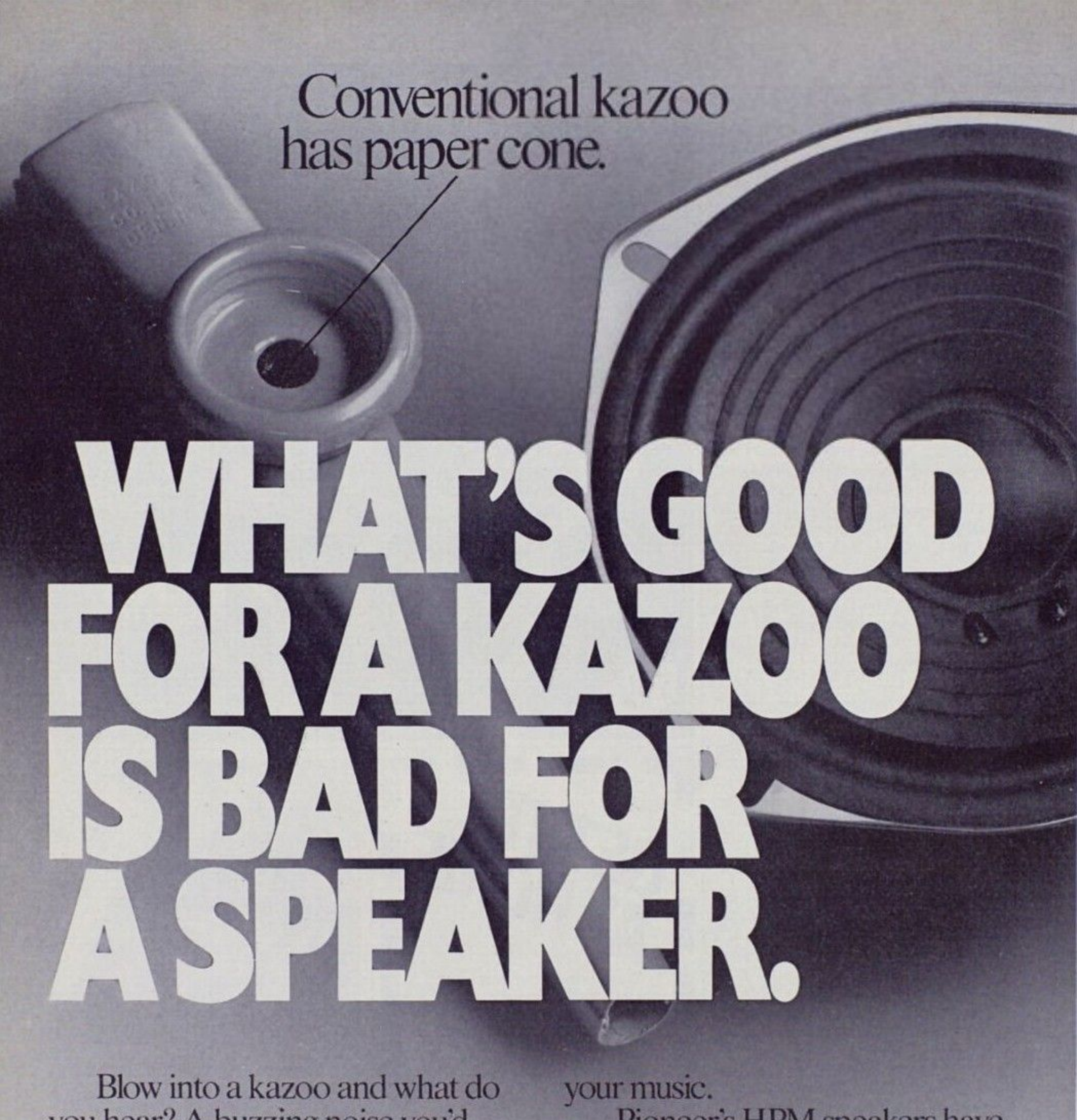


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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers*

### NOISE POLLUTION

Your reply to the ardent Santa Monica lover of music and women (*The Playboy Forum,* January) is totally flippant and seems indifferent to the fact that noise—from sex or a stereo, or both—in city apartment buildings is a serious problem. In most such buildings, excessive noise becomes an intolerable invasion of privacy. Outside noise can't be turned off like the lights or shut out as you draw the blinds. And there can be serious psychological effects from constant exposure to unwanted noise. Unfortunately, this problem is a case of the right to privacy's clashing with the right to a lifestyle.

Perhaps you could give this problem more serious consideration and provide all us apartment dwellers with a way to combine good times with a good night's sleep.

Corinne Friesen
Halifax, Nova Scotia

*How about this—tape-record the neighbor's racket and then play it back loudly when he's trying to sleep. Still too flippant?*

### HORRIBLE HERPES

I have followed *The Playboy Forum* for the past year, looking for news of herpes research. I'm sure you would treat this incredible problem seriously should an epidemic break out at the Mansion West or should Hef catch it. The veil of fear and loathing hovering over this sexual leprosy is appalling. The emasculating wound to your sexual ego is near mortal. The recurrence of the sores seems to be psychosomatically related to one's anxiety about them, so the cart-and-horse syndrome continues.

Please get real about this disease. The *Forum* should report social, legal and medical breakthroughs. I would be glad to keep you informed of my particular case as it goes to court. My girlfriend intentionally infected me because I was leaving her and she figured we would become a "herpes couple" and have to stay together.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

*So start reading "The Playboy Advisor," which covers herpes like the plague, so to speak. Of course, any major news will be reported in "Forum Newsfront," as in the past. We know it's a serious medical problem, but you're the first reader to mention its use as a social weapon.*

### GOOD BULL

I haven't collected enough data to write a paper for a scholarly journal, but I think I have made a discovery in the area of socio-sexual science. Over a period of three months, I have been taking dates to an ersatz country-and-western bar with a mechanical bull. Ten out of 12 dates eventually worked up enough courage to ride the thing. Of those ten, nine later wanted to screw.

*"Maybe there's a subtle association in a woman's mind between sex and bulls, even mechanical ones."*

The one who did not had suffered a sprained wrist in the process and probably should not be counted, because we spent two hours in a hospital emergency room, which tended to take the edge off an otherwise fun evening.

On the other hand, one of the two who did not ride the bull nevertheless wanted to screw, and I don't know how to factor that into the equation. But still, it seems like riding the bull tends to put one in the mood for sex and I'm wondering if that, if true, could be due to physiological or psychological processes, or both. Or maybe it's simply a matter of someone who's up for mechanical-bull riding being up for anything. Or could it be that the fact that I do very well on the bull myself inspires a special response in the heart of a lady? Are bull riders considered better lovers? (I've never been on a real horse, much less a real bull, but maybe there's a subtle association in a woman's mind between sex and bulls, even mechanical ones.)

I'm trying to decide which of the graduate courses I'm taking at the University of Chicago would let me research this subject for a paper and if I could possibly get a grant.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

*We're not sure, but you may be onto something big. You'll need a control group, of course—women whom you do not take bull riding but take variously to local stock-car races, the opera, art galleries and porn movies—keeping accurate records of their socio-sexual responses. Sounds like you have great social-science potential; what are you majoring in—besides sex?*

### BUILDING CHARACTER

Russell Baker, the *New York Times* columnist, had what I thought was a grimly witty way to announce the adoption of the Hyde Amendment cutting off welfare funds for abortion. With a straight face and in classic reportorial style, he began, "Federal policy endorsed by Congress and President under pressure from the right-to-life groups calls for a large increase over the next few years in the production of unwanted children."

He added, on a more positive note, that being an unwanted child can be a character-building experience and that such a child can take satisfaction in having helped Congress and all citizens of good moral character "teach your mother a good lesson."

(Name withheld by request)
Newark, New Jersey

I want to defend a Catholic's right to oppose abortion, and the right-to-life movement's opposition to same. I do not share that conviction; I do not believe that abortion is murder. That is *my* right. What is vital to appreciate is that this goes beyond the issue of abortion. If we all believe in the sanctity of life, we cannot restrict that belief to a single issue of biological

fertilization. We have too many other objectives in common.

We must—all of us—oppose child abuse, wife abuse, police brutality, the death penalty, violations of human rights, war, bigotry, oppression wherever we find it. Is it morally wrong to abort a birth but legally permissible to starve or neglect a child after it is born? Is a battered wife less important than a creature not yet born? The questions are tormenting. They demand, I think, that we be consistent in our ethics, that we not reduce morality to a single contention. As most religions command, we must be all-encompassing. We can live moral lives; we cannot live selectively moral lives.

Somewhere in our consciences, there is a truth waiting to be accepted. We cannot oppose abortion and yet permit other forms of dehumanization. We cannot favor the right to life and yet deny the right to grow—in every sense—after birth. If we do that, we permit a child to enter this world only to be betrayed by those who have abdicated their moral responsibilities beyond the act of creation.

Benjamin Stein
New York, New York

I have to agree with the right-to-lifers on the issue of Federal subsidies. I don't want to foot the bill for any irresponsible couple's mistake. Anyone too poor to afford an abortion should make contraception the main priority before sex. After all, $20 for contraceptives is a lot less than $200 for an operation. Yet I personally have no right to decide what a person does with her body. An unborn baby does not affect society and its life or death is the sole responsibility of the pregnant woman. This does not mean I support abortion. A fetus is a human being and there are thousands of adults who were once "unwanted children of poor people."

And as for PLAYBOY's response, "because humans are not like animals . . . they should not be compelled to bear offspring against their wishes," that illustrates just how animalistic abortion is. When animals don't want their young, don't they either abandon or eat them?

(Name withheld by request)
Lafayette, Louisiana

*Your first objection makes sense but neglects the human factor of poor judgment and the medical factor of contraceptive failure, which together account for millions of accidental pregnancies annually. Your second objection is based on a novel interpretation of our statement. By your logic, you could be accused of advocating that the only natural means of dealing with unwanted human offspring would be to abandon or eat them, and probably you don't mean quite that.*

### QUESTIONING THE POLYGRAPH

In your August 1980 issue, a reader comments on the conviction of innocent

# FORUM NEWSFRONT

## *what's happening in the sexual and social arenas*

### A PIECE OF THE PIE

HACKENSACK—*A superior-court judge in New Jersey has ruled that a person who contributes "financially and emotionally" to a spouse's medical, legal or other professional education is entitled to a share of the "present value" of the partner's license or degree upon divorce. The issue arose when a divorced*

*woman argued that she had substantially contributed to her former husband's education that earned him a medical license and that she was entitled to a share of the ultimate benefits. The court agreed, holding that such a license can be considered "property" subject to equitable distribution under New Jersey divorce laws. The decision ordered a 32-year-old kidney specialist to pay his 34-year-old former wife $61,377 over five years as a 20 percent share of the medical license he received in 1975.*

### HEALTH AND THE PILL

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The final report on a ten-year study involving more than 16,000 women concludes that the risks from birth-control pills appear to be negligible, at least for the young, white, otherwise healthy middle-class women studied. The study, conducted by the Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center in California, suggested that the tendency of some groups of pill users to engage in poor health habits may account for earlier research findings that oral contraceptives and certain diseases were connected. The higher incidence of circulatory, respiratory and reproductive disorders once blamed on the pill may, in fact, be the result of excessive boozing, smoking, sun-tanning and number of sexual partners that previous studies failed to take into account. The report's conclusions have been disputed by some experts, however.*

### TRAVEL TIPS

*A British doctor is warning that international air travel can lead to accidental pregnancies. Writing in* MIMS Medical Magazine, *Dr. Katharine Draper of the British Institute of Psycho-Sexual Medicine claims that jet lag and time changes make it more difficult for women to take birth-control pills on schedule and that some stomach ailments associated with foreign travel can prevent the pill from working.*

### BUTTON PUSHER

NEW YORK—*A Catholic bishop in Buffalo has issued an apology to a woman who was refused Communion at Mass in a Staten Island church because she was wearing an E.R.A. button. It was explained that the local priest wrongly assumed that the woman, because she supported the Equal Rights Amendment, also favored abortion. In refusing the Communion, the priest termed the E.R.A. pin an "error button." The bishop described the incident as "pure bad judgment."*

### THOU SHALT NOT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U. S. Supreme Court has ruled five to four that a Kentucky law requiring the posting of the Ten Commandments in public school classrooms is unconstitutional. The Court rejected the state's argument that the law served a legitimate secular purpose and held that "the Ten Commandments is undeniably a sacred text in the Jewish and Christian faiths and no legislative recitation of a supposed secular purpose can blind us to that fact." Furthermore, the Court said, the Ten Commandments do not confine themselves to secular matters but deal with the religious obligations of believers, such as worshiping only one God and observing the Sabbath. Justice William Rehnquist dissented, arguing that the principle of separation of church and state "does not require that the public be insulated from all things which may have a religious significance or origin." An attorney commenting on the issue said, "When it comes to grade*

*schools and high schools, public or otherwise, anything not prohibited is mandatory, and that is precisely what a bare majority of the present High Court had the wisdom to recognize."*

*Meanwhile, a Federal district judge in New Orleans upheld the constitutionality of a Louisiana state law allowing prayer periods in public schools, but the court also enjoined the establishment of such periods until its ruling could be appealed.*

### DRUG CRIME

PHILADELPHIA—*A study conducted by Temple University's School of Medicine found that 243 male drug addicts in Baltimore committed more than 500,000 crimes during an 11-year period. On the average, the addicts committed at least one crime a day for 248 days each year while using opiates, chiefly heroin, compared with 41 days of crime during periods when they were not using drugs. Dr. John C. Ball, director of the three-year study, said it confirmed that "heroin addicts are responsible for an inordinate amount of crime in our cities. . . . The problem is that a lot of people don't want treatment, and they don't want to give up crime."*

### HIGH FINANCE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*The U. S. Justice Department reports that during 1980 it seized an average of $2,000,000 a week in proceeds from illicit drug dealing. Officials said the Government's anti-drug campaign now is placing emphasis on "seizing funds traceable to narcotics trafficking or used in narcotics*

*trafficking," in the expectation that this tactic will disrupt the financial structure of the smuggling industry. By comparison, the Justice Department seized less than $12,000,000 during 1979.*

### FINE LINE

WEST RUTLAND, VERMONT—*The state liquor control board suspended a local tavern's liquor license for 30 days because a contestant in a wet-T-shirt contest revealed too much skin. Officials said translucent T-shirts were lawful but that the woman had removed her wet T-shirt entirely, exposing her breasts in violation of state regulations against indecent entertainment in establishments where alcoholic beverages are sold. The bar chose not to contest the charge, and the woman lost in the competition.*

*In Baltimore, meanwhile, the city's liquor control board voted unanimously to ban mud-wrestling matches in bars, declaring that such entertainment, which usually features two bikini-clad women in a mud pit, violates state laws pertaining to booze, boxing and wrestling.*

### CLIMBING COSTS

DES MOINES—*The Iowa Supreme Court has ruled that divorce settlements may properly include provisions for automatic cost-of-living increases in child-support payments. The unanimous decision noted that such clauses were routinely included in many kinds of agreements, such as union contracts and pension plans, and that children could be granted similar protection.*

### DISCHARGING GAYS

SAN FRANCISCO—*The Navy may discharge personnel who engage in homosexual conduct, a Federal appeals court has ruled. In upholding the Navy's right "to protect the fabric of military life," the court said that other regulations give the Service "at least some flexibility" in dealing with homosexuals. The decision came in a constitutional challenge filed in 1975 by two men and a woman who were ordered discharged for admitted homosexual conduct but who, the court noted, had "otherwise fine performance records."*

### BOOK BANNERS

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA—*The Moral Majority chapter in North Carolina has announced plans to inspect public school texts and books in school libraries for reading material it considers unfit for youngsters. A spokesman for the group said it opposed books for children on sexuality and biology texts that teach the theory of evolution but not the Biblical account of creation.*

### PORN-FREE

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA—*Mayor Jake Godbold proudly announced that a five-year campaign led by local Baptist ministers has succeeded in closing every adult bookstore and movie theater in town—at least temporarily. After padlocking the last operating sex-film theater, Sheriff Dale Carson said: "As far as I know, we're the only major city in the United States now that's free of pornography—bookstores and movies—and we intend to keep it that way." Then he acknowledged that such establishments have a way of quickly reopening and qualified his statement: "Tonight there's no pornography in Jacksonville. Tomorrow there may be."*

### ORGANIZED STRIPPING

OTTAWA—*Labor-union members in the province of Ontario are being asked to boycott bars that employ nonunion*

*strippers. Local 1689 of the Canadian Association of Burlesque Entertainers has called upon the 800,000 members of the Ontario Federation of Labor to support its efforts to organize strippers and improve their working conditions by patronizing only unionized clubs. According to a C.A.B.E. officer: "The Teamsters said if we'd do stags for free and take care of their boys they'd organize us. That's not much of a business proposition and I still want an apology." She got it.*

### DOG DILEMMA

KRUGERSDORP, SOUTH AFRICA—*A local businessman has complained to the city that his old English sheep dog has been harassed by police and dog wardens merely for making amorous advances toward female dogs on public streets. A spokesman for the city council affirmed that ordinances forbid such behavior by dogs and said the officers were only doing their duty. The dog owner responded, "What am I supposed to do—book my dog into a hotel?"*

persons and cites the case of the Reverend Pagano, who nearly went to prison because so many witnesses wrongly identified him as an armed robber. He was spared because another man confessed to the crimes. There's another aspect of that case that deserves mention—the use of polygraphs. Apparently, Pagano, though innocent, failed the test because of nervousness.

There was also a case in New Jersey in the Sixties in which a man passed two such tests and then, after being shown the body of his murdered wife, failed the third one. He was later proved innocent. In the famous case of Peter Reilly in New Canaan, Connecticut, a confused boy was wrongly convicted of murdering his mother after he failed a polygraph test. Years later, he was exonerated.

Despite many similar instances in which the polygraph was wrong, people still tend to place great faith in these machines and their operators. The sad part is that even when a person is finally vindicated, there's no way to correct the damage the polygraph has done or to make up for the time an innocent person has spent in prison.

Harry De La Roche
Yardville, New Jersey

## GOD GOES TO WASHINGTON

*Last month, we concluded "The Playboy Forum" with a selection of letters commenting on the election of Ronald Reagan. The following debate the significance of what's generally called the new moral right. Stand back.*

The goose-stepping Christian fools I've come in contact with say they fear the advent of the Antichrist. They fail to perceive that the true Antichrist would never come in the silly forms they most want to suppress. Rather, he would come deceitfully in the guise of a pious preacher, skillfully manipulating the herd and leading his unthinking sheep to the harrowing abyss of damnation, deluding them all the while with lies and un-Christianlike viciousness. For all the hatred and the oceans of blood spilled throughout the centuries in the name of God and the Bible, it's an established fact that religion is far more dangerous to society than sex, SALT II or welfare. But the trusting, simplistic and easily beguiled minds of the immature believers will always—inevitably—make them easy pawns for authoritarian figures. And Satan will look gleefully on as he inspires evil excesses of intolerance, hatred and arrogant self-righteousness in the distorted names of God, Christ, the Bible and the flag.

Leo N. Miletich
El Paso, Texas

If ever there were an example of paranoia on the loose, it is the whining, bleeding-liberal drivel contained in recent issues of PLAYBOY.

Religious fervor I ain't got and Jerry Falwell is easy to ignore, but most of the basic precepts he is peddling are a whole hell of a lot more palatable than the "let me jack off in public" and "piss on the flag" horseshit pumped out by your loony-fringe gang. This last election demonstrated that people are fed up with Government incompetence and stupidity on every vital issue, as well as the irresponsible permissiveness with respect to ethical and moral matters stacked with stifling overregulation and the indiscriminate jamming of our economic machinery.

Outside of a few walking hard-ons from our college campuses, who really gives a literal bitroginous bypass whether or not PLAYBOY and its ilk evaporate from the scene?

H. K. Gilliland
Aurora, Colorado

As comedian Mark Russell put it during a television special, if there's a Moral Majority, there must also be an immoral minority. I don't consider myself to be particularly immoral, but I want to enlist in that latter group, because it probably is much less dangerous to society or the American way of life. I never thought I'd write a letter using that term, but in the face of the new moral right, I'm getting scared for what's left of our democratic system and our personal freedom and am just about ready to join whatever militia force stands ready to take up arms against this tyranny in the guise of morality.

B. Wilson
Palo Alto, California

This present tidal wave of moralistic right-wing reaction may be bad news for liberalism, but it's good news for liberals, even if they don't yet know it. Just as flowers thrive on manure, the liberal metropolitan intelligentsia thrives on fascism, oppression and social injustice. It took real balls to be a pinko back in the Fifties, when the FBI was really knocking on doors and taking down names. After the McCarthy era and the resurgence of establishment liberalism under Kennedy, one had to become a violent, radical, urban terrorist guerrilla for life to seem halfway exciting and meaningful. The Nixon debacle made things only worse: Liberals got fat and complacent watching their archenemies go to jail or resign from high office, leaving the country adrift in a sea of Republican scandal. All the liberals could do was congregate before the TV and gloat.

Those were good times, God knows. The only thing liberals could really bitch about was the fact that Nixon created a Supreme Court whose decisions would permit law school professors to inspire plenty of classroom chuckles among future generations of college students. Consequently, liberals have been basically frustrated and unhappy.

Well, the beauty of Reaganism and the new moral right is that the liberals once more have something to work for, something to suffer for, something to live for. Instead of constantly squabbling at cocktail parties over how best to further the interests of the oppressed, how best to defeat rival liberals, now they can band together once again in the interest of simple survival. Also, they can be fashionably *outré* again. They can hunker in

### NOTICE TO WOMEN VIETNAM VETS

Vietnam Veterans of America now has a national women's director and is undertaking a comprehensive study of the many issues, long neglected or previously unrecognized, unique to the woman veteran. The Playboy Foundation has given us the seed grant with which to initiate this study and for that we are grateful. We are now asking *The Playboy Forum* to assist us in another manner. We are trying to contact those women who served in Vietnam.

Because of Government policy and practice, many of those women do not even consider themselves veterans. They have not used their GI Bill to further their education. They have not used Veterans Administration health-care services. They have not approached Operation Outreach Vet Centers for assistance in readjustment problems. Although women make up almost 12 percent of our Service personnel, there is no position or panel within the VA devoted to the physical, emotional and professional problems of women veterans as there is for other minority groups within the military. Women are not even included in the new studies of the toxic effects of Agent Orange and other defoliants, despite medical studies indicating they may be particularly harmed by those chemicals. None of the major empirical studies of veterans' readjustment problems has included women.

In order to pursue those and other issues, we are asking women who served in Vietnam to contact us, letting us know what problems they have experienced as a result of their military service or in connection with their current veteran status.

Lynda Van Devanter
Women's Director
Vietnam Veterans of America
329 Eighth Street N.E.
Washington, D.C. 20002

their bunkers and once more feel like an oppressed minority, thrilling to the snap of bullets overhead and conspiring to put together coalitions and reconcile ideological differences.

For all the old-time, masochistic liberals, it's going to be a great four years. For the country, it's really hard to say.

B. Josephson
Evanston, Illinois

What is most disturbing about the new Administration is the probable influence on its social policies of a cabal of evangelical ministers whose views derive not just from orthodox Christianity but from a particularly narrow, mean-spirited and intolerant variety of Christianity. This group proposes to turn our Government of laws into a Government of Bible-thumping preachers. These Christian conservatives seem to have no sense of limits. It is one thing to express a religiously inspired opinion on a political issue; it is quite another to try to use the law to impose sectarian moral commandments on all Americans, Christians and non-Christians alike. One need only look at Iran to see what happens to a country when its leadership is taken over by a band of self-appointed holy men.

J. Kennedy
Providence, Rhode Island

Clergymen have always involved themselves in politics, and, really, it would be unfair to keep them out. But there are levels of quality in clergymen, just as there are in eggs and oranges. The unfortunate thing about the rise of the new Christian right, so called, is that it represents religion of the worst kind—rife with intolerance, cruelty, puritanism, authoritarianism, ignorance and militarism. If this were the Middle Ages, they would not be the churchmen who preserved libraries and cared for lepers. They would be the ones who burned heretics and organized Crusades. In short, the worst thing about the entry of the new Christian right into politics is that it gives religion a bad name.

Robert J. Shea
Glencoe, Illinois

The most fundamental failure of the so-called Moral Majority is to accept individual rights as derived from the nature of human existence: that, since people are material beings requiring food, shelter and clothing to survive, an individual's right to his and her property is a *natural* right. By naming God as the primary reason for their misperception of human rights, they throw the whole issue into that mystical miasma that has been responsible for human repression for thousands of years. Yet, it would be wrong for anyone who respects individual freedom to push legislation that would deny M.M.'s right to preach as it pleases. As long as responsible and rational voices such as PLAYBOY are not censored, common sense will render the Moral Majority impotent.

Frederick A. Johnson
Columbia, Maryland

The rebirth of ultraconservatism will no doubt prove to be *the* greatest threat to our freedom and integrity as a nation and as individuals. It is interesting to note that the rhetoric of the new right wing leaves those of us who compose the "wrong" wing in much the same position as the so-called dissidents of Russian communism.

Sheldon H. Gopstein
Arlington, Virginia

*"For all the old-time, masochistic liberals, it's going to be a great four years."*

What we are seeing in the so-called turn to the right in this country is not a triumph of true Christianity or of true conservatism. It is a victory for a movement that holds the right of the individual to be nothing, that would give the Government sweeping power over the most intimate aspects of personal behavior and that dreams, perhaps, of world conquest. It is a worship not of the Prince of Peace but of oppression to ensure conformity. According to anti–E.R.A. leader Phyllis Schlafly, those who supported the Republican Party in the last election did so "because of its strong positions for a strong national defense, for traditional family values, for a human-life amendment and against E.R.A." What do the Panama Canal Treaty and gay rights have in common? Simple: Keeping the country in a state of military crisis makes it easier for the Government to restrict personal freedom and, conversely, a regimented society is more readily mobilized for war. The key member of what Schlafly calls "the pro-family coalition" is Big Brother. And 1984 is almost upon us.

Norman Sanders
Los Angeles, California

Moral righteousness, religious faith and political power are the world's most dangerous combination of forces.

Terry Smith
Dallas, Texas

Certainly no thinking person needs the religious activism of Jerry Falwell to teach him private morality. Neither does he need George McGovern to teach him political morality. It is difficult to say who is more self-righteous and hypocritical. McGovern has expressed dismay by the rise of religion as a political force in this country now, but where was his righteous indignation when William Sloane Coffin, Jr., and the Berrigan brothers were preaching their brand of political theology? I heard nothing from him on the subject then, even when those particular true believers went beyond preaching and took up the tactics that are the stock in trade of the political zealot. I see no reason to prefer one form of authoritarian government over another. Why anyone should adopt leftist politics over rightist I cannot imagine, except as his chosen route to achieve power over the lives of his fellow humans. The United States has a considerable distance yet to travel before it finds itself in the clutches of those whose aim is total control over human life. The conservative victory in the last election has probably extended that distance, because it will slow the leftward movement of our Government that has continued unhindered for the past 40 or 50 years. Should President Reagan actually succeed in reducing the degree of Government control over our lives, as he says he intends, it might even reverse it. At any rate, the election was not the theofascist victory that McGovern, angry in his defeat and intolerant of those who defeated him, makes it.

Oscar McNew
Spokane, Washington

President Reagan has no mandate to do anything except replace President Carter. I fear this in itself bodes ill for American democracy. Reagan knew how to exploit national frustration. So did Hitler in Germany. So did Huey Long during the Depression. I think this country is ripe for any dictatorship that makes enough promises to restore the economy and our former international power.

G. Adamson
Brooklyn, New York

I recently saw a very interesting coin. On its face was a battle-ax and on the reverse side appeared the inspiring words WORK. FAMILY. COUNTRY. A new-right proposal to replace the Susan B. Anthony dollar? No; occupation money issued for Nazi-controlled France in 1943.

Deb Cook
Kansas City, Missouri

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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: EDWARD ASNER

## *a candid conversation about drama, comedy and politics with television's gruff lou grant, who runs the most famous fictitious newsroom in america*

*For the past ten years, Edward Asner has been one of the most respected, popular and highly paid male stars on TV (his current "Lou Grant" contract is worth a reported $60,000 a week). But during the 1980 actors' strike, he also emerged as a power behind the camera—a leader other actors naturally fell in behind. The double-edged sword of Asner's popularity was probably most evident to the general public during the 1980 Emmy awards. At least in part because of his leadership, the strike effectively stripped the televised ceremony of its glamor—and its value to the producers as entertainment. Nevertheless, "Lou Grant" dominated the awards themselves. Asner's show was nominated for 15 Emmys and won six, including best drama series. "Ed had it both ways tonight," a network executive remarked ruefully later that evening. "First he spoiled the party, then he walked off with the centerpiece." In one "Hollywood night," acting and politics, the twin passions of Edward Asner's life, intersected, and by the next morning, many California Democratic leaders were seriously discussing him as a future gubernatorial candidate.*

*Edward Asner was born in Kansas City, on the Kansas side, in 1929, the youngest of five children. His parents were immigrant Jews who ran a junk yard. At Wyandotte High School, Asner excelled at history and English and was named all-city tackle on the football team. "As far back as I can remember, I always wanted to sing and act," he recalls. "But that's not something one readily admitted in Kansas City, especially not a football player."*

*He arrived at the University of Chicago in 1947, but his parents withdrew his sustaining funds over an affair with a gentile girl, and his college career ended abruptly. But Asner remained in Chicago and continued acting at the university theater while supporting himself as a blue-collar laborer. During those years, Asner developed a strongly liberal and avidly pro-union political orientation that was to remain one of his enduring passions.*

*Asner's theatrical orientation was also forged during those years. In 1949, he and several other of the school's most gifted drama students broke away from the campus theater to form their own company, called Tonight at 8:30. The group's membership included Paul Sills, Elaine May, Barbara Harris, Mike Nichols, Zohra Lampert and Tom O'Horgan. Over the years, changes in personnel led to a change in orientation from legitimate to improvisational theater. Yet the continuity of the group was never broken, only the name has changed. It is now called Second City.*

*Asner was drafted in 1951 but returned to Chicago two years later to continue his theatrical apprenticeship with Sills, Nichols and friends. Then, in 1955, he left Chicago, as he now puts it, "to become a lion on Broadway." Instead, he landed the off-Broadway role of Mr. Peachum in "The Threepenny Opera" and stayed with that show for nearly three years. "That was a serious mistake and it cut a big chunk of time out of my growth as an actor. But the money was too good to resist—$55 a week." Asner did manage to get in some other acting, including several very rich character roles on the last of the live-TV dramas—"Playhouse 90" and "Camera Three." In the late Fifties, he also performed at the American and New York Shakespeare festivals and met his future wife, Nancy, an agent and later John Houseman's assistant, at the*

*"I wish to be identified with the labor movement to my dying breath. I hate to be so fucking poetic about it, but that's how I feel. Maybe that's why I hung out with cops instead of with Paul Newman."*

*"I've seen maybe half a dozen of the old Mary Tyler Moore shows in reruns. I'm rarely satisfied with my own work, but watching one of those shows is like finding an old trunk filled with treasure."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS

*"Within the body of every fat priest is the soul of an emaciated martyr. And within every fat man, this one included, there exists a spine of sexuality. How much he believes in it is up to him."*

*Stratford, Connecticut, Shakespeare Festival.*

*In 1960, Asner made his Broadway debut with Jack Lemmon and an all-star cast in "Face of a Hero." The show flopped and Asner's disappointment drove him westward, where he quickly became one of Hollywood's leading character actors. During the early Sixties, he guest-starred regularly on three of TV's classic dramatic series, "Route 66," "Naked City" and "The Untouchables." He also played supporting roles in a dozen motion pictures, including "Gunn," "El Dorado," "The Slender Thread," "Kid Galahad" and "They Call Me Mister Tibbs!" Then, in 1970, he landed one of the most complex and fully realized roles in TV sitcom history, Lou Grant on "The Mary Tyler Moore Show," and immediately became a national celebrity.*

*The political side of Asner's life, which remained relatively dormant during the New York years, blossomed in the early Sixties when U.S. Special Forces were sent to Vietnam. From then on, Asner's activism in liberal and prolabor causes escalated constantly and now takes up an enormous portion of his time. Although he and Nancy are still very much together after 22 years and three children, according to one close friend, "As much as Ed loves his family, his priorities are for other things." When not acting, he can usually be found stumping for various candidates and causes. His primary problem has been fitting those commitments into the acting schedule of a self-confessed workaholic. Every TV series has a summer hiatus, but Asner invariably squanders his vacation time playing other roles. And two of those summer jobs turned out to be among the finest performances of his career. In 1976, he won an Emmy for "Rich Man, Poor Man"; and for his stunning performance in "Roots," he won another Emmy and the Television Critics Circle Award for Best Dramatic Performance of 1977. Asner has always been regarded by his peers as an actor's actor, and his hardware collection includes seven Emmys, two Television Critics Circle Awards and four Foreign Press Awards.*

*Nineteen seventy-seven was also the year Asner transplanted his Lou Grant character from a half-hour comedy series to a one-hour dramatic series. That delicate transition was accomplished with breath-taking success. For the past four years, "Lou Grant" has been both a top-rated show and one of the most critically acclaimed programs on television.*

*In 1980, Asner added two new dimensions to his already multifaceted life: labor leader and movie star—in the summer of that year, he shot "Fort Apache, the Bronx" with Paul Newman. At the height of the actors' strike—when Asner's activities were the lead item on the local news in Southern California and war in the Middle East came second—we sent New York journalist* **Sam Merrill** *(whose previous* PLAYBOY *interviews have included those with Roy Scheider, Joseph Heller and Roone Arledge) to Tinseltown to cover Asner during what the actor himself now describes as "the most intense period of my life." Merrill reports:*

*"The actors' strike was into its second month when I arrived at the MTM Enterprises complex at Studio City, and the place was engulfed in an almost otherworldly hush. You could hear clocks ticking. The narrow roads that connect the various studios—usually bustling with cars and pedestrians—were as silent and empty as the city streets in one of those Fifties movies about the survivors of a nuclear holocaust. I half expected a couple of balls of sagebrush to come rolling by. But in one office, the lights were on, the air conditioners were churning and a group of cars clustered around the door. One of those cars was a nondescript sedan with crushed bumpers, a back seat filled with junk and two wheels up on the curb. That particular car was parked in a spot marked with a star and bearing the name* EDWARD ASNER.

*"I entered and Asner greeted me warmly but briefly. Then he took a call from someone who had just left the negotiating table after yet another 'no progress' session. Asner talks—on the phone and in person—with a unique combination of airy nonchalance and highly focused attention; when he's talking with someone else, you can study him shamelessly and he'll never notice; when he's talking with you, be prepared for an intense, though often humorous, conversation. That first day, he wore running shoes (he has run at least two miles most mornings for the past ten years), a T-shirt that said* BE SECURE ALL NIGHT, TAKE A COP TO BED, *wire-rim glasses and baggy trousers the color of cardboard. His office, which doubles as a dressing room when 'Lou Grant' is shooting on the lot, is filled with books on history, politics and theater; no books about television and very few novels. Copies of* The New Yorker *are strewn around his coffee table. More* New Yorkers *have fallen between the cushions of his couch and crunch when you sit on them. There are various honorary awards from political and labor organizations, pictures of and by his children and of his parents. The over-all impression is of controlled chaos.*

*"Between strike-related phone calls, we talked, mostly about politics. When asked personal questions, Asner answered politely but perfunctorily. Unlike most show people I've interviewed, he simply isn't as interested in himself as he is in the world around him. We met in his office for three consecutive days and our conversations were always the same: interesting but impersonal. Then, as the days—and the strike—went on, we met less formally over breakfasts and lunches and between political engagements, and the interview began to take shape. But not in the usual sense of a journalist breaking through the stone wall of his quarry. Asner never permitted what he viewed as our 'relationship' to develop in such a one-sided way. So, in the end, we interviewed each other. It took a while, but that was the only way to cover the ground, because, despite all his political activity, Asner is just not comfortable on the soapbox. Only when the forms of friendship were approximated—I hope not too artificially—did he really speak his heart. And in the process, he ended up advising me with care and considerable wisdom on both professional and private matters. We stayed in contact through the end of the strike, his return to work and the Presidential election. All the while, I felt I was covering some fictitious, offcamera story, intercut with scenes of me and my editor, Lou Grant, of the* Los Angeles Tribune."

> *"There were a number of movie roles I wanted during the Seventies, but I didn't get a single one. In each case, I was informed that they didn't want a 'TV face.'"*

**PLAYBOY:** During the Sixties, you were a top character actor in both motion pictures and television. But between 1970, the year you became a major TV star, and last year, when you co-starred with Paul Newman in *Fort Apache, the Bronx*, you didn't appear in a single movie. Why not? Were character roles suddenly not good enough for you?

**ASNER:** On the contrary. Suddenly *I* wasn't good enough for *them*. There were a number of movie roles I wanted during the Seventies, but I didn't get a single one because of the snobbism and discrimination that exists in the film industry. In each case, I was informed that they didn't want a "TV face."

**PLAYBOY:** Would you care to name the films on which that happened?

**ASNER:** *The Godfather, The New Centurions, A Star Is Born* and *The Sting* were all pictures on which this prejudice evidently took place. Those were very juicy job opportunities that I didn't get specifically because I was on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. At first, my fury knew no bounds.

**PLAYBOY:** At first? You mean you adjusted to being discriminated against?

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**ASNER:** Let's say I compensated. I began to work in TV movies and miniseries and did some roles that were more satisfying than anything I could have gotten in the movies. *Huey Long* was one of the first. It was not a success, but goddamn, I loved doing it. Then, of course, *Rich Man, Poor Man* came along. Then *Roots*. Then *The Gathering*, which was enormously effective. And last year, *The Family Man*, which I'm also very proud of. There haven't been that many roles out there in movieland that I could have dominated, and dominated *with*, as I've done lately on television. So now, you know, they can take their movies and shove them up their ass.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that what you told David Susskind last year when he asked you to play opposite Paul Newman in *Fort Apache, the Bronx*?

**ASNER:** Not exactly. But two important changes have taken place in the motion-picture industry since 1970. One is that John Travolta proved you could bring your television following into the theater, and two is that when movies are made now, the producers are often as interested in the eventual TV sale as they are in the initial theatrical run.

**PLAYBOY:** Despite all the fame, the recognition and the juicy roles you've received as a TV star, in your heart of hearts, do you sometimes wish your career had gone the other way? That you'd become a movie star who never appeared on television and whose public image was somehow bigger than life?

**ASNER:** No, because that whole mystique of being unapproachable is, I think, a terrible grave that movie actors dig for themselves. Their association with the streets tends to become nonexistent. It's an elitist thing and I'd be ashamed if I ever found myself becoming an elitist. I need the constant activity and contact with people that you have in the TV business. I enjoy it and use it as a source of information. Also, if I'd become a movie actor exclusively, I wouldn't be able to work all the time, which I love to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you call yourself a workaholic?

**ASNER:** Yes, and that's why making *Fort Apache* wasn't a particularly good experience for me. I didn't do enough work. I sat around a lot, ate and drank a lot—which in New York is very easy to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Movies are certainly shot at a much slower pace than television.

**ASNER:** Yeah, and I haven't been able to ascertain exactly where all that time goes.

**PLAYBOY:** It's supposed to go into careful attention to detail. And, certainly, when you compare most TV shows with most theatrical movies, the movie looks and sounds more polished, more professional.

**ASNER:** In many cases, yes, of course, that's true. But I see a quality of acting and writing and cinematography in *Lou Grant* that equals the quality of most features. We do it not by rushing but by leaving ourselves open to do more work than planned if the opportunity arises. We know we're going to do X many pages at the beginning of the day. But we also know that if we finish them earlier than anticipated, we'll go on and do these two pages here, or those four pages there. So you move intensively. Energy, energy, energy. But on a movie set, it's three or four pages a day no matter what, with everybody spacing things out, working, it almost seems, in slow motion. The attitude I'd like to see on a movie set is, "If it can be done now, let's do it."

**PLAYBOY:** People have criticized Paul Newman in recent years for being more interested in racing cars than in acting. And the past few pictures he made before *Fort Apache* were not very well received by the critics or the public. Did Newman seem distracted or uninterested to you?

*"I think it's safe to say that Newman is back. But I can't be totally objective, because Paul has always been a hero of mine—politically and professionally."*

**ASNER:** Not at all. He was a pro. He worked hard, and judging by the rough cut, I think it's safe to say that Newman is back. But, of course, I can't be totally objective, because Paul Newman has always been a hero of mine—both politically and professionally.

**PLAYBOY:** The two always go hand in hand with you, don't they?

**ASNER:** I can never divorce a person from his or her politics.

**PLAYBOY:** Did Newman stand up to close scrutiny day after day for three months?

**ASNER:** Who could?

**PLAYBOY:** Did he come close?

**ASNER:** Yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you happy with your work on *Fort Apache*?

**ASNER:** Mixed feelings. It's a nice return to the movies, but it isn't the major contribution I would have liked it to be. I'm not ashamed of my work on the picture, but it doesn't bowl me over. And I'm embarrassed by my billing.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you rather it were in smaller print?

**ASNER:** It's more prominent than it should be, but I sure as hell won't let anybody shrink it.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned having eaten and drunk a lot while making *Fort Apache*. Are those recurring problems for you?

**ASNER:** I've yet to discover moderation in eating, and it's difficult for me to find moderation in drinking.

**PLAYBOY:** You've already described yourself as a workaholic. Are you also an alcoholic?

**ASNER:** No. I came to booze late in life and I guess I spent a while making up for lost time. But that's over now. A little beer or wine is more than sufficient to provide a good taste and still keep control.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that why you stopped drinking hard liquor? Because you were losing control?

**ASNER:** Yeah. I had one big drunk during *Fort Apache* and was told afterward about things I'd done that I did not remember.

**PLAYBOY:** What sort of things?

**ASNER:** Well, they were cute things, mostly. Like doing swan dives onto the table of a Manhattan restaurant. And later, instead of walking home, I rolled down the street turning somersaults. When I woke up in the morning, my jacket was torn and I couldn't remember how it had happened. And later, when I went to work, I was still drunk. That was scary. It's nice to be out of control once in a while, but you still should feel you're on top of the situation. And, clearly, I was not.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you with Newman during that marvelous evening of swan dives and somersaults?

**ASNER:** No, I was with a bunch of cop buddies. I made a lot of friends among the cops we worked with during production. They're fine people. The salt of the earth.

**PLAYBOY:** On *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, Lou Grant got drunk every time the situation called for it. But on *Lou Grant*, although the *Tribune* staffers are frequently seen socializing at a local bar, you never seem to get plastered anymore.

**ASNER:** That was a very conscious decision by our producers, James Brooks and Allan Burns, who felt I could get away with doing a comic drunk but feared that a drunk in a drama would be deadly.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you agree?

**ASNER:** I've always suspected that the opposite is true, that a comical drunk is more damaging than a serious one.

**PLAYBOY:** Most viewers of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* would probably disagree with you there. When Lou Grant

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got drunk, it always seemed to enhance his humanity because he always did it for good reason, or in response to something.

**ASNER:** Yeah, the producers.

**PLAYBOY:** It's almost sad to learn that we'll never again see Lou Grant slurring and becoming just a little belligerent, then the next day fighting one of his magnificent hangovers.

**ASNER:** He probably has kidney stones now. Or maybe it's his prostate.

**PLAYBOY:** How about grass?

**ASNER:** I love grass, but I don't smoke it anymore, because nobody was ever capable of traveling with me as far as I was traveling. I mean, it was extreme.

**PLAYBOY:** You were an easy high?

**ASNER:** Let me put it this way. My normal routine, besides the paranoia, was to end up fucking a wall. My problem with grass is that I get higher than other people. If I'm going to burn my lungs out in the name of having fun, then I want somebody to be there with me. But nobody ever is. And I don't want to do it alone anymore.

**PLAYBOY:** For the past 20 years, you've devoted a large percentage of your nonacting time to political and social causes that many Americans would consider radical, or at least strongly leftist. Yet you remained almost universally well liked—until the actors' strike. When you emerged as the leading spokesman for the strike, an awful lot of people in the business turned against you. How and why did that happen?

**ASNER:** In a sense, it was a conscious decision.

**PLAYBOY:** You decided to become hated?

**ASNER:** Well, before the strike, despite all the unpopular positions I advocated, it was always one of my styles to go back on my trail and sort of clean up after myself. That way, even if I didn't win people over, at least I didn't lose them. But one of the maturation points I feel I've reached during the strike is no longer finding it necessary to pick up the turds I've dropped in other people's paths. If they hate me, they hate me.

**PLAYBOY:** Many actors were afraid to speak out in fear of a black list.

**ASNER:** It'll have to be a hell of a long list. The guy who plays Lenny on *Laverne and Shirley* said he wasn't going out on the picket line because he didn't want to become one of the "Hollywood 500."

**PLAYBOY:** But the feeling among the producers was so strongly antistrike, and antistrike leaders, that a black list is still not inconceivable. Even your old friend Grant Tinker, the head of MTM Enterprises, turned against you, at one point telling *Variety* that you were "talking with Lou Grant's credibility" but "thinking with Ed Asner's judgment." Did you ever think that maybe you were blowing your whole career on that one issue?

**ASNER:** Believe me, I was aware of that possibility, but what the hell? It's been a big life already—lots of jazz, ten fucking years of national prominence, in addition to the joy of being a working actor for 20 years before that. In a way, that's *why* I did it. Very few people are as well ensconced financially and popularly as I am. I should be less afraid to speak up for what I believe than the struggling actor.

**PLAYBOY:** Forgetting the part about your "judgment," Grant Tinker *was* right about your power. Some of it does derive from the built-in believability of the fictional character you portray, a character Tinker himself helped create.

**ASNER:** Grant is absolutely right about that, and it's a very hairy problem. But it's a problem that can never be solved. I could retire from the field of battle on the grounds that I have the unfair advantage of actually being Lou Grant in so many people's eyes. But that would mean giving up my freedom of speech. And damned if I will. So I'll keep on using my unfair advantage and risk prostituting the name of Lou Grant, and my name, in the rightness of the cause.

**PLAYBOY:** You talk about the risk of prostituting the name of Lou Grant and your own name, but do you ever find those two identities melting together in real life? Do you ever catch yourself actually becoming Lou Grant?

**ASNER:** No. When I made the transition from the comedic Lou Grant to the dramatic Lou Grant, most of the changes were to make him more like Ed Asner. More somber. Less bombastic. Less demonstrative. More sophisticated. Not that I've made him a grander person. But in those somber tones, I've made even the comedic aspects of today's Lou Grant more like me. So maybe the reason I haven't been tempted to become Lou Grant is that I've been allowed to make him more and more like me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you read the newspapers differently now?

**ASNER:** I had a love affair with journalism when I was in high school. I pictured myself as Don Quixote with a quill. Then the love affair began again when I started doing the *Lou Grant* show. But things like the lack of news coverage of the bloodshed in El Salvador remind me that the press is just another institution. My feelings toward the press are not antithetical now, but the love affair is over.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the *Los Angeles Trib* based loosely on *The Washington Post*?

**ASNER:** Very loosely, because the *Trib* is

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**PLAYBOY:** And Mrs. Pynchon is loosely based on Kate Graham?

**ASNER:** Yeah, with a little Dolly Schiff [former owner of the *New York Post*] thrown in. But her part has become a living, breathing entity and has taken off in its own direction. At first, she was more crotchety, more of a fuddy-duddy than she is now. And less elegant and tasteful; the original Mrs. Pynchon was a tuxedo with brown shoes.

**PLAYBOY:** And was Rossi your "Woodstein" character?

**ASNER:** Yes, and that role hasn't changed much, because it was written for Bobby Walden, so he took it where he wanted to go from the beginning . . . with the producers' permission. Nobody goes anywhere without their permission.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever find yourself suffering from the Marcus Welby syndrome—people thinking you actually are a journalist?

**ASNER:** That does happen.

**PLAYBOY:** To some extent, you encourage it, especially by doing speaking engagements at journalism schools.

**ASNER:** I can assure you the students learned nothing about journalism from me. Those things are fun. The students want to know about the show, about the process of dramatizing a journalist's life. They never have any trouble making the distinction between a real and a fictitious newspaper and we always have a good time.

**PLAYBOY:** Do real reporters ever feel it their duty to criticize details of the show that aren't authentic?

**ASNER:** Some of them are such goddamn sticklers that whenever we depart from reality, they nail us. They forget we're a drama. They seem to want nothing less than a documentary. But don't misunderstand. Most journalists are pleased that the show is as realistic as it is. Even in our first year, when things were very rocky and we weren't sure who we were or where we were going, the press was very supportive of us. It could see a future for the show that we couldn't see. But I was embarrassed by the praise of journalists during the first year, because I felt we weren't that good yet.

**PLAYBOY:** Many of your close actor friends took a low profile during the actors' strike. Have those personal relationships been strained?

**ASNER:** I don't have those people over to my house anymore. But in most cases, I'll get tired of carrying the grudge eventually. Most of them aren't bad people. In terms of morality, they're just asleep at the switch.

**PLAYBOY:** Essentially, the actors were striking for a slice of the new electronic pie—cable TV, video tape and video disc—and for increased basic minimums. You've achieved both of those goals,

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though the final numbers were a compromise. Do you now view the strike as a success?

**ASNER:** In my opinion, we were royally gigged. I've never seen such phenomenal tenacity on the part of management. The producers never surrendered one solitary cent they didn't absolutely have to. They employed, in my opinion, professional strikebreakers and political dirty tricks. And all the while, they kept the press solidly against us. You've got to give them credit for using the skills of their trade. It was probably the best "produced" strike in American history.

**PLAYBOY:** Which famous Hollywood liberals did you find notable for their absence from the picket lines?

**ASNER:** I thought Norman Lear was strangely silent. I know he's a producer, but he's also a great liberal, not just a lip liberal, and I missed him. Jim Garner and Carroll O'Connor are producers and they were on the picket lines. Gene Reynolds, the producer of *Lou Grant*, was a phenomenal supporter of the strike. But more typical was the case of a producer who is—or was—a close friend of mine. He was very pissed off at me. I was shocked. I couldn't understand why. His personal life was in misery because of the strike; he almost lost his home and he blamed *me*. That's been everyone's view of this strike—only the actors are to blame. The producers never gave one inch, yet working people, even some union people, sided with management. It's been a fucking education.

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps your main problem was the complexity of the issues. None of your negotiating points ever lent themselves to easy reduction. If only you had a nice, simple battle cry, like, "Remember the Maine!" or "Fifty-four forty or fight!"

**ASNER:** I came up with a pretty snappy battle cry, but for some reason, it just never caught on: "Let them eat documentaries."

**PLAYBOY:** The actors' strike was your most visible public commitment, but it certainly wasn't your first. Does your political mail ever outweigh your fan mail?

**ASNER:** Sure. I campaigned for Gary Hart for Senate in Colorado this past election and got a lot of mail on that; very intelligent, thoughtful letters asking me who the hell I am to stick my nose into Colorado's affairs.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, who are you to do it?

**ASNER:** I'm a United States citizen, and a U.S. Senator from any state directly affects my life. I went the circuit for Alan Cranston here in California. Liz Holtzman was my candidate in New York. I supported McGovern for re-election. And George Brown and Carey Peck for Congress. And, yes, on some days, the mail on that stuff does get rather thick. Recently, Tammy Grimes and I did a pro-abortion show for syndicated TV. I anticipate one or two letters about that.

**PLAYBOY:** Whom would you have liked to see as President?

**ASNER:** I still like McGovern.

**PLAYBOY:** In your heart, you're basically a liberal and a union man, then.

**ASNER:** Absolutely. One of the first jobs I ever had was on a General Motors assembly line in an open-shop plant. Then, two years later, I worked on an auto-assembly line in a union shop, and the difference was like night and day. In the open shop, there were finks and spies all over the place and I was treated like a piece of crap. In the union shop, I was treated with respect. Right then, I knew I'd be a union man to the day I died.

**PLAYBOY:** Many of this country's most progressive liberal thinkers feel that unions have grown too political, too big and too corrupt to honestly represent the workingman.

**ASNER:** When a crisis comes, the union is the only defense the workingman has against the powerful and highly organized people who own and run our society. I think how fucking wonderful it is that the iron ring of Eastern communism was broken in Poland by people who wanted unions. What a phenomenal demonstration to the world and particularly to capitalist America that the first freedom to be sought in a totalitarian regime was the freedom to organize labor. What magnificent proof that unions and communism are, to risk an awful pun, Poles apart.

*"In my opinion, we were royally gigged. The producers employed, in my opinion, professional strikebreakers and political dirty tricks."*

**PLAYBOY:** Your latest cause is El Salvador. What, specifically, are you doing?

**ASNER:** I'm editing a documentary about the situation there and raising money for the refugees and trying to get the word out that these people are trying to achieve a just government——

**PLAYBOY:** By "these people," you mean the rebels?

**ASNER:** Yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** Both Carter and Reagan have labeled them "pro-Castro" and U.S. policy has been that it's better to support the repressive right-wing government they have than allow another communist take-over in Latin America.

**ASNER:** We should drop that bullshit catchword Communist and just let the poor bleeding people elect the government they want.

**PLAYBOY:** The U.S. has a long established policy, dating back to the early Fifties when Vietnam was divided, of not letting a foreign country hold open elections if we think a Communist government will win.

**ASNER:** But those poor rebels are bending over backward to disassociate themselves from any form of communism, and from Castro in particular, just so the "Yankees" don't pin that label on them. But we're doing it anyway. And the press is helping.

**PLAYBOY:** Ronald Reagan was an actor and a union leader who later achieved some success in politics. Now some very serious and influential people in California are talking about launching you down that same road by running you for governor. Have you encouraged those rumors?

**ASNER:** I'm too selfishly content with the life and the power I have now to forsake it all and become a politician.

**PLAYBOY:** So you've done nothing to encourage all the current talk about Asner for governor?

**ASNER:** Nothing, I promise you.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel when you hear other people talk that way?

**ASNER:** Sad. It's a measure of how low we've sunk.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that we've chatted awhile about such trivial matters as the movie industry, drugs, booze and politics, let's get down to something a bit more important. What's Mary Tyler Moore really like?

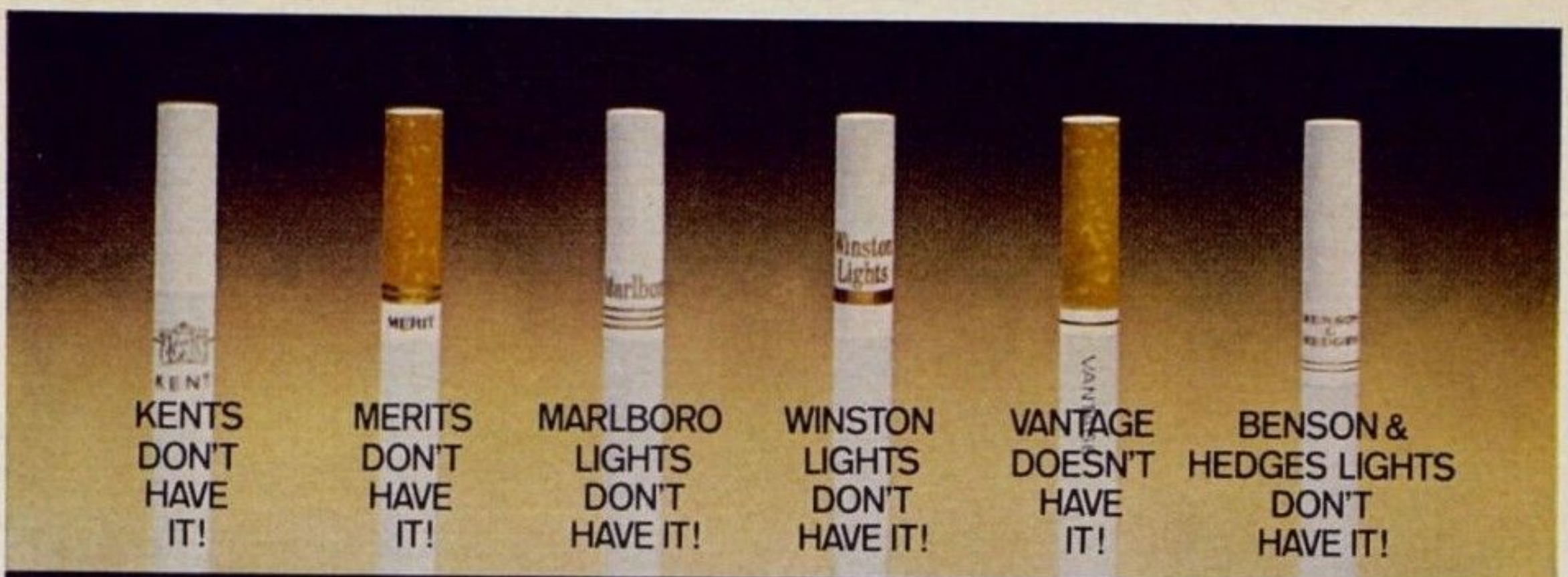
**ASNER:** She's beautiful and an enormous talent. A performer who could carry the entire show one week, then the next week provide a solid hub for one of the other characters to swing around. She never made problems. For seven years, she did great work and contributed to a happy set. But personally, Mary is a closed corporation.

**PLAYBOY:** One of the most urgent questions facing our civilization is, Will Mary and Grant Tinker get back together again?

**ASNER:** Not anymore. After their first breakup, I thought they would get it all together. Like everyone else in America, I found myself rooting for them to make their relationship work. And when they reunited briefly and said it was working again, I believed them, the dirty bastards.

**PLAYBOY:** As you've said, the principal players on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* took turns carrying the story. That would seem to indicate that Mary's ego never outgrew her part.

**ASNER:** Oh, she has a big ego, and so do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the six or seven other people, including me, who were involved with her. And no one has a bigger ego than Jay Sandrich, the director of most of our episodes. But we found that big egos in cooperation with one another can make great work.

**PLAYBOY:** But egotists have never been famous for taking direction, or even advice.

**ASNER:** We reached the point very quickly—especially the guys: Ted Knight, Gavin MacLeod and me—where we never had to worry about hurt feelings. We were always giving one another suggestions, little shtick to use here and there. And, yeah, sure, there would sometimes be that quick wall of reserve where I or one of the others would say, "Who the fuck do you think you're telling how to play this bit?" But then we'd quickly realize it was constructive advice from a friend who had nothing to gain but only wanted *you* to look better, wanted the show to be better. That kind of give-and-take went on all the time because we trusted one another.

**PLAYBOY:** *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* was, at heart, a basic TV sitcom. And you'd never done comedy on television. How did you get the part?

**ASNER:** Tinker, while he was still an executive at Fox, brought Allan Burns and Jim Brooks together to create a show for Mary——

**PLAYBOY:** Who was doing what at that point?

**ASNER:** Mary's career was at a nadir. After *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, she got diabetes, had a flop on Broadway and made a couple of not-very-well-received movies.

**PLAYBOY:** And you?

**ASNER:** I'd just done a pilot at 20th for a new Erle Stanley Gardner mystery series called *Doug Selby, D.A.*, starring Jim Hutton. I played a bumbling police chief, a real schmuck, and I enlarged the comic aspects of this schmuck every way I could. Tinker saw that pilot and asked me to read for the Lou Grant role.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your first reaction?

**ASNER:** I wasn't overly interested going in, because my agent, Jack Fields, and I weren't planning a career for me in TV comedy. But I took a look at their script—it was the pilot episode where I hire Mary—and I'd never read anything in TV comedy that came remotely close to the writing excellence I saw there. The potential was obvious. I wanted that role. But when I read for it, I gave a nice, intelligent reading, and they said, "OK, you can come back and read with Mary. But next time, give us something a little crazier." At least they'd asked me back, but I didn't feel good about it. I felt my chance slipping away. So I spoke up. It was a risky thing to do, but I've always been lucky when I've taken that route. I said, "I'll tell you what. Let me try it again now, and if you don't like it, don't have me back." Allan and Jim were a little nonplused by that kind of offer, but they said, "Well, we do have another appointment, but OK, read it again." So this time, I gave them a reading that was truly *meshuga*. Allan smiled, as he always does, and Jim laughed his insane laugh, and they both said, "Yeah, yeah. Do it just like that with Mary." I was thrilled but also worried. I went home, thinking, What the fuck did I do? Because there was no logic or rationale to my reading; I was afraid I wouldn't be able to repeat it. A week later, I went back, read with Mary and tried to emulate that same craziness. Jim and Allan laughed again. Mary said, "Was he really that funny?" Meaning, of course, that she certainly didn't think so. But they said to her, "That's your Lou."

**PLAYBOY:** What was Mary's reading like that first day?

**ASNER:** She was closer to the eventual Mary than any of the rest of us were to our characters. I think she always had a clear vision of what she wanted to do with that role. Mary was the hub of the show, artistically as well as titularly, right from day one.

*"Everyone was just peeing in their pants with nerves. But not me. All I could think about was that I'd never had such a rich character as Lou Grant."*

**PLAYBOY:** When the cast was finally assembled and you were preparing to go on the air, what was the dominant mood?

**ASNER:** Everyone was just peeing in their pants with nerves. But not me. I didn't give a shit. Because all I could think about was that in nine years in Hollywood, I'd never had such a rich script or such a rich character as this creature called Lou Grant. So it didn't matter much to me whether we were canceled or not. At least I'd have these first 13 shows to feel wonderfully at home in. I was probably the calmest person around. Until opening night, before a live audience. That's when the nerves finally got to me.

**PLAYBOY:** But that first show went extremely well. One moment is especially memorable—when Mary is talking about how spunky she is and finally you say to her, with a perfect deadpan, "I hate spunk."

**ASNER:** Ohhhh. . . . That "I hate spunk" line was one of those moments when everything—the build-up, the physicality, the voice, the look, the timing—everything was absolutely perfect. Athletes have those moments sometimes. Actors have them less often. But that moment Mary and I had together was transcendent. I felt such an inordinate power; the megalomania it induces in a performer is almost frightening. You feel you have those 300 people right there in your hand and you could squeeze them into a pulp if you so wished. I'm speaking about ultimate power.

**PLAYBOY:** So that first night was a triumph. It can fairly be said that you arrived at the studio a well-respected but little-known character actor and returned home a major TV star. After 25 years in the business, you were an overnight success. Where did it all begin? In your home town, Kansas City?

**ASNER:** No, in Chicago, where I went—very briefly—to college. I was born in Kansas City, on the Kansas side, to immigrant Jewish parents. My father was a junkman with a pony and a cart. They were always old. My mother was 47 when I was born, my father, 57. They were great strong people. My father's hands were twice as big as mine. At the ladies' auxiliary picnic, my mother always won the nail-pounding contest. My parents were tough, honest and strong. But people like that were a dime a dozen in those days.

**PLAYBOY:** Not exactly your typical stage parents.

**ASNER:** No, and, of course, they were very unhappy when I told them I was going to try to become an actor. But there were no tears. No "I'll throw myself off the roof." None of that. And they never completely turned their backs on me, either. If this corpulent frame ever became emaciated, it sure as hell knew where it could go for its next meal. And later, when I began getting acting jobs with some regularity, my mother would always say to me, "We were wrong and I'm glad."

**PLAYBOY:** In high school, you became all-city tackle on the football team. In your office on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, on the back wall among the various maps and plaques, is a photo of a young football lineman in set position. Could it be . . . ?

**ASNER:** It is. In fact, when I arrived at the University of Chicago—with the vague notion of studying political science, but really because I didn't have the guts for the open road à la Kerouac—my nickname quickly became The Jock.

**PLAYBOY:** But instead of going into athletics, you appeared in a college production of *Murder in the Cathedral*.

**ASNER:** Coincidentally, at my roommate's urgings, I gave it a try. My appearance in that play, the joy and feeling of accomplishment, clinched it all for me.

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**PLAYBOY:** You stayed with the theater after you dropped out of school. As long as your life continued to revolve around the university, why didn't you remain enrolled?

**ASNER:** The crisis came during Christmas vacation of my sophomore year. That's when my parents found out about my affair with the gentile girl—I suppose I wanted them to find out—and they withdrew my support. So I dropped out, went to work and continued at the theater.

**PLAYBOY:** And the girl?

**ASNER:** She went to Europe with her family. We picked up our relationship after she returned, but I discovered she hadn't been true to me—as I had been to her—and things went slowly downhill from there.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you and some others at the university theater did something very special—and historic. You broke away to form your own troupe, a company that, after passing through several metamorphoses, ended up as Second City. How, exactly, did that happen?

**ASNER:** Well, we didn't so much break away as get thrown out. The director of the university theater had some rather severe problems, and one by one, he disowned the best actors and actresses in the school for imagined infractions. My turn came during a performance of *Antigone*. He held a meeting just to berate me in front of everybody, accusing me of deliberately sabotaging the production by shouting my lines. I was terribly hurt. But by that time, so many exiles had been created that we formed our own group called Tonight at 8:30.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your first performance with the group?

**ASNER:** I did Yeats's *Purgatory*. A young man who'd never directed before was in charge of this fairly complex production. He was nervous, but we all helped one another and he ended up doing a hell of a job. His name was Mike Nichols.

**PLAYBOY:** In July 1951, you were drafted. Were you sent to Korea?

**ASNER:** No. They put me in radar. There was a long training period. A lot of technical stuff. I studied hard, cheated on the final exam and came out with a perfect score. So they sent me overseas as a clerk typist.

**PLAYBOY:** With a perfect score in radar?

**ASNER:** Don't ever let anyone tell you that conscription brings about a more efficient use of manpower than the volunteer Army.

**PLAYBOY:** After the Army, you went back

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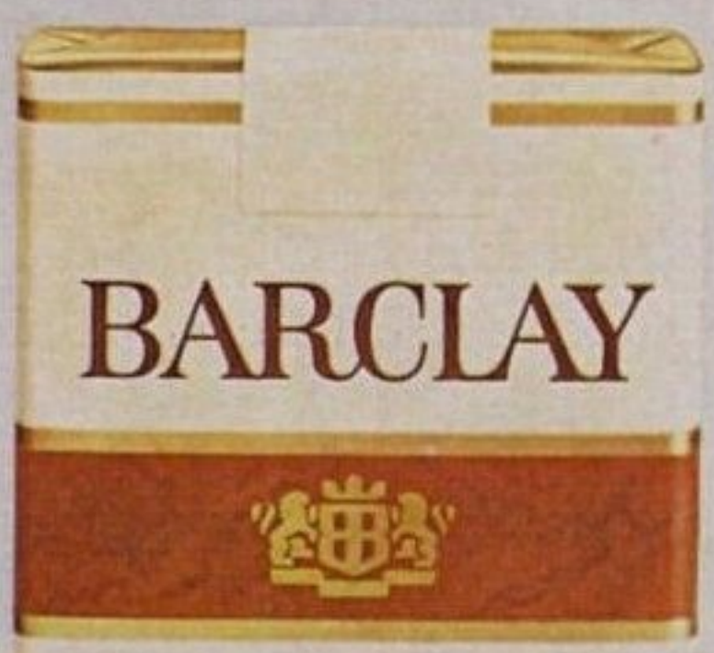


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to Chicago to rejoin your little troupe, which was then called what?

**ASNER:** The Playwrights Theater Club. A week before my discharge, I got a letter from Paul Sills, telling me about the change and luring me back with an offer of $50 a week. I returned, and my life fell together from there. Paul had gotten this little theater on the Near North Side of Chicago, on La Salle Street, on the second floor. It was a magical little stage. We did *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, *La Ronde*, *Wozzek*, *Murder in the Cathedral* again, *The Dybbuk*, a pirated version of *The Threepenny Opera*, an original play by Paul called *Coming of Bildad*, a modern adaptation of *The Duchess of Malfi*, *Widowers' Houses*, *Mooney's Kid Don't Cry*, *The Glass Menagerie*, *Red Gloves*. Those were fervent years, classic plays. I learned from every one of them.

**PLAYBOY:** But you were with the group for only two years. How could you have done so many productions?

**ASNER:** Two years? That's just the first six months I've told you about. Then we did *Miss Julie*, which Elaine May directed.

**PLAYBOY:** Were she and Mike Nichols a team at that time?

**ASNER:** Not yet. They met there and eventually came together, but I was directed by both of them before they joined forces.

**PLAYBOY:** Who else was in your company?

**ASNER:** Barbara Harris was our little ingénue. Zohra Lampert was our leading lady. All kinds of crazy things kept happening. On the opening night of *Miss Julie*, this old man in an overcoat came trudging up the stairs right in the middle of the performance and tried to hand me a telegram. None of us would break character to accept it, so finally he just threw it at me and stormed out.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the telegram about?

**ASNER:** Somebody was wishing Zohra and me good luck. Another night, a roving youth gang barged in and busted up the place, but we just kept on acting.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you played Prospero in *The Tempest*. That's remembered as one of the best productions the group did during that period.

**ASNER:** *The Tempest* was such a huge success that we repeated it in New York.

**PLAYBOY:** Was that your first New York performance?

**ASNER:** Yes.

**PLAYBOY:** How were your notices?

**ASNER:** *The New York Times*. . . . Well, it was Brooks Atkinson's last season as a critic and he said I sounded like a train announcer.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you react?

**ASNER:** I felt anger but not rejection. Oh, I stormed around and called him an asshole for everyone else to hear, but I knew while I was up there that the performance wasn't happening. So I diverted

my rejection—my failure, really—into an anger that he would not be there to eat his words after future productions when it would be automatic that I was great.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that fear of failure the constant companion of an actor?

**ASNER:** Without it, you lose your drive. So this powerful schizophrenia develops. One half of you is saying, "Don't tell me anything. I'm so fucking good I'll kick your goddamn teeth in." But the other half is asking, "How can I improve?"

**PLAYBOY:** Over the past ten years, you've become a curious kind of sex symbol. You and Mary taught a generation of women that they needed not only a Mr. Right in their lives but also a Lou Grant. Are we wrong to infer a sexual undertone to your seven-year boss-employee relationship?

**ASNER:** Oh, there was definitely a hum going on between us. And the producers kept it going, year after year, until the end, on one of our very last programs, when Mary and I finally decide to have an affair. We were nervous but forced ourselves to go through with it—until we kissed. Then we both changed our minds.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you enjoy that aspect of the role?

**ASNER:** Of course. Within the body of every fat priest is the soul of an emaciated martyr. And within every fat man in the world, this one included, there exists a spine of sexuality. How much he believes in it is up to him.

**PLAYBOY:** How much do you believe in it?

**ASNER:** No matter what I may look like or have ever looked like, I've always thought, given a chance, I surely could become the world's greatest lover.

**PLAYBOY:** When you became well known, did beautiful women start throwing themselves at you indiscriminately? And, if so, how did you deal with it?

**ASNER:** At first, I was *always* receptive. But I got into trouble a few times. So now, while trying not to lose whatever innate sexiness I might sometimes have, I've cut back on that sort of activity. I realize how much I love my wife and how important it is for me not to endanger our relationship.

**PLAYBOY:** So lately, despite all the temptations of stardom in this town, you've been faithful.

**ASNER:** Any man is capable of infidelity, and I suppose I still am, too. But during the past few years, I haven't acted on those impulses, because I like what I've got.

**PLAYBOY:** But the impulse remains, even though the response has been curtailed?

**ASNER:** Sure. When I was a kid in a candy store, my hunger was supernal. I feel that same way now in the world of women. I want to sample the nougats and the bridge mix and the candy corns and the creams and . . . well, I suppose the old appetites remain with you, but with maturity comes an understanding of what's really important. For me, it's my love for my wife. Also, in my youth, I was looking for an answer, a solution, and expected it to come sexually. I think a lot of us do that, men and women. But sex isn't an answer. Sex is sex.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you meet your wife?

**ASNER:** Frank Perry, Jerry Orbach and I were in a show together in 1957 and we used to chum around a lot. One day, Jerry invited us up to his girlfriend's place for steaks. Nancy, who was a friend of Jerry's girl, was there. She'd just broken up with a guy. My previous girlfriend—also named Nancy—had gone off to St. Louis with an improv group. We were both at loose ends and kind of needed someone to fill our time. She seemed interested and demonstrated her interest by offering me half her steak. I guess just by looking at me she could tell how to win me over. Our romance blossomed from there. Two years later, the time came to either do it or not. So we did it.

**PLAYBOY:** You got married.

**ASNER:** Yes, in 1959. I was 29 years old and feared it would be my last chance. The idiosyncrasies of bachelorhood were closing in on me. If I hadn't gotten married then, I'd probably still be in New York, walking down Fifth Avenue with a Pekingese.

**PLAYBOY:** You made your Broadway debut in 1960, in *Face of a Hero*. In several interviews, you've referred to that show as a "disaster," and even as the reason you moved to L.A. But you've never explained why it was so terrible. That was certainly not your first flop, or your second. And looking back at the reviews, they were really just mixed.

**ASNER:** The whole experience was just a . . . disaster.

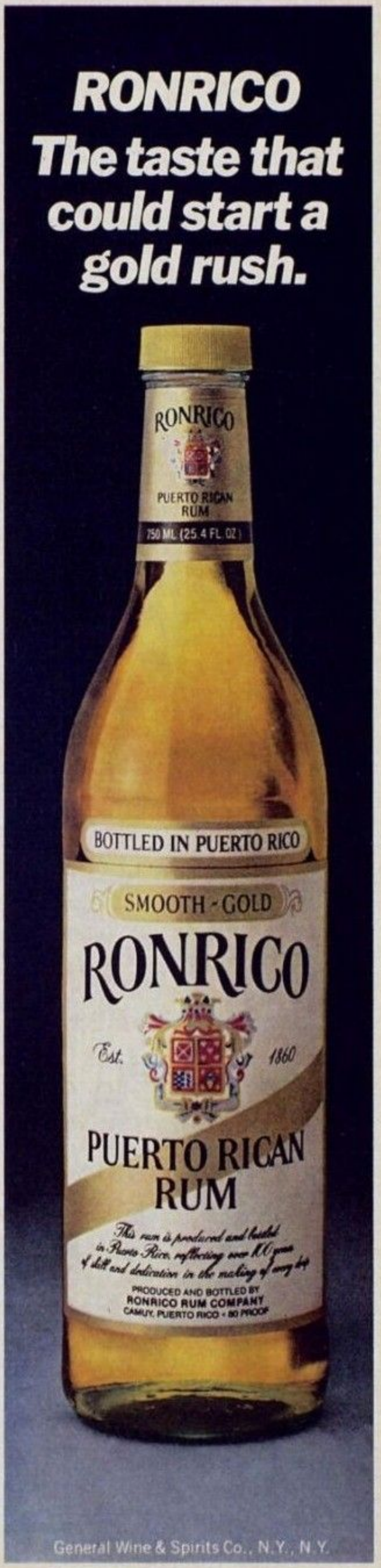
**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**ASNER:** Because Broadway was my dream, and with that show, the dream turned sour. Everything went wrong. For everybody. But instead of stepping back, examining our problems and correcting them, panic set in and the problems got worse. Everyone was running around, crazily, out of control. The one thing I wasn't prepared to encounter on Broadway was amateurism. The bad taste lingered for a long time afterward.

**PLAYBOY:** So you allowed your career to take a westward turn.

**ASNER:** Not consciously, but yes, that's certainly the way things worked out. I went back to TV drama, but the era of live television was ending. When the industry went to film, it moved to Hollywood and I moved with it.

**PLAYBOY:** For your first experiences in filmed TV drama, you did regular guest spots on two classic series—*Route 66* and *Naked City*. Unfortunately, because of legal problems, those shows are not in syndication. Have you seen any of them lately?

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**ASNER:** I saw myself in one of the original *Route 66*s just recently and I couldn't believe how good it was. Not me. I was kind of laughable. But the production was very strong. The only parts that were dated were the Chevy commercials. And *Naked City* also stands up beautifully today. An excellent, excellent show. We had great writers—Stirling Silliphant, Howard Rodman. And the best actors, too. It's a goddamn shame nobody can see them in rerun. I also did *The Untouchables* in those days, but that show doesn't stand up at all—very dated and wooden. *Route 66* and *Naked City*, though, were *damn* good.

**PLAYBOY:** Comparing those shows with most of today's TV dramas, which are put together almost on an assembly line, do you think their superior quality was the result of a less rigid, more organic approach?

**ASNER:** They were less rigid, all right. Many of those shows came together so casually their quality was probably somewhat accidental. Each time I'd go back on location for *Route 66*, I'd be aghast to discover they were even less prepared than the time before. And *Naked City* was a real fly-by-night operation. One time, David Janssen was guest-starring and he and Paul Burke did some very effective scenes together, with the first days' shootings being the end of the show. The opening scenes were still being written. Then, finally, the beginning of the script was finished and we all discovered that Janssen was dying. That's what the whole story was about. But neither of them knew it when they shot their crucial scenes for the end. That's how mixed up things were. But afterward, everyone said, "Wow, it was so *subtle* how they handled the knowledge of Janssen's illness. Now, that's acting!"

**PLAYBOY:** That's ridiculous, of course. But still, the acting probably was excellent.

**ASNER:** It was. The actors and the writers held those shows together. We did some great pieces. One week on *Route 66*, Bruce Dern and I were Israeli agents looking for a suspected Nazi, played by Lew Ayres, among the offshore oil rigs in Louisiana. I'd love to see that again. Then I did a *Naked City* that was Sylvia Sidney's return to television and one of Bob Duvall's first TV appearances. Then I did a *Route 66* I'll never forget. We were shooting in Cleveland and I was guest-starring with Rod Steiger. As we were starting to shoot, George Maharis walked off the show. They rewrote the whole script without missing a day's work, hired Glen Corbett to replace Maharis as Marty Milner's partner and kept the show on the air for another year and a half.

**PLAYBOY:** Sounds like you had to stay

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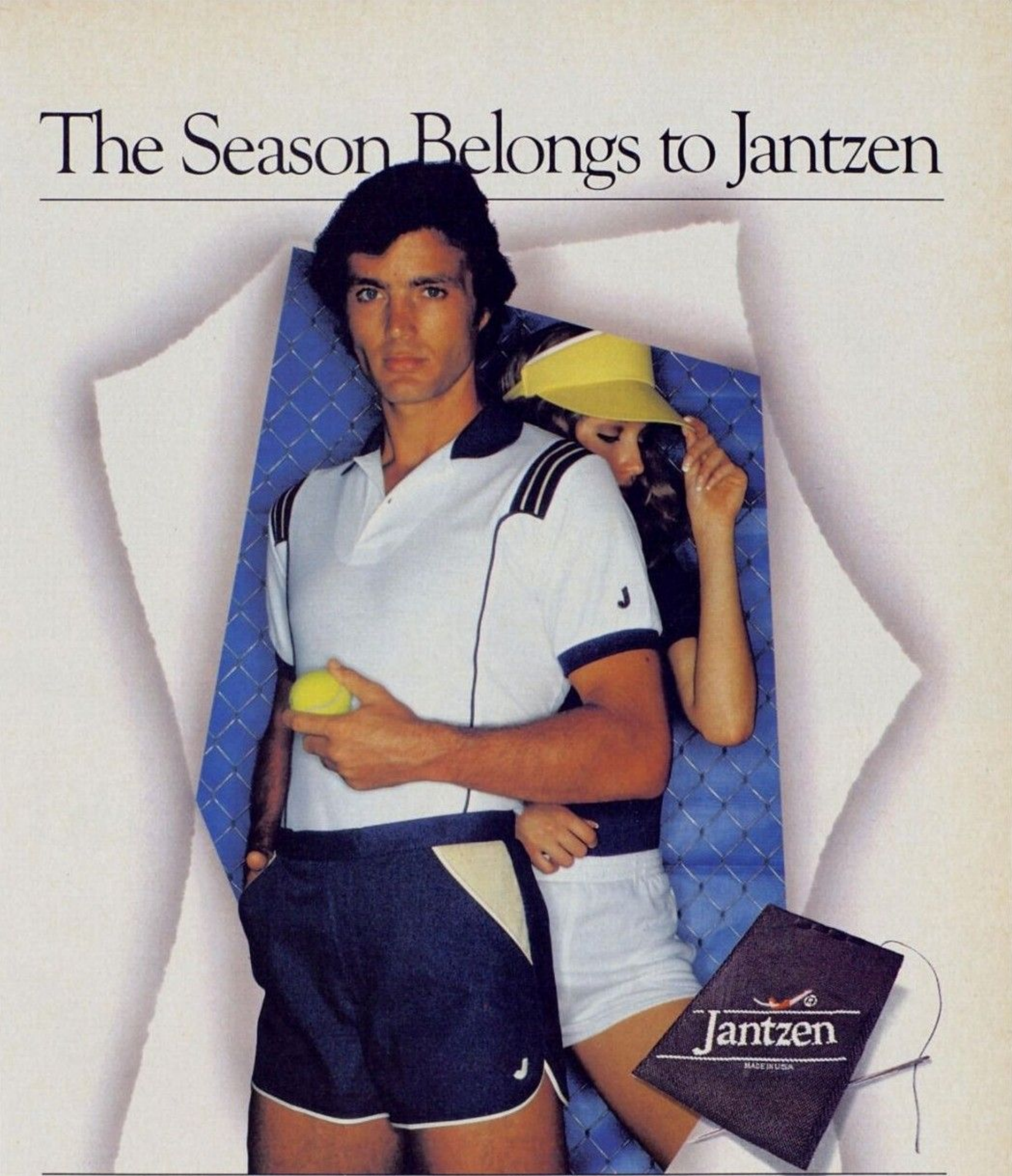


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pretty loose.

**ASNER:** Loose is a good way to describe that bunch. Along with all their other problems, paternity suits were filed against various members of the *Route 66* company all around the country.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you've said that your experiences on those shows finally convinced you to move to Hollywood.

**ASNER:** I just kind of drifted out here. Nancy knew I was going to move before I did. In one *Naked City* episode, I actually had to fly to L.A. for part of the shooting, to extradite two killers played by Frank Sutton and Robert Blake. Everyone said to me, "Hey, while you're out here, you've got to see some people." So I did, and had a lot of nice smoke blown up my ass. A week later, I called Nancy to say, "I think I'm gonna stay another week and see some more people." She didn't say anything, but I could hear her thinking, Oh, shit, the handwriting's on the wall. A week after that, I called again and told her I wanted to move. She wasn't happy, but she certainly wasn't surprised. All she said was, "When?"

**PLAYBOY:** Was it one of those life decisions that you absolutely knew was right, or did it feel a little like a crap shoot?

**ASNER:** I felt pretty sure about the rightness of it, but I'd always envisioned myself becoming a lion on Broadway first, then being flown out by private jet to become a lion in Hollywood. Instead, Nancy and I drove across the country, pulling all our worldly goods behind us in a 14-foot U-Haul.

**PLAYBOY:** Still, it must have been exciting to arrive in Hollywood.

**ASNER:** It was, of course. I felt in many ways that I'd come to meet my folk heroes—all those people I'd admired so long for their talents and for their politics. But I quickly discovered that many of the celluloid kings and queens I'd come to revere were *putzes*. Many of the liberals I met out here, I wouldn't want them to marry my sister. The fact that such liberals existed amazed me.

**PLAYBOY:** What was wrong with them?

**ASNER:** They were lip liberals. Complete phonies. They knew absolutely nothing, did nothing. They were empty suits. And many of my lifelong heroes were just as disappointing for their lack of talent. It is said that the camera doesn't lie, and to a certain extent, that's true. But the camera falls in love with you first. There's a line in *Murder in the Cathedral* where Becket says, "The raw nobility, whose manners matched their fingernails. . . ." I found that equally true in movies. People who might be called nobility turned out to be pigs. There are a lot of them in this town. And I'm always being surprised. There are a lot of conservatives in Hollywood—and fascists—people I never gave a shit about and whom I expected to be assholes, but some of them turned out to be very fine people.

**PLAYBOY:** For example?

**ASNER:** One man who is not a fascist, certainly, but very much a conservative, is Robert Stack. I did a number of *Untouchables* with him and he's a very nice guy. That show was shot at Desilu Productions in the dirtiest, coldest, draftiest studio in town. And Stack was cast in this awful, really unactable role. But he'd be there at six o'clock every morning, never bitching, always jocular, helpful to everyone—exactly what a star and a leader should be. Just a marvelous man. So, no, I don't set myself up for disappointment. I'm just the kind of person who tends to have heroes. And some heroes turn out to have clay feet. Others don't.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of heroes, you made one picture with John Wayne. Did you enjoy working with the Duke?

*"I quickly discovered that many of the celluloid kings and queens I'd come to revere were putzes. I wouldn't want them to marry my sister."*

**ASNER:** No.

**PLAYBOY:** Details, please.

**ASNER:** It was *El Dorado*, a very big Western directed by Howard Hawks and co-starring Bob Mitchum. Our first day on location, Wayne was astride Appaloosa, this great horse of his, while an army of technicians pulled the camera into place for our first scene together. I was walking toward him and he was looking directly at me from his horse, but none of the technicians could see me, because I was still behind them, and he said, deliberately loud enough for me to hear, "Where's that New York actor?" Of course, I'd been in California for five years and "New York" was a euphemism for something else.

**PLAYBOY:** Perhaps a certain religion that will go unnamed?

**ASNER:** Yeah. So I said, "You mean me?" He just looked at me and didn't say anything. Then we did the scene where he throws a bag of money to me, and I missed it. So Wayne says to the crew, "You better get that New York actor a catcher's mitt." Well, I picked the bag up and tossed it back to him so we could shoot the scene again. And, you know, when you've played some ball in your time, as I have, one of the wonderful little gifts you develop is the ability to throw something to someone just off the mark enough so that it's uncatchable, but it looks like the other guy missed it. That's how I threw that moneybag back to John Wayne. And, of course, he missed it.

**PLAYBOY:** Did he say anything?

**ASNER:** Not a word. But he never bothered me again for the rest of the picture.

**PLAYBOY:** *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* is in syndication twice a day in most cities. Do you watch those reruns?

**ASNER:** I've seen maybe half a dozen of them.

**PLAYBOY:** How do they look to you now?

**ASNER:** I'm rarely satisfied with my own work, but watching one of those shows is like finding an old trunk filled with treasure.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the quality and the popularity of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* increase the pressure on you when *Lou Grant* went into production? Were you afraid that if your show wasn't *that* good right away, you'd be considered a failure?

**ASNER:** My feelings during the first year of *Lou Grant* could be pretty well summed up in one word: horror. And I didn't have the comfort of a live audience to lean on. That first year was the worst form of masochism one could experience.

**PLAYBOY:** Why? The ratings and reviews were good.

**ASNER:** Yes, but the show wasn't right. Everyone in the company was seeking his appropriate level, his niche, his piece of the wheel. I was in a deep depression most of the first year, but by the end of that year, we had enough of a wheel to roll. The second year, it rounded out much more.

**PLAYBOY:** Exactly what kind of deep depression are you talking about?

**ASNER:** When our second year was starting, on the first morning of work, I was late and rushing and I didn't close my razor sufficiently. I gave myself that [*pointing to a facial scar*]. It took 20 stitches. I was so depressed that I was seeking some means of avoidance.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't think that gash was totally accidental because you happened to be in a hurry and were a little nervous for perfectly normal reasons?

**ASNER:** I have my doubts. We often affect our lives this way so we can step back and take a few deep breaths before making a mistake.

**PLAYBOY:** In your third year, the show received 15 Emmy nominations and won six. That must have relieved the depression at least temporarily.

**ASNER:** Yes, of course. But by then, I knew we had it. The running characters had blended together into a unit whose moves occur so quickly the audience can

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never anticipate them. And when that happened, the producers and writers were able to assert themselves more and more in terms of issues and adult behavior. I give a lot of credit to CBS, the prestigious network. It doesn't panic and cut people's heads off to save face. It has a tradition of doing quality series that NBC and ABC just don't have.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem to feel about the *Lou Grant* company, and the *Mary Tyler Moore* company before it, as one might feel about a family.

**ASNER:** A series company functions like a family in many ways. You begin to empathize with and even love the characters for all their qualities—good and bad. The clown you love to hate. The real scumbag—you can't wait to see where next he'll show his cravenness. But still, he's part of the family. I think we've done that on *Lou Grant*, including showing more menopause in our characters than in the characters of almost any other show.

**PLAYBOY:** The characters on *Lou Grant* and on *Mary Tyler Moore* have a special quality: They're remarkably human, even when, like Ted Baxter, they're wildly overdrawn.

**ASNER:** That's because we're all losers—lovely losers, each in our own way. And we're all alone except for one another and our jobs. I suppose the closest thing to a winner on either show would be Charlie Hume.

**PLAYBOY:** But he's so vulnerable.

**ASNER:** Yeah, and we always see Charlie careening from one crisis to another—a Hare Krishna son, difficulties with his wife, financial problems.

**PLAYBOY:** Mrs. Pynchon is a winner. She owns the newspaper and is a fixture in L.A. society.

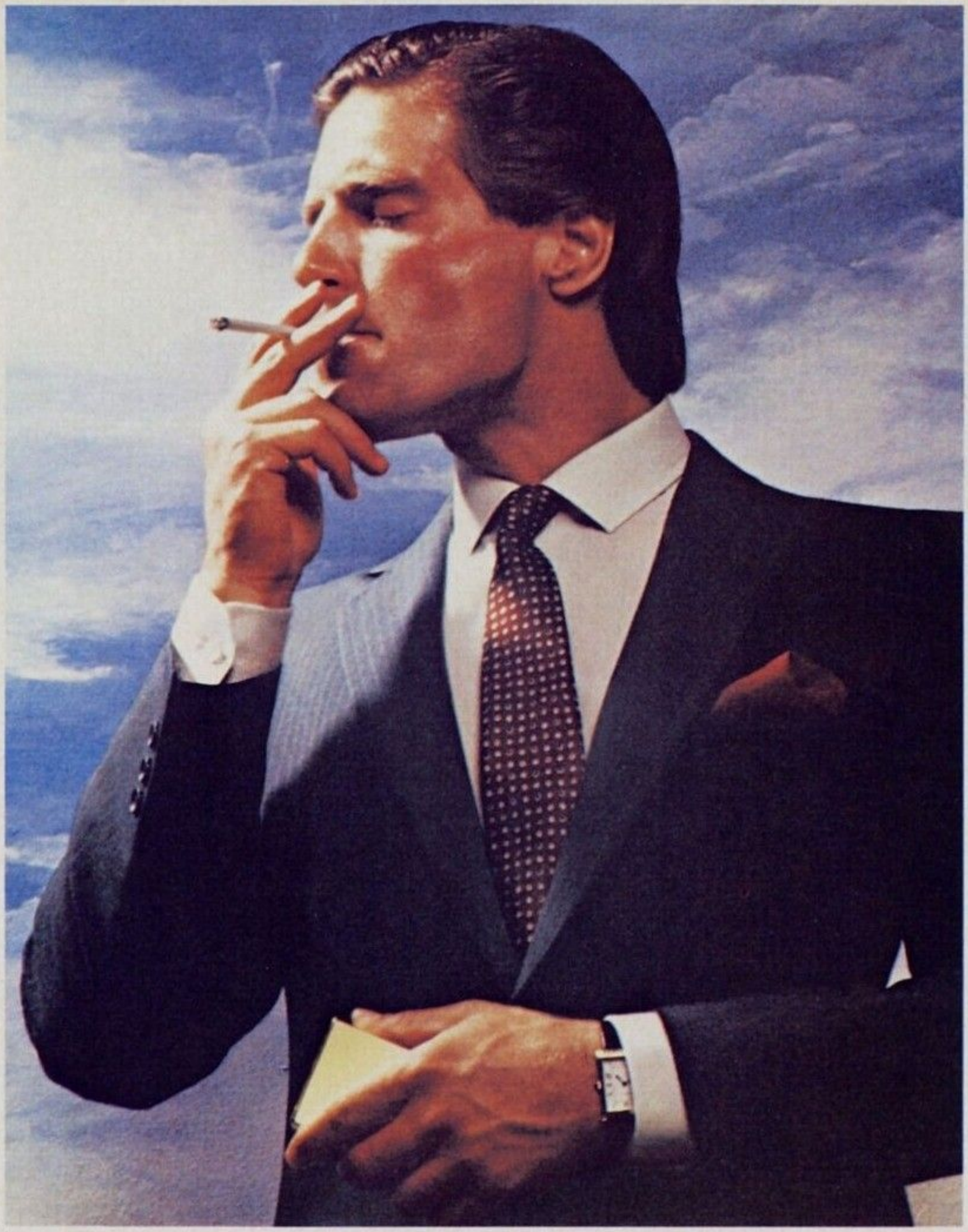
**ASNER:** She's an old lady with a dog.

**PLAYBOY:** When a show has been on the air for a number of years, the actors are bound to feel they know their characters pretty well, maybe better than the writers and producers do. Those feelings have flared into nasty conflicts on some shows, with actors refusing to do things they consider out of character. Has that ever happened on *Lou Grant*?

**ASNER:** Very, very rarely, one of the regulars will say, "No, my character would never do that." More often, the conflicts on our show come from the actors' seeking different ways to expand their characters.

**PLAYBOY:** For example?

**ASNER:** Robert Walden would like some bigger windmills for Rossi to tilt at. Nancy has wanted Mrs. Pynchon to be more direct, more thrusting. Linda is always nudging for something spicier in Billie's role. I don't know about Mason Adams. We don't get any static out of



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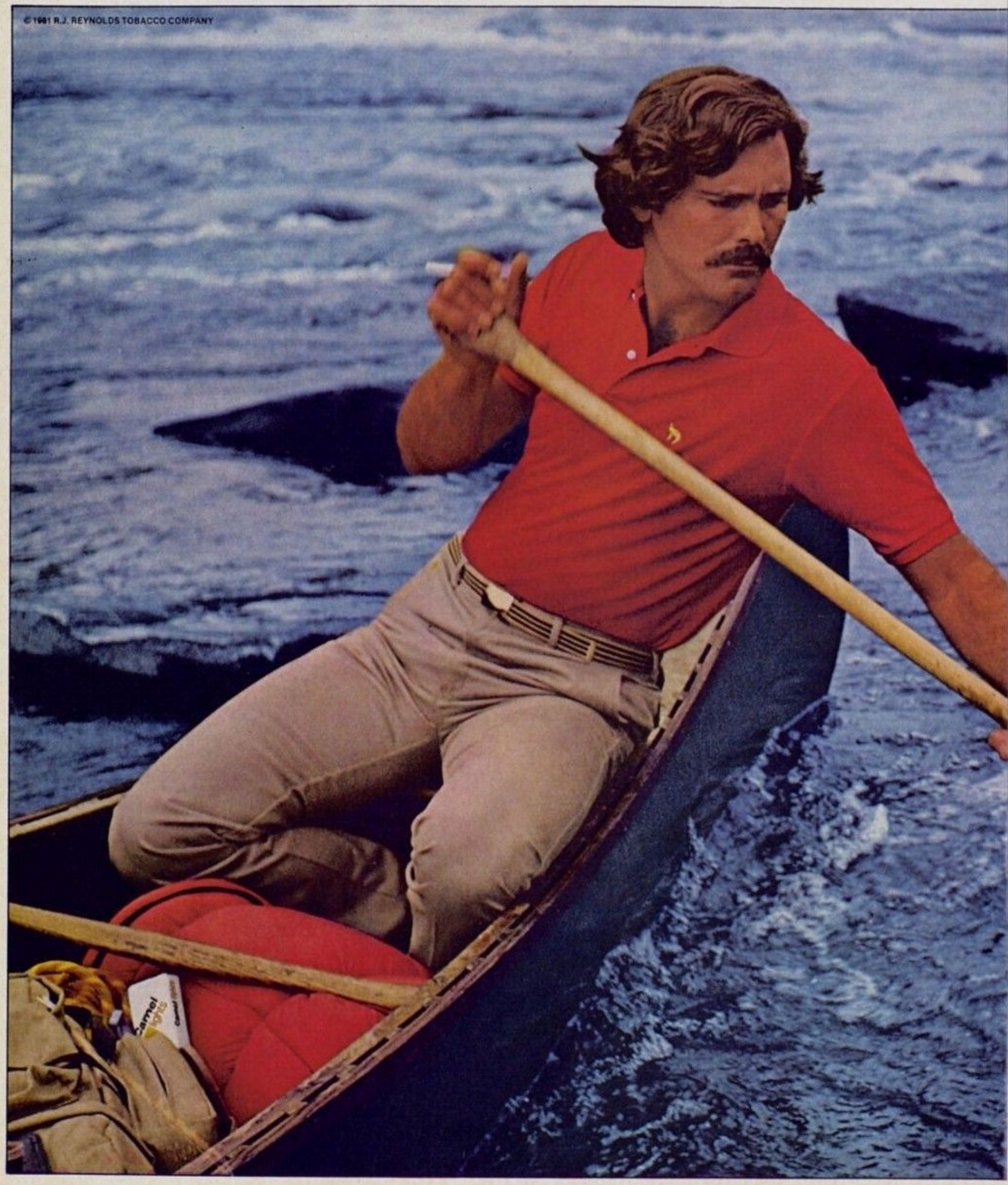

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**PLAYBOY:** There's only so far you can go in that direction on television.

**ASNER:** But in pursuing that essential humanity, we try to push back the boundaries of television with greater and greater suggestiveness. We can't spell it out, but we know that people have fucked, that we're all capable of betraying one another. We're always pushing avidly to make ourselves more fully human.

**PLAYBOY:** Pushing against whom—the producers?

**ASNER:** It's not that the producers don't want those things displayed, they just want it to happen at a slower pace than the performers do.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you satisfied with the issues *Lou Grant* has tackled?

**ASNER:** Very much so, and we got our tits in the wringer with a couple of them. Last year's show on the Irish gunrunners—we're still getting response to that. And the show in which a Hare Krishna becomes a hero and the deprogramer, to the chagrin of all those parents of Hare Krishnas out there, is dramatized as the villain—that was extremely controversial. But I'm proud to be on a show that in certain areas exceeds my own liberal instincts.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever said no to a story because you found it politically disagreeable?

**ASNER:** I've never said no to a *Lou Grant* story for any reason.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you fought with your producers for control of any other aspects of the show?

**ASNER:** Only in terms of personnel. Casting. And usually they win. But I keep trying. There are some actors in TV who like to run their whole show, but I'm not even close to being that big a megalomaniac.

**PLAYBOY:** Do the names Jack Klugman, Jim Garner, Michael Landon and Alan Alda ring a bell?

**ASNER:** The four guys you just mentioned happen all to be people I respect, so maybe I should be more of a megalomaniac. Maybe I'm lazy or lack guts. But I just feel that people have jobs to do—writers, directors, producers, story editors—and they should be allowed to do those jobs. If you don't like their work, you can replace them, but you shouldn't encroach on their turf.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you currently on the couch?

**ASNER:** I've been with a Freudian therapist for four years, on and off.

**PLAYBOY:** Since the last year of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*?

**ASNER:** Yes; happily, it preceded the difficult period when *Lou Grant* was starting up.

**PLAYBOY:** Apparently, you feel it's been good for you.

**ASNER:** I would say yes, because I don't think I've taken it on as a crutch. That's my fear. I haven't found that one special light at the end of the tunnel, though, and if I'm still seeking it two years from now, I'll withdraw for a while and see what happens to my angers and frustrations without the therapy.

**PLAYBOY:** Anger is a surprising word. Nobody describes you as having a temper.

**ASNER:** I feel a lot of anger. Before therapy, my desire to eradicate was stronger than it is now.

**PLAYBOY:** To eradicate wrongs?

**ASNER:** People. People who are wrongdoers in my mind.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it an overt anger? Do you scream and throw things? Or does it eat at you from the inside?

**ASNER:** I'm almost always in overt control, but I do a lot of gnashing. I used to do a lot more.

**PLAYBOY:** Most successful actors in L.A. drive either a Rolls or a Mercedes. The mavericks express their individuality with BMWs, Ferraris and Porsches. But you drive a battered Oldsmobile. Why?

*"There are some actors in TV who like to run their whole show, but I'm not even close to being that big a megalomaniac."*

**ASNER:** It's a strong sucker. Built like a tank. Which is definitely what I need.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you one of those drivers who tend to view the other drivers on the road as antagonists?

**ASNER:** Most California drivers do that.

**PLAYBOY:** As we talk now, your "tank" is parked just outside the window. The rear end seems to have absorbed two particularly nasty crunches. In those cases, were you the denter or the dentee?

**ASNER:** I was the offended party both times. Two concrete pillars rose up and struck me. One at the American Film Institute, the other at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

**PLAYBOY:** At least you don't play favorites.

**ASNER:** No, I drive into walls in strict accordance with the Fairness Doctrine. But since I've cut down on my drinking, walls have stopped attacking my car. There may be a connection there.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't make many TV talk-show appearances, but you did a Dick Cavett show last year that was kind of strange.

**ASNER:** Yeah, a lot of people hated that show, including my wife.

**PLAYBOY:** You were telling the story of moving from New York to L.A., pulling that U-Haul across the country and having your brakes fail on a mountain road in some national park. It took so long, and both you and Cavett got so deeply involved in every arcane detail, that many viewers assumed you'd both taken a lot of drugs and were broadcasting from the planet Neptune.

**ASNER:** It was definitely one of the weirdest half hours in the history of public broadcasting. But not because of drugs. I was coming down with pharyngitis at the time, and immediately after the show, Cavett checked himself into the hospital for exhaustion and was there for a month. So we both just . . . let's say there was a willing disregard for the audience, which can sometimes make for very good TV.

**PLAYBOY:** You never appear on the Johnny Carson show.

**ASNER:** He won't have me.

**PLAYBOY:** Why not?

**ASNER:** I was on there once and was so programed by this assistant of his that it was embarrassing.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean, "programed"?

**ASNER:** Everything I did had to be structured. It wasn't me. I wasn't relaxed and, of course, Carson is never relaxed. The entire experience was just mortifying. So I said, "Screw your show."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you mind the fact that you've made more than your share of enemies?

**ASNER:** As I said earlier, I no longer feel it necessary to go back over my trail and clean up after myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever wonder if perhaps you *enjoyed* being viewed by the producers as the villain of the actors' strike, because it gave you the opportunity to be a radical again and lash out at the establishment?

**ASNER:** Yeah, sure. I wish to be identified with the labor movement to my dying breath. I hate to be so fucking poetic about it, but that's the way I feel. Maybe that's why I hung around with the cops in New York instead of with Paul Newman.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe deep down you still see yourself as an auto worker, a blue-collar guy from Kansas City, and not as a Hollywood actor at all.

**ASNER:** No, I *always* see myself as an actor. But a blue-collar guy? Yeah, maybe that is the real me. It certainly is to the extent that being blue collar implies an intrinsic opposition to the establishment. But mainly, I was just glad for the opportunity to represent labor again.

**PLAYBOY:** You really enjoy casting yourself in that role, don't you?

**ASNER:** I delight in it.

# WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

As winter winds down and the last fire roars, he sorts out the memories that matter most, with the woman who has shared them with him. Skiing in the Rockies. A weekend in the Caribbean. That sumptuous meal in Manhattan. He is a man who celebrates the events of his life, moments he intends to remember. He does not live a chance existence. In PLAYBOY, he finds the motivation he needs to compile his impressive scrapbook.

*article* By RICHARD RHODES

# WHY DO MEN RAPE?

*the scarring aftermath is something we've come to know all too well—but we have much to learn about the dark urges that incite this brutal crime*

PREDATORS stalk our cities. They roam the streets, quarter apartments, steal into homes. Sometimes they carry weapons: guns, knives, pointed tools. More often, their fists and their voices are weapons enough. They identify their prey exactly as carnivores do, selecting a target and testing it for vulnerability. If it is vulnerable, it signals its condition to them. They cajole it into proximity, dominate it with threats, isolate it from aid, calm it with comfortings. When it is under control, when it is compliant, they release themselves and their fantasies flower into dark ordinances.

In open court, a stranger seated among strangers, I listened to one victim's testimony. She lives in a poor neighborhood in a Midwestern city. She is 29, a country girl, plain, religious, innocent, law-abiding, and before dawn one Saturday morning in May, she lay asleep in her apartment, a virgin alone:

A loud noise woke me up. I put on my glasses and got up to see what it was. I was wearing my nightwear. I went into the living room and I noticed a black man squatting down in the patio entranceway like he was trying to hide. The sliding door was open. I always kept it locked. I said, "Who are you? What do you want?" I ran toward the door. I got it open just a tiny bit when he grabbed me. I tried to scream, but he put his hand over my mouth and told me not to say anything. He had a screwdriver or something and he poked it against my back.

He said he'd kill me if I didn't cooperate with him. He asked me if I had any money. He made me lie on the floor on my stomach and told me to keep my eyes closed tight and not to scream. He told me he'd kill me if I looked at him or screamed.

Then he started going through my apartment. I heard him open my hall-closet door—I knew because it squeaks—and I heard him pulling out drawers in the chest in my bedroom.

He came back to the living room and got me. He took me over to the chair and made me go through my purse. I gave him some one-dollar bills, four or five. That's all I had. I kept my eyes closed like he told me. I was throwing the stuff in my purse out onto the floor, trying to find a check to give him. I had a check. I told him I'd give him a check.

Then he took me to my bedroom. He made me get on my bed and he tied my hands behind me. I didn't know what he was going to do. He said something about masturbation. I thought he was just going to manipulate me with his hand and I said OK, but I told him I was a virgin and I didn't want him to do it. I heard him making a noise, like he was breathing hard. I guess he was doing it to himself.

Then he raped me. I was lying on my back and he climbed on top of me. He talked to me and had me move into different positions. I didn't want to, but he'd threatened to kill me, so I did.

He asked me to talk dirty. He told me what to say. I wouldn't do it. It was using God's name in vain and I wouldn't do it.

He asked me what I thought of it. Of sex, I guess he meant. I said it was something different. It seems like he kind of got disgusted with me then. He wanted me to tell him that I liked him and I told him I did, but I didn't. It seems like he had intercourse with me for quite a while.

Afterward, he asked me if I took any kind of birth control. He made

me feel he didn't want to get me pregnant. He took me into my bathroom and told me to wash. I turned on the faucet on the sink and he said not there, in the bathtub. I got into the tub. I still had on my nightwear, but I guess by then my hands were free. I ran the water. He wanted me to cleanse myself real well. I was still keeping my eyes closed. He must have left while I was in the tub. The next thing I knew, a policeman was there, asking me if I was all right.

A year later, telling her story, she is still terrified. Her rapist—in his late 20s, well dressed, bearded, intelligent, married, gainfully employed, a frequenter of discos and a tennis buff—listens calmly, his arms folded at his chest. When she finishes her story, she is only gently cross-examined, and then the prosecuting attorney, a woman, leads her away. The testimony of police—who had staked out the suspect, lost him, then caught him leaving the victim's apartment—and pubic hairs he left on the sheet mingled with semen and hymenal blood convict the man, his second conviction in 15 years (he spent five years in the state prison for his first). He is suspected of committing 12 other rapes. With this second conviction, his sentence will stretch for more than five decades. For once, says the prosecuting attorney grimly, the chain of evidence is strong.

•

Rape is an ugly, odd crime. By its usual legal definition—"carnal knowledge of a female forcibly and against her will"—rape is a crime only men can commit, but it is also a kind of behavior that women have sometimes displayed. In a few primitive tribes, women occasionally rape men; in a few U.S. jurisdictions, women can be charged with rape for aiding men in raping; but rape is ultimately something men do, to women and other men and children, and a minority of men have done it regularly and repeatedly throughout recorded history, whatever the strictures and the severity of the law.

Another oddity: Reported rape has been increasing steadily in the United States since at least the beginning of the 20th Century. It has increased by more than 100 percent in the past two decades, while other kinds of crime—burglary, robbery, assault—have declined. But no one knows how many rapes are committed each year, and the fact that more and more are *reported* may be a hopeful sign. Because the sad fact is that rape has not been especially risky to the rapist.

A study by the Criminal Justice Research Center of Albany, New York, of National Crime Survey data for 26 U.S. cities found in 1979 that "only slightly over half" of rapes and attempted rapes had been reported to the police. A University of Chicago study conducted in the mid-Sixties among 10,000 households found that the true forcible-rape rate was at least three and a half times the rate reported in the FBI's annual Uniform Crime Reports, which collects statistics from police departments throughout the United States. Other studies put the true rate even higher—at five and even 20 times the official rate. The official rate of reported rapes in the U.S. in 1979, the national average, was 34.5 rapes per 100,000 people; but the rate per 100,000 was 34 in Chicago, 43.1 in Baltimore, 44.5 in New York, 61.8 in Denver, 62.1 in Portland and 67.9, highest of all, in Atlanta. Those numbers don't necessarily mean that Chicago, Baltimore and New York are the safest cities in America. They probably mean that women who are raped in these cities don't think reporting their rapes to the police will accomplish anything, while women in Denver, Portland and Atlanta do.

That pessimism is well founded. Counting only officially recorded rapes nationwide (and therefore leaving out, at least, more than half), almost 50 percent are not cleared by arrest. Of the 50 percent of suspects arrested, about two thirds are prosecuted. Of this greatly diminished remainder, 40 percent are acquitted or dismissed, 13 percent are found guilty of a lesser offense and only 47 percent are found guilty as charged. Since women face harassment, embarrassing publicity and potential danger in reporting rapes, not many of their original reports are likely to be false. Rapists are hard to catch, and even when they're caught, rape is hard to prove: The evidence usually isn't strong.

The possibility that an increase in reported rapes means that more rapes are being uncovered rather than that more are being committed rests on one slim but monumental study. Titled "The Criminal Patterns of Boston Since 1849," it was published in 1967 by criminologist Theodore N. Ferdinand.

Ferdinand sifted through Boston's arrest records from 1849 to 1951, adding up and graphing police information on seven major crimes: murder, manslaughter, forcible rape, robbery, assault, burglary and larceny. *All but forcible rape showed a "distinct downward tendency."*

From a low of fewer than two per 100,000 in 1849, rape in Boston rose to a high of 13 per 100,000 in 1951. The increase wasn't regular. Rape declined, Ferdinand noted, during "major wars and severe depressions." He explained the decline during major wars simply: Young men, potential rapists, had been absorbed into the military and removed from home. The decline during severe depressions wasn't so simply explained. Ferdinand speculated that economic problems are psychologically depressing, and other researchers have reported a dramatic increase in impotence among men out of work in hard times. In fact, and curiously, the national rape rate has varied directly with the national index of business activity—the more prosperity, the more reported rape.

Although the rate of reported rape tended steadily upward throughout the 102 years of Ferdinand's study, the increase accelerated after 1906. One reason for the acceleration, he thought, was the introduction of the automobile. "As young couples found it easier to seclude themselves from the gaze of society," he wrote, "the incidence of every type of illicit sexual activity increased, including those based on force."

But the persistent upward tendency in reported rape in Boston may represent another and more pervasive phenomenon. It may reflect, Ferdinand concluded, "a gradual expansion of the middle class in the social structure of Boston and the accompanying rise in the status of women. As a greater proportion of the population came to adhere to a middle-class style of life, the likelihood that a rape would be brought to the attention of police and the offender arrested probably also increased." There is every reason to believe that what happened in Boston has happened in other U.S. cities and continues happening today. Atlanta, Portland and Denver are predominantly middle-class cities; Baltimore, New York and Chicago—in their run-down inner areas—are not.

Bizarrest of oddities is the act of rape itself. A crude, ugly, clumsy parody of seduction, lust compounded with violence and moral sadism, it would unnerve most men to the point of impotence. Predictably, it unnerves many rapists: Fewer than half of reported rapes culminate in ejaculation. A considerable number of rapists can't even manage erection, though they are almost always physically healthy young men.

Since most rapes aren't reported, it's impossible to reconstruct an "average" or prototypical rapist. What can be reconstructed is a portrait of a prototypical *convicted* rapist. He's probably under 25 years of age and he's likely to be between 15 and 19, with acne. He is almost as likely to be black as white (47 percent *vs.* 51 percent). He is probably of shorter than average height. He is as likely to be single as married. He is almost certain to be poor and to live in the inner city. He may be dumb, average, smart or anywhere between. He is almost never psychotic. He is almost never a

*(continued on page 172)*

*"All I've got is a twenty. How about if I blow you for the difference?"*

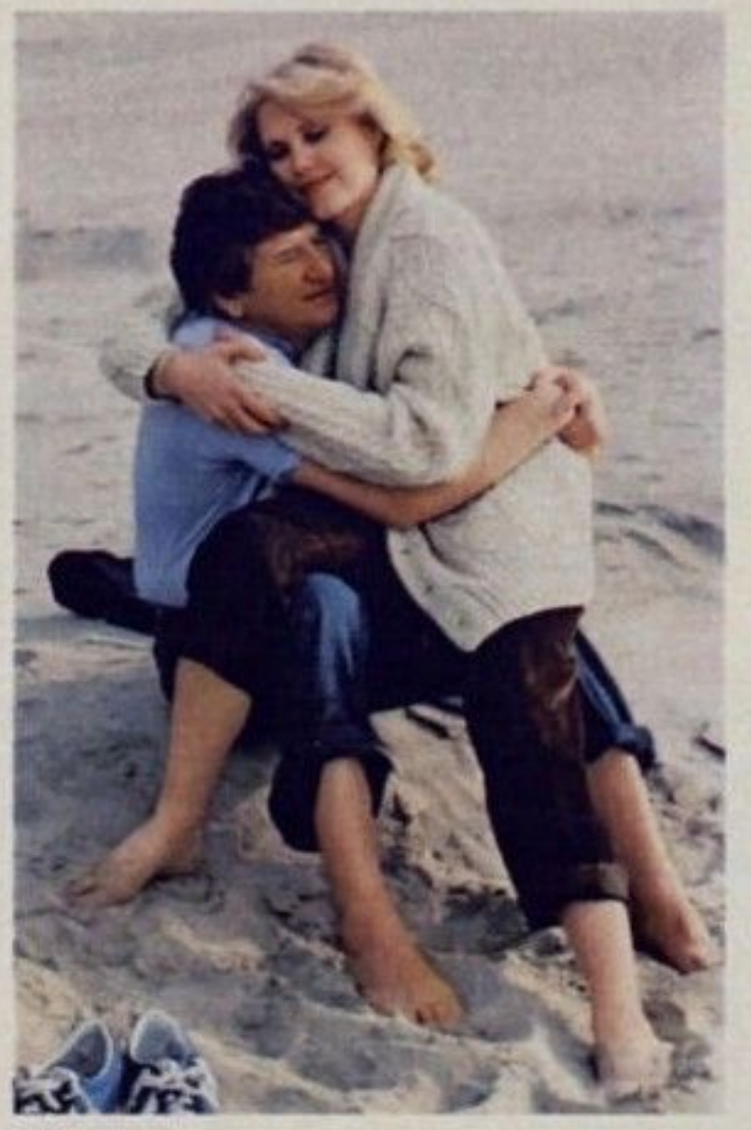
*article By* RITA JENRETTE
*with* KATHLEEN MAXA

# The Liberation of a Congressional Wife

*since the abscam scandal derailed her husband's political career and her marriage headed for the rocks, rita jenrette has emerged with a mission of her own*

I NEVER looked like a Congressman's wife. Instead of wearing tailored gabardine suits and sensible pumps, I favored silky—some said clinging—dresses and high-heeled boots. I preferred mink to camel's hair. My blonde hair had never been shaped into one of those sculptured coiffures favored by well-turned-out Washington matrons. At the Congressional wives' luncheon for Mrs. Anwar Sadat, I was the only one in a gypsy outfit.

Five years ago, when I married John Wilson Jenrette, Democratic Congressman from South Carolina, I was 26, closer in age to his junior staffers than to the wives of his colleagues. As a result, I was often mistaken for his mistress or his secretary at political gatherings we attended together. Once, at a Capitol Hill reception honoring nurses attending a convention, a nurse pressed her hotel key into John's hand, apparently oblivious of me standing at his side. "You're the best-looking thing I've seen all day," she told my husband. And Strom Thurmond, the senior Senator from John's home state, never did bother to learn my name. Meeting me, he'd turn to my husband and say, "Well, John, every time I see you, you're with a pretty little blonde."



I didn't fit the small-town Southern definition of a political wife any better. One well-meaning Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, matron took me aside shortly after I married John to advise me: "Now that you're a Congressman's wife, you have to look like one." Partly out of insecurity, partly out of curiosity, I submitted to her make-over. That night, I made my political debut in the Sixth Congressional District looking like a stand-in for Laverne or Shirley, with a beehive hairdo and Cleopatra-style eye make-up. Rather than offend the woman, I grinned and bore it.

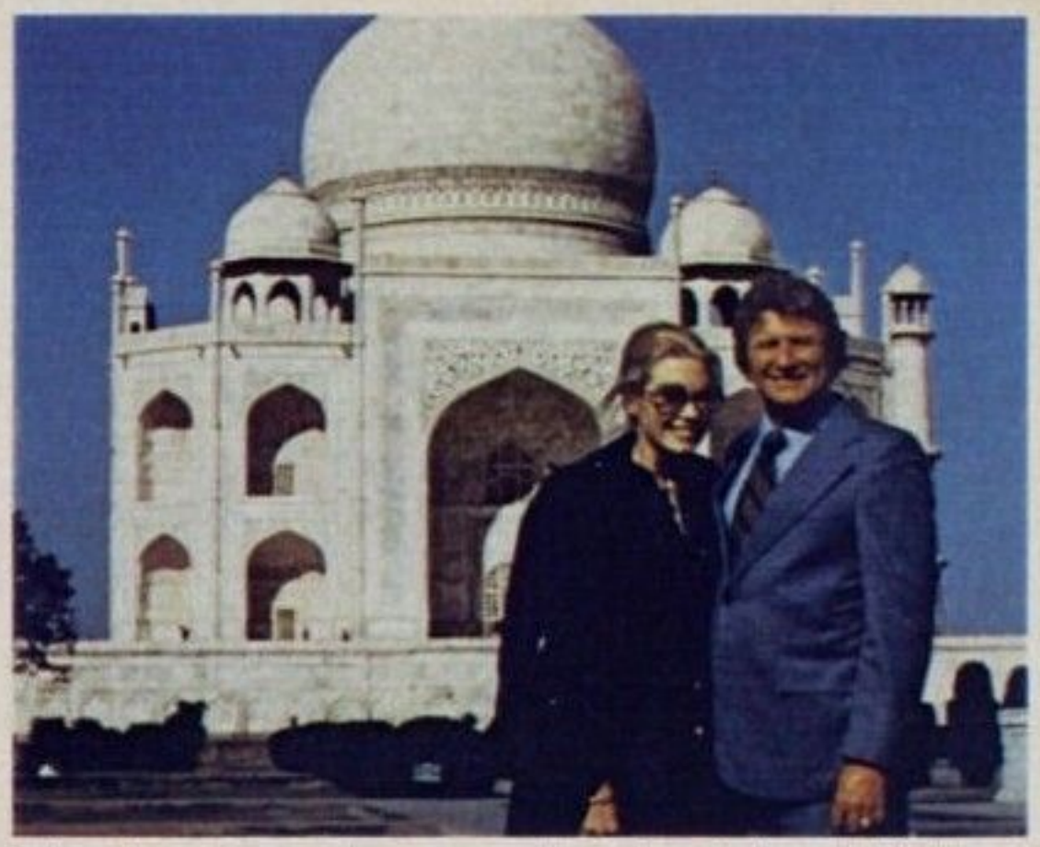
Now, as I look back on my life as Mrs. Congressman Jenrette, I realize that long before my husband was convicted of bribery and conspiracy last October in an ABSCAM case, I had, by Washington political standards, already been found guilty of an equally serious offense: not fitting in.

At first, I desperately wanted to be accepted. But I failed to appreciate the fact that appearances are everything in Washington. I was naïve enough, or stubborn enough, to think I could wear my gypsy outfit, speak frankly and still win out over my detractors. Too flashy, too blonde, too outspoken, they said. I was ten points

When the photo above was taken on a California beach the day after John Jenrette's resignation from Congress, Rita still believed she could save their marriage. The couple has since separated and she's seeking an independent career.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR/PRODUCED BY JEFF COHEN



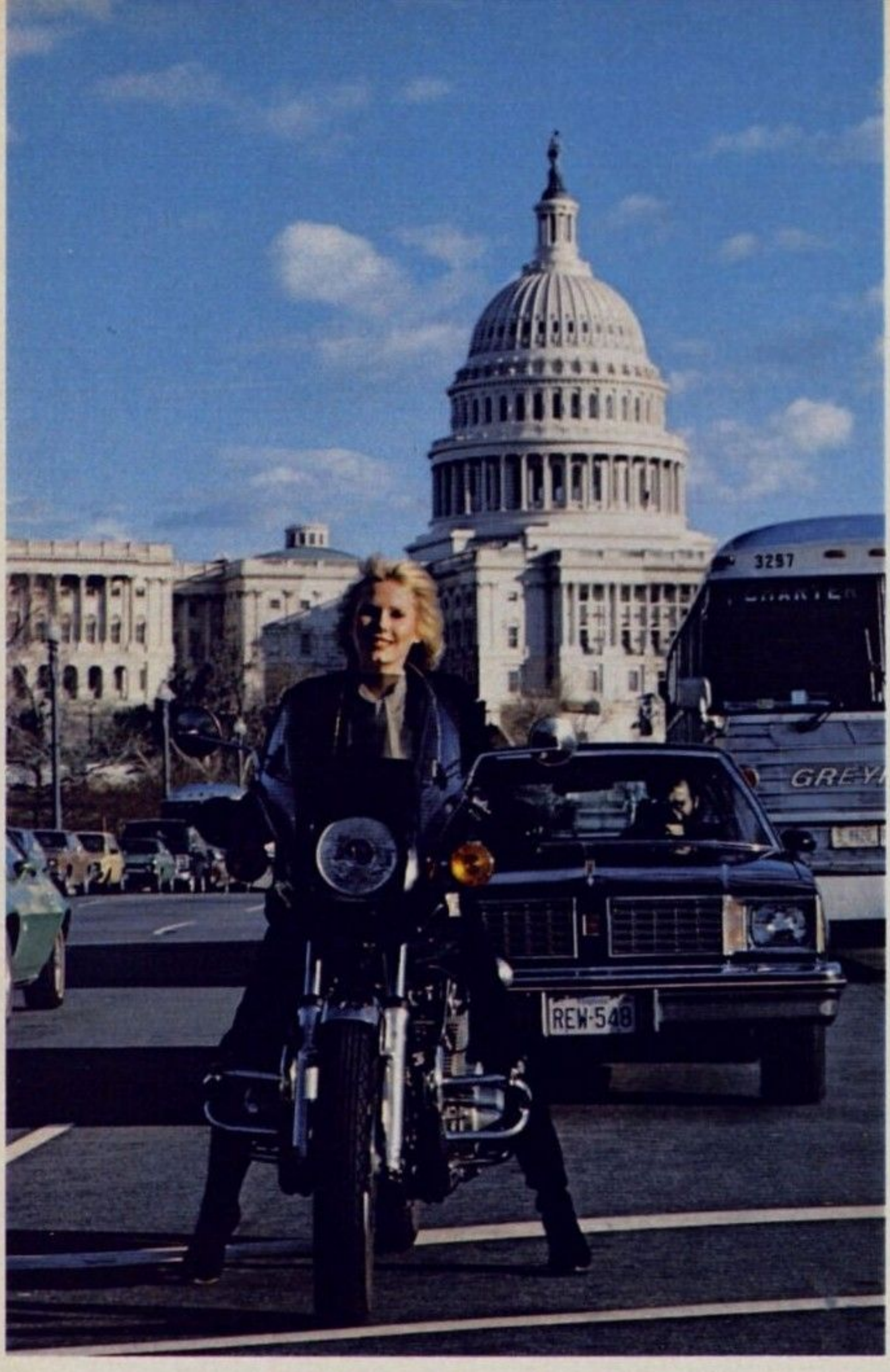
In September 1979, John and Rita Jenrette renewed their vows in Charleston after three years of marriage (above left). The Taj Mahal (above right) provides a backdrop for a snapshot taken of the couple on a 1978 Congressional junket to India.

Aboard Air Force One during a 1978 campaign swing around South Carolina, Rita gets a hand (and subsequently an autograph) from a then-smiling, then-President Jimmy Carter.

Her impromptu appearance on Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow* show was far from Rita's singing debut; she performed at a 1979 Kennedy Center benefit with Bob Hope (above left). At right above, Rosalynn Carter welcomes Rita to a White House luncheon.

down before I even knew it. For five years, though, I gave it my best shot. I shook hands in the Bi-Lo shopping-center parking lot, hit tennis balls during American Cancer Society benefits, helped write my husband's speeches, licked fund-raising envelopes and attended Rotary Club testimonials, greased-pig contests and church suppers. And I struggled to keep his career together as his drinking grew worse, even as some of his political supporters gossiped that I was a gold digger who had married John for his position.

Then, in February 1980, ABSCAM hit. I recalled a passage I'd read in Myra MacPherson's book about political marriages, *The Power Lovers*: "If these political wives are to have any defenders, it is up to them to show that they are fed up with the confinement and hypocrisy of their second-class roles." With John's political fortunes plummeting as his trial dragged into



Freewheeling at last, Rita Jenrette bikes down Pennsylvania Avenue (above). "My heart was never in rolling Red Cross bandages or going to teas with other Congressional wives," she admits. At right, Rita with her Mercedes; she may keep the car, but she'll have to change the plates.

his re-election campaign, I felt I had little to lose by accepting that challenge. After his conviction and election defeat last November, I decided to hell with the critics who considered prestige adequate compensation for lonely nights, forced social relationships and the pressure of life in a fish bowl. After all, I reasoned, if you are living a public life and you don't speak out openly and honestly, then what have you lived for?

But I wasn't prepared for the firestorm that resulted from the article I wrote, "Diary of a Mad Congresswife," which appeared in *The Washington Post Magazine* and in other newspapers around the country last December.

In South Carolina, Rita Jenrette suddenly became Public Enemy Number One. My deprecation became a thriving cottage industry. One woman, I'm told, bought up all 20 copies of *The Washington Post* that Sunday in Myrtle Beach and scalped them for $20 each. RITA AND JOHN WHO? bumper stickers appeared throughout Horry County, and *Ode to Rita*, a country-and-western song recorded by a local disc jockey, made the play list of WNMB. "You think you're so pretty and you think you've got so much class," the lyrics said, "but, Rita, you ain't nothing but a pain in the——"

The Darlington Moose Lodge, one of whose meetings I had described in the article, took umbrage at my account of the members' parading

"I've always followed my own instincts," Rita says. "I know there will be people critical of my posing for PLAYBOY, but I figure that's their problem."

around the room with antlers on their heads and revoked my honorary Moosette status. A letter from one Moose scolded me for failing to mention the organization's other distinctions, such as Moosehaven, a Florida retirement home for old bucks. "Give the Moose a break," he wrote.

And a few Myrtle Beach husbands found they had some explaining to do after my description of Sandy Island, a weekend retreat for local businessmen. I described it as "a refuge for some men who would pack their tackle boxes or rifles, tell their wives they were going off for a little hunting or fishing and shack up with their girlfriends in one of the dirty, unheated cabins." The former mayor of North Myrtle Beach, a Sandy Island property owner, told a local newspaper, "We in Horry County are right proud of our unheated shacks there."

After reading my account of my husband's womanizing and drinking, some men accused me of taking cheap shots. Many women, on the other hand, applauded and offered their support. "It took a lot of guts to tell it like it is," wrote the wife of an Army colonel who has been married 30 years. "Marriage has a lot of ups and downs and I think you are great to hang in there."

A few critics implied that I was acting out of vengeance or a need for money. One friend of John's who owes us $55,000 told a newspaper reporter that if we needed money so badly, we could

"The last few months have not been easy," Rita told PLAYBOY this January in what may prove to be the understatement of the year. "But I've learned to dodge the darts." Now her eyes are fixed firmly on what she hopes will be a happier future.

have come to him. During the trial, we had, but he said he couldn't repay the overdue loan then.

While a Myrtle Beach radio station asked listeners whom I would blow the whistle on next, some Washington politicians were apparently asking themselves the same question. Perhaps worried that he might be next, an old Congressional pal of John's with a few skeletons in his closet sprang to offer his help in John's battle against expulsion by the House of Representatives. I wondered where he had been during John's trial and reelection campaign. An aide to a powerful House committee chairman, who had been peripherally involved in ABSCAM, circulated the rumor that I had a serious drinking problem. Others wondered—usually within earshot of reporters—whether my recollections were the ravings of a madwoman. I appreciated their concern.

But it was not my intent to be vindictive or to send anyone scurrying for cover. I did not, for example, mention in my *Post* story the governor who barged in on me in the shower when John and I were guests in his house. I didn't write about the politician who kept a mistress on his payroll *(text continued on page 200)*

# ZUCKERMAN UNBOUND

*coldhearted betrayer of*
*confessions and women,*
*cutthroat caricaturist*
*of your own mother—*
*zuckerman, you're looking*
*for bad trouble*

ALTHOUGH HIS NEW NUMBER was unlisted, Zuckerman paid a service $30 a month to answer for him and find out who was calling. "How's our gorgeous writer?" asked Rochelle, when later that evening he phoned for the day's messages. She was the manager of the service and treated customers she'd never laid eyes on like old friends. "When are you going to drop around and give the girls a thrill?" Zuckerman replied that he gave them enough thrills when they listened in on his line. Good-natured banter, yet he also believed it was true. But better their eavesdropping than his having to fend off the unlikely people who seemed to have no trouble getting his unlisted number. There was supposed to be an outfit supplying the unlisted numbers of celebrities for 25 bucks a great name. Could even be in cahoots with his answering service. Could even be his answering service.

"The Rollmops King called. He's gone on you, hon. You're the Jewish Charles Dickens. Those were his words. You've hurt his feelings, Mr. Zuckerman, by not calling back." The Rollmops King thought Zuckerman should endorse appetizer snacks on a television commercial—an actress could play Mrs.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARCIA MARX

*fiction*

# By PHILIP ROTH

author of *Portnoy's Complaint*

Zuckerman if his own mother were unavailable for the job. "I can't help him out. Next message." "But you like herring—it's in the book." "Everybody likes herring, Rochelle." "Why not do it, then?" "Next message." "The Italian. Twice in the morning, twice in the afternoon." If Zuckerman did not grant him an interview, the Italian, a Rome journalist, was going to be out of a job. "Do you think that's true, doll?" "I hope so." "He says he doesn't understand why you should treat him like this. He got very emotional when I told him I was only the service. You know what I'm afraid of? That he is going to make it up, a personal interview with Nathan Zuckerman, and they'll pass it off in Rome as the real thing." "Is that something he suggested as a possibility?" "He suggested a lot of possibilities. You know when an Italian gets going." "Anyone else ring?" "He left a question, Mr. Zuckerman. One question." "I've answered my last question. Who else?"

Laura's was the name he was waiting for.

"Melanie. Three times." "No last name?" "No. Just tell him Melanie collect from Rhode Island. He'll know." "It's a big state— *(continued on page 242)*

# CHEERY BOMBS!

*drink* By EMANUEL GREENBERG

*here's high-proof positive that the latest cocktail-hour kick—potent mixed drinks and explosive liqueurs—is definitely lifting america's spirits*

CURRENT WISDOM has it that taste trends in the United States are toward the light and laid back—and there definitely are such manifestations. But blandness is by no means the whole story; witness the drift to lusty imported beers, spicy Oriental fare and, particularly, the enthusiastic introduction of a 114-proof bourbon, Old Grand Dad Special Selection. That's 14 points above the bonded stuff—and other high-proof liquors are also thriving. As it happens, there's good reason for the allure of these well-endowed spirits, beyond their intrinsic appeal.

Innovative bartenders have wily ways of robing standard mixes with excitement. Such stratagems as adding a soupçon of Scotch to a martini or a nip of triple sec to a gimlet and sweetening a sour with honey instead of sugar are no longer secrets—at least not to seasoned stick men.

But using extra-high-proof spirits to build authority and intrigue into spiritous offerings is something else. One thing you *can* be sure of; it's not a matter of loading a libation with alcohol to get a belt. Often as not, only a modicum of superproof is wanted—a half ounce or so in the drink or floated on the surface—to heighten the aroma and accent the flavor. In fact, the singular characteristics shared by virtually all high-spirited bottlings are verve and intensity, not impact.

The explanation is simple. High-proof liquor is whiskier whiskey or, if you prefer, rummier rum. Most of us have developed a taste for more muted potions, but if you long for extra snap, crackle and pop, case the roster of high-proof liquors at a neighborhood package store. The array should offer variety and versatility, encompassing almost every spirit type.

Bourbons are the most available, with a slew of 100-proof bonded bottlings, plus Wild Turkey, Old Ezra, Eagle Rare and Maker's Mark all at 101 proof, Old Weller at 107 proof and the Old Grand Dad Special Selection bourbon weighing in at that hefty 114 "barrel proof."

Among liqueurs, the venerable green Chartreuse goes 110 proof, Escorial Green is 112 proof, Southern Comfort, Yukon Jack, green Vielle Cure, Izarra and Rumple Minze (a peppermint schnapps) are precisely 100 proof. There are also high-proof Puerto Rican, Virgin Islands, Jamaican and Demerara rums, assorted fruit brandies—including bonded American applejack—plus Scotch, gin, vodka, corn whiskey, tequila, a clutch of Chinese specialties and grain spirits—the last at a stunning 190 proof!

Are you playing with liquid fire? Certainly not when you pour 100- and 101-proof brands, provided you remember they deliver a 25 percent greater charge than 80-proof lacings. As for the superproof offerings, you want to measure them as precisely as you would nitroglycerin and calculate your intake in terms of proof

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

rather than ounces. Even the liqueurs should not be taken neat; and if poured over rocks, let them ice down for a bit before sipping. The high proofs are also likely candidates for quantity preparation, since they can be cut with considerably more mixer and still retain character. One bottle of 151-proof rum, such as Ronrico Purple, is comparable to two bottles of 80-proof in the punch bowl.

Add the zing of high-powered potables to your arsenal of mixed drinks, starting with the combinations given below. You'll find they definitely make for an explosive evening.

CHERRY BOMB

1¼ ozs. 101-proof bourbon
¾ oz. cherry-flavored brandy or cherry liqueur
2 dashes frothing mixture
Lemon-peel twist
Cherry garnish

Combine all ingredients except garnish in shaker with cracked ice. Shake briskly, to chill. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Add cherry and serve.

CHINESE FIRECRACKER

The house drink of Lotus Eaters Fifth, one of Manhattan's great neighborhood Chinese restaurants.

1½ ozs. Kweichou Moutai or 100-proof vodka
3 ozs. cranberry-apple cocktail
2 teaspoons sweetened lime juice (such as Rose's)
½ slice orange
Float: Ng Ka Pay

Place ice cubes in wineglass. Pour in Moutai, cranberry-apple and lime juice. Stir very well. Add orange slice; float Ng Ka Pay and serve.

*To float liquor:* Place tip of teaspoon against side of glass, just at liquid level. Hold spoon hollow side down and at a slight angle. Pour liquor over back of spoon, filming drink with Ng Ka Pay.

JOHN BRUNO'S TORPEDO

John Bruno, the bearded eminence at New York's Pen & Pencil Restaurant, has a zany sense of humor and a knack with drinks. The potion given below illustrates both talents.

2 ozs. Southern Comfort
Orange-peel strip
Float: single malt or other high-proof Scotch

Pack lowball or roly-poly glass with finely crushed ice. Add Southern Comfort. Twist peel and drop into glass, poking it under ice. Plant short straws in drink. Carefully float whisky and serve.

K-2

A dandy, from Harry's New York Bar in Paris. Andy MacElhone, Harry's proprietor, uses Verveine du Velay liqueur, not available here. He suggests Escorial or Chartreuse as acceptable substitutes.

1 oz. 100-proof vodka, chilled
½ oz. green Chartreuse or Escorial Green, chilled
½ oz. lemon juice

Keep spirits in freezer so they attain syrupy consistency. Shake all ingredients briskly with cracked ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or saucer champagne glass. MacElhone says no garnish is needed.

MIGHTY MAI TAI

1 oz. white rum
1 oz. gold rum
¾ oz. lime juice
2 teaspoons orgeat syrup
¼ oz. curaçao
Cherry, pineapple cube
Rum float: Cruzan Clipper, Appleton White Overproof or Ronrico 151-proof rum

Shake first five ingredients briskly with ice. Strain into old fashioned glass, over fresh ice. Add fruit to glass. Float high-proof rum and serve.

322 JULEP

1 oz. 101-proof bourbon
1 oz. Old Weller 107-proof bourbon
5 to 6 small mint sprigs, trimmed
2 teaspoons superfine sugar, or to taste
2 dashes bitters
Soda
½ oz. peach liqueur
Float: Old Grand Dad Special Selection
Garnish: 1 perfect mint sprig

Prechill large glass tumbler or silver mug. To bar glass, add small mint sprigs, sugar, bitters and nip soda. Muddle gently for several minutes. Pack prechilled tumbler with crushed ice. Strain in mixture from bar glass. Add bourbons (except float) and peach liqueur. Jiggle long bar spoon up and down in glass, to mix contents and frost glass. Plant straws in glass. Float Old Grand Dad Special Selection, carefully. Top with perfect mint sprig and serve.

BLOCKBUSTER

2 ozs. Yukon Jack
2 ozs. cream of coconut
2 ozs. pineapple juice, chilled
1 fresh pineapple cube (optional)
½ cup crushed ice
Mint sprig (optional)

Combine all ingredients except mint in chilled blender container. Buzz until almost smooth. Pour into prechilled collins glass. Pop mint on top and serve.

GREEN LIZARD

1 oz. green Chartreuse
¼ oz. 151-proof rum

Pour Chartreuse into tall, slender cordial glass. Float rum and serve.

*Note:* Reflections Restaurant, La Canada, California, flames a similar drink and calls it the Flaming Hooker.

SHORT FUSE

2 ozs. 100- or 101-proof tequila
½ oz. apricot liqueur
2 teaspoons maraschino-cherry juice
¾ oz. fresh lime juice
3 ozs. grapefruit juice
½ slice orange
Cherry

Pour all ingredients except fruit over ice in tall glass. Stir well. Add fruit garnish and serve.

ZAPPLE

2 ozs. 100-proof bonded applejack
3 ozs. apple juice
1 teaspoon grenadine
Lemon slice
Apple wedge, with skin
Cinnamon

Pour applejack, apple juice and grenadine over ice in tall glass; stir well. Add fruit; sprinkle lightly with cinnamon.

ZOMBIE PUNCH
(*Serves 12*)

This quantity makes four individual zombies. As a punch, however, served in small cups or juice glasses, it makes 12 very respectable portions.

4 ozs. Puerto Rican rum
4 ozs. Virgin Islands rum
4 ozs. Jamaican rum
2 ozs. Demerara 151-proof rum
4 ozs. curaçao
½ cup lemon juice
¾ cup orange juice
2 ozs. grenadine
2 ozs. Falernum or sugar syrup
Fruit garnish

Combine all ingredients except fruit and pour over block of ice or cubes in 2-quart punch bowl. Let it ice down well; this potion can stand dilution. Add lemon and orange slices or any fresh fruit in season.

SALUTE

1½ ozs. Jeremiah Weed bourbon liqueur (100 proof)
¾ oz. dry vermouth
2 dashes frothing mixture
Orange-peel twist

In shaker with cracked ice, combine bourbon liqueur, vermouth and frothing mixture. Shake briskly. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Twist orange peel over glass and drop in.

Now that you know the secret ingredients in these power-packed drinks, why not toss a few cheery bombs to your friends? After all, the high proof of the concoction is in the tasting.

*"I can remember when I drove dragons crazy."*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

*Our Miss April, Lorraine Michaels, helps Playmate candidate Cathy St. George fill out a data sheet at our West Coast photo studio, where her duties involve greeting visitors and would-be gatefold girls. "I tell them to have confidence. Look at the magazine. Each and every gatefold is different. Every girl has the opportunity to be chosen for Playmate, if she is special." Right on, Lorraine.*

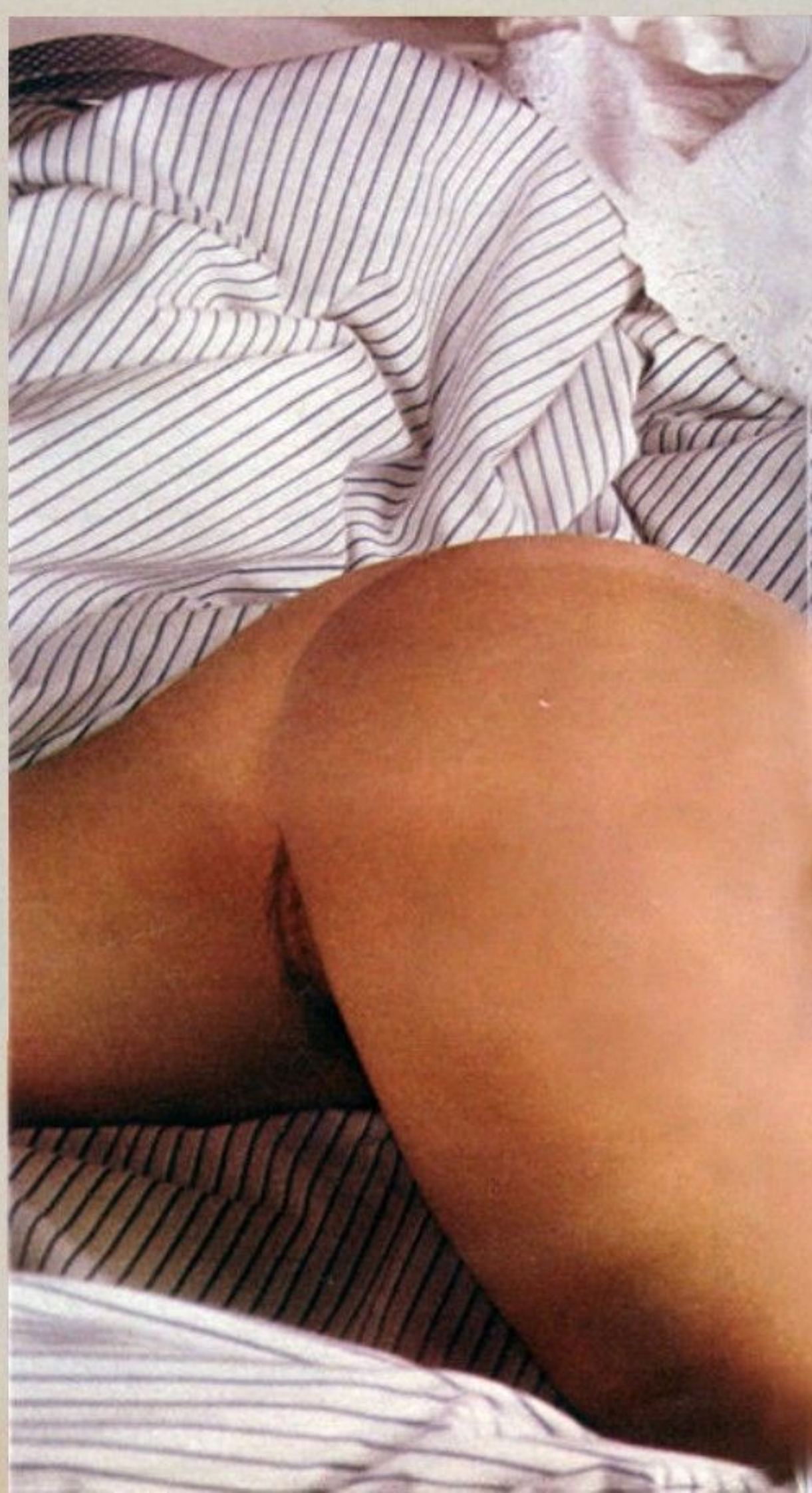
# SANE LORRAINE

*there's something special about this woman's fine frenzy*

WE WERE SITTING at a hockey game in the L.A. Forum with our April Playmate. We were watching the scoreboard. It looked like the mother ship in *Close Encounters*, a four-sided array of lights that flashed out scores, shots on goal and occasional greetings. The beast had just spelled out a Kings Forum welcome to Insane Lorraine. Insane is Lorraine Michaels, alias Miss April. Outrageous. Lorraine is a loyal fan of the L.A. Kings, and for a good reason. She plays a real-life version of the Jill Clayburgh role in *Semi-Tough*,

*"I wanted to list making love in the rain on my data sheet, under turn-ons. I've done it. It's fun, all right. But then I wondered, Would anyone believe me?"*

*"I notice that Playmates usually say something about sex. What do you want to know? Do I like it? Well, I had last summer off. I live on the beach, and I didn't even get a suntan. That should tell you something."*



sharing an apartment with her boyfriend, Glenn Goldup, and Charlie Simmer, two members of the Kings. "Their idea of shopping is to come back with necessities—beer and toilet paper. If I weren't there, they'd starve." At every home game, you'll find Lorraine in the "rude" seats, a section occupied by season-ticket holders who like to provide an impassioned, sometimes profane commentary to the action on the ice. The night we met Lorraine, she was sitting with Goldup's six-year-old daughter. When a member of the Pitts-

 burgh Penguins tried to graft his forearm to Simmer's throat,

Lorraine began to get angry. As the referee ignored the foul, her Irish temper began to flare. When Simmer tried to correct the situation with a swift uppercut, the referee woke up—to give Lorraine's roommate a penalty. Too much. Lorraine covered her young companion's ears and joined the crowd in a chant: "Bullshit! Bullshit!" Outrageous. We could see how she got her nickname. "I've had it for years. I'm a scrapper. I'll do just about anything to boost someone's spirits. When *(text concluded on page 222)*

*Lorraine, a rabid Kings fan, occasionally takes to the ice with Charlie Simmer, Glenn Goldup and Doug Halward (above left), or just the latter pair (above).*

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS APRIL

Louaine Michaels

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lorraine Michaels

BUST: 35 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'3 WEIGHT: 103 SIGN: Aquarius

BIRTH DATE: 1/23/58 BIRTHPLACE: Canterbury, Kent, England

AMBITIONS: To always have a smile on my face and in my heart.

TURN-ONS: My family, life, Privacy and honest, consistent people.

TURN-OFFS: Taking down the Christmas tree, fingerprints on windows & Phone Bills.

FAVORITE ACTOR: Warren Beatty, Burt Reynolds & Tom Selleck

FAVORITE BOOKS: By Myself, Illusions & Merchant of Venice

FAVORITE SPORTS: Hockey, Football, Tennis & Golf.

DESCRIBE YOUR AVERAGE DAY: Breakfast, Running 2-3 miles, Rollerskating, acting classes, Singing in the afternoons & good food with friends.

DESCRIBE YOUR IDEAL EVENING: Good conversation & good food with those closest to me.

My FIRST Fuzzy Toy. Age 1½

A True Business Woman. Age 5

Bathing Beauty. Age 8

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A sex-survey pollster telephoned one of the volunteer couples. "I'm afraid there's a discrepancy in the data supplied by you and your husband," he explained when the wife answered. "Under Frequency of Intercourse, he listed 'Twice weekly,' while you put down 'A number of times nightly during most of the week.' "

"That's correct," confirmed the woman, "but it's a temporary situation—only until we have the down payment for a house."

Certain young female city employees in one metropolis have dyed their hair and are moonlighting as callgirls. And since they don't stick the John for the cost of getting to his place, they've come to be known as taxi-free municipal blondes.

I've taken so many cold showers to fight temptation," the priest told the psychiatrist, "that every time it rains, I get an erection."

*What with female Marines, Sergeant Trilling*
*Finds his life in the Corps more fulfilling.*
*In the daytime, his skill*
*Is in close-order drill,*
*While at night, it's in close-ardor drilling!*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *whacking off* as a glans slam.

There's a new tooth paste for post-oral-orgy use. It's called DecaDent.

Where'd you first make it with a musician, Lori?" one groupie asked another.

"Oh, wow, it was against the alley wall of Fillmore West," Lori replied, her eyes misting over with nostalgia, "between a hard and a rock place!"

The emperor has, frankly, been disporting himself so freely with the captured enemy women that the royal organ is quite sensitive," the Lord Chamberlain told the paramount royal mistress, "so please don't squeeze the Charlemagne."

Three babies in the playpen at an all-conveniences supermarket were exchanging views on food. "My mommy keeps buying those mucky strained vegetables I hate," announced the first one.

"And mine's starting to feed me that yecchy lumpy cereal," said the second.

"You jokers don't have a thing you can really complain about," chimed in the third infant disdainfully. "How would you like to be waked up at three o'clock in the morning to suck on a cold tit that tastes like a stale cigar?"

*Said a noonlighting housewife in Goshen:*
*"There are service-club guys with a notion!*
*When the luncheon is through,*
*And I'm game for a screw,*
*What I like is a Rotary motion!"*

With all due regard for your genteel upbringing," the M.D. told his blue-blooded patient, "it wouldn't be possible for me to perform a proper gynecological examination with you in the stirrups sidesaddle."

It was in a crockery warehouse that two homosexual stock boys were arrested by the vice-squad detective. One was giving the other his head on a platter.

Conceivably, you've heard about the inventive girl who somehow wired her personal vibrator to her bedside FM set and came up with the world's first radio alarm cock.

While it might be considered somewhat—er—shall we say *outré*," the physician told the inquiring husband, "I don't see any real harm resulting from your wife's night-creaming her genital area with the whipped edible variety."

"You don't see any harm resulting from it!" the man snorted in disbelief. "My God, doc—I'm already forty pounds overweight!"

*Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor,* PLAYBOY, *Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

*"Aren't you forgetting something?"*

IRS
IRS
S. HENDLER

# HOW TO OUTGUN THE I.R.S.

*take it from this former i.r.s. insider—the taxman isn't so tough that you can't give him a real run for your money*

*article* By PAUL STRASSELS

SO YOU WANT to outsmart the IRS—give it a run for *your* money for a change. Maybe you're just plain sick and tired of having your taxman tell you to sit down meekly and write out another tax check—a check that seems to be getting larger every year. You've had enough. Yet you're not quite ready to join the tax-protest movement. And you're definitely not willing to go to jail.

OK, I'll tell you up front: You've got a chance to win the game. As a matter of fact, a very good chance. You can outsmart the IRS without working up a sweat and keep most of the tax dollars you'd otherwise turn over to the Government.

How? Simply by being smarter than they are and not falling for the same old tricks they use every year to trap you into overpaying. Let me put it this way: It's you against them. True, they're good at what they do, but not *that* good. And they're certainly not nearly as good as they'd like you to think they are.

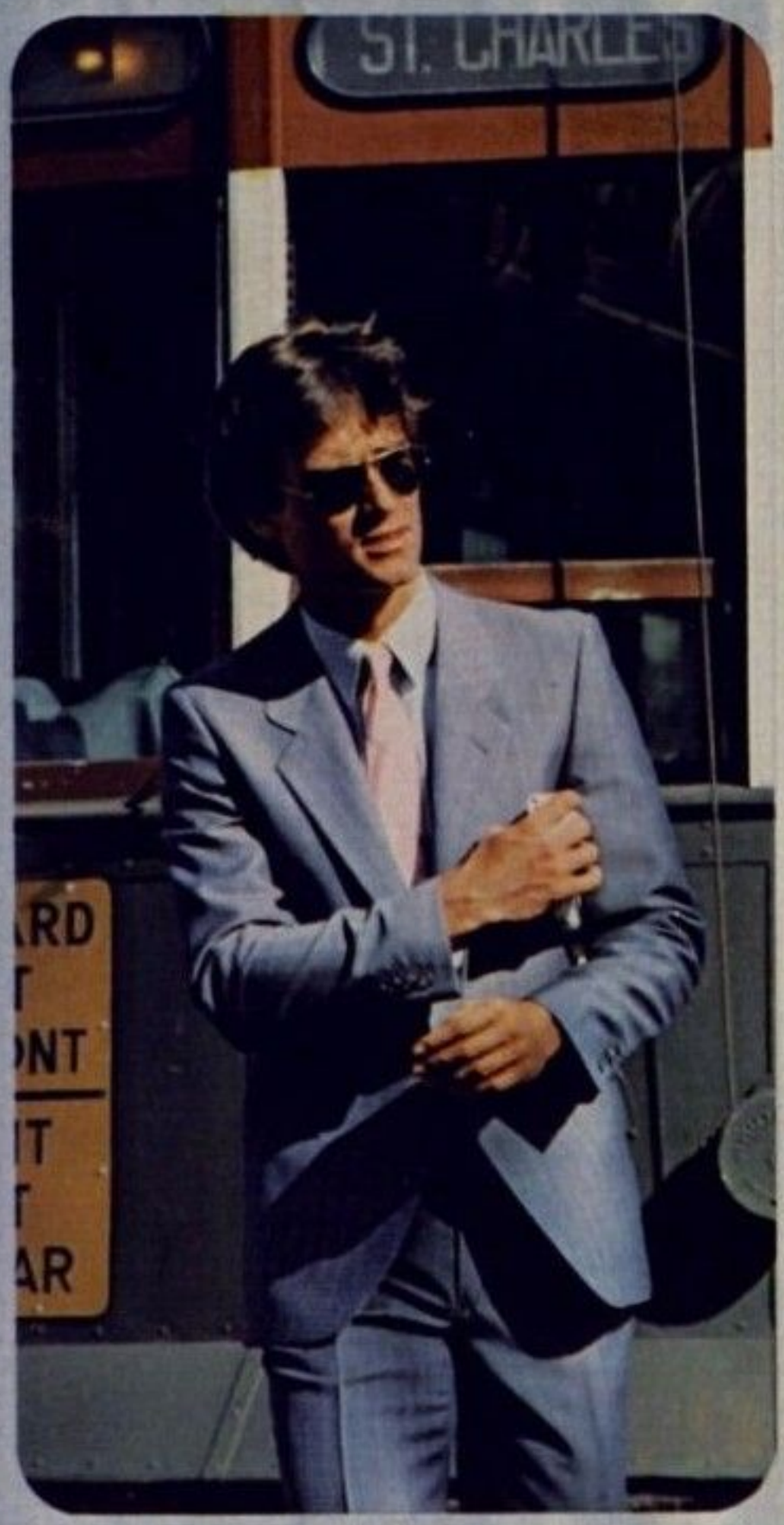
Let me sketch a portrait of the IRS we're up against. First of all, you're the enemy. That's how it views all taxpayers: liars, cheats, adversaries, foes. Taxes are *their* game. They're the pros and you're not. You're the inexperienced amateur. You have to play *(continued on page 154)*

# PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

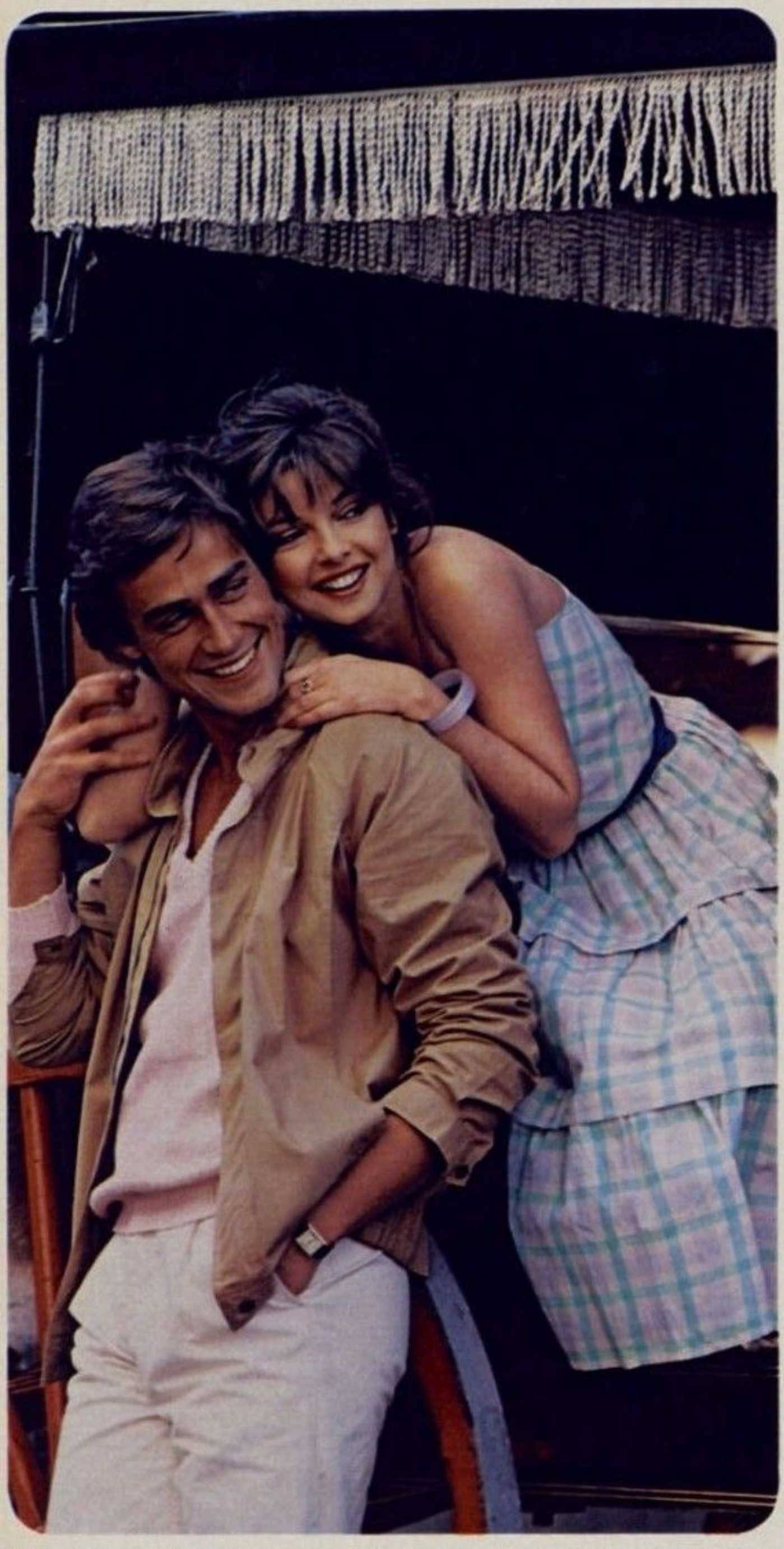
*come with us way down yonder to new orleans for a preview of the latest laid-back looks in menswear*

*attire* **By DAVID PLATT** THERE'S A TOUCH of a Southern accent in the warm-weather fashions for the months ahead. From the dressiest business-wear to the most casual sports garb, the colors, relaxed attitudes and, above all, the easy comfort speak with a soothing drawl. Colors range from soft earth tones to cool pastels. The cut of suits and sports jackets is away from the hard edges of recent years, reflecting a more laid-back, even romantic mood. Individuality is expressed in the way y'all put it together—adding an occasional surprise touch such as suspenders or a satin bow tie. Summertime's coming—and the clothes will definitely be easy to take.

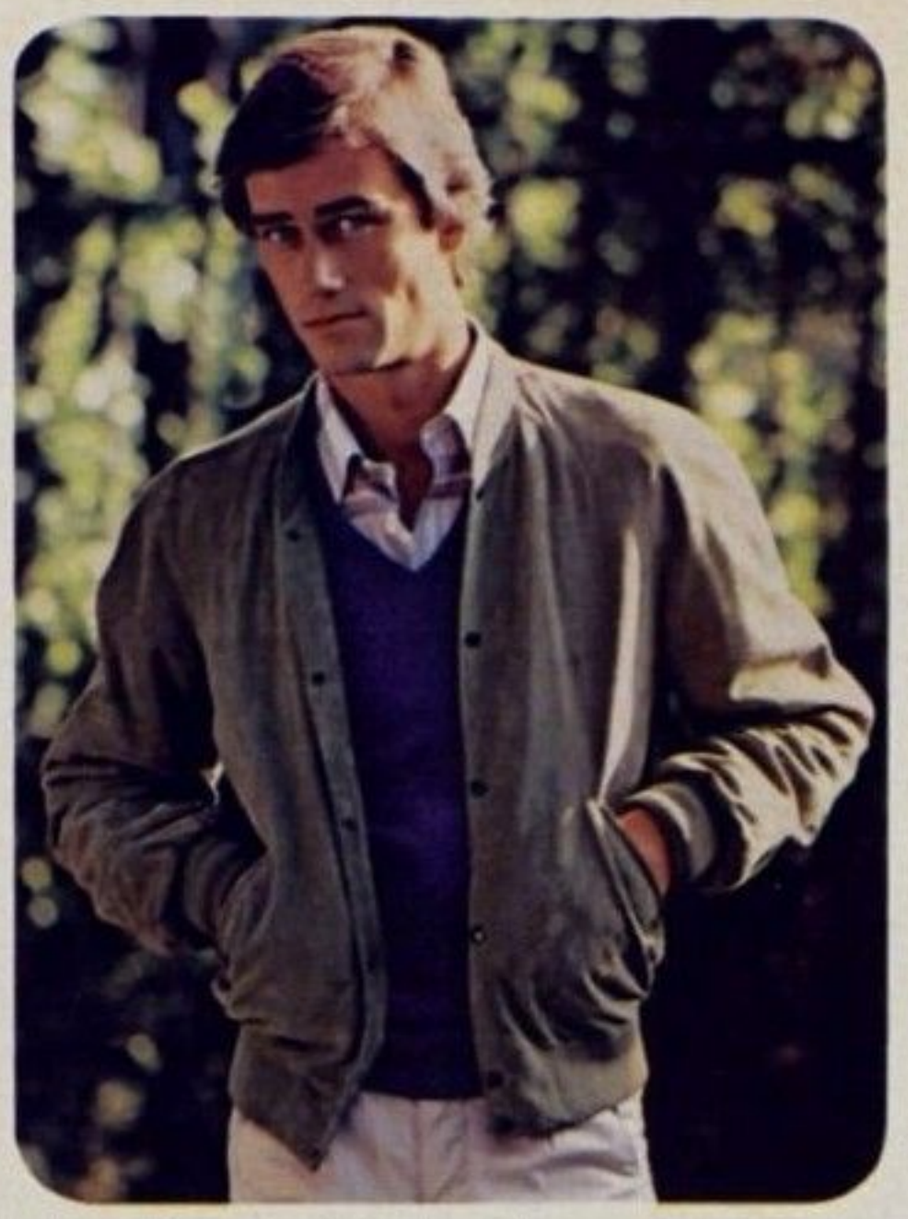
Left: Here's a romantic Vieux Carré balcony scene that would play in any city—especially with him in a muted-plaid linen jacket, by Giorgio Armani, $360; cotton slacks, by Alan Rosanes for Dakota, $60; a cotton shirt, by Nino Cerruti, about $25; and a patterned silk tie, by Beau Brummell Ties, about $15.




Above: The perfect warm-weather suit—a pinstripe in wool/mohair with notch lapels and padded shoulders, from Lee Wright by Lanerossi, about $285; plus a cotton shirt with medium collar, by Nino Cerruti, about $25; and a silk tie, by Hathaway, about $11.

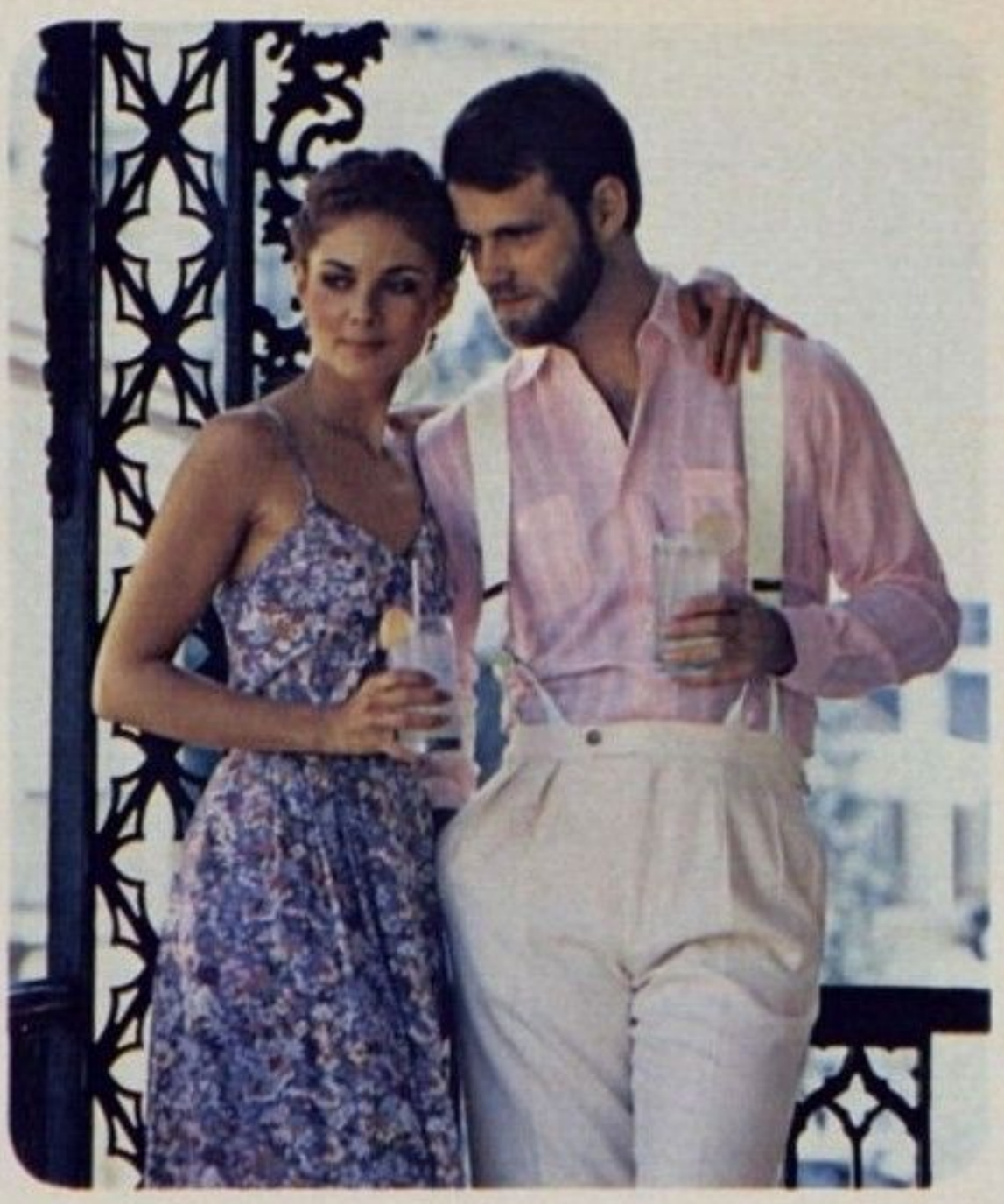


Above: We don't blame this young lady for wanting to snuggle up to his khaki cotton *blouson* jacket with snap cuffs, zip-front closure, elasticized waistband and a convertible hood, about $150, that's worn with a cotton knit V-neck pullover with rib trim, about $140, and cotton/linen double-pleated slacks with straight legs, about $135, all by Peter Barton's Closet. Right: A spring stroll in New Orleans' Garden District—or any district, for that matter—is easy to take when you're wearing a multicolor pinstriped silk/wool suit featuring notch lapels and besom pockets and pleated pants, by Hickey-Freeman, about $550; plus a cotton/polyester striped shirt with a medium-spread collar and adjustable button cuffs, by Egon Von Furstenberg, $33; and a cotton knit tie, by John Henry, about $10.



Above: The look of suede—a *blouson* jacket, by Huc of Sweden, $475; coupled with an Orlon/acrylic pullover, by Izod Lacoste, $28; plaid shirt, from Equipment by Henry Grethel, about $24; and polished-cotton slacks with an elasticized belt, by A. Smile, $32. Right: All that happy jazz goes well with a cotton jacket, by Country Britches, $150; striped pullover, by La Squadra, about $90; knit short-sleeved shirt, by Alexander Julian, about $32.50; and cotton slacks, by Modigliani for Gary E. Miller Associates, about $125.

ASST. LEADER
LEADER



Above left: This summer-weight acrylic sweater, by Geoffrey Beene for Chesa, about $40, looks great coupled with a pair of cotton Western-cut jeans, by Beene Jeans, about $40. Above right: Brace yourself, guys, suspenders are snapping back—as with this pair of white nylon ones, about $32.50, worn with a mesh striped shirt, about $42.50, and cotton/wool double-pleated slacks, about $85, all by Alan Flusser. Below: Our latest short story includes a pair of cotton twill shorts, from Equipment by Henry Grethel, about $25; a cotton pullover with a kangaroo pouch, by Merona Sport, $32; knee-high socks, by Wigwam Mills, $7.50; and (out of sight) nubuck suede shoes, by Sperry Top-Sider, $57. Opposite page: Morning *café au lait* and he's looking spiffy in a wool/silk/linen muted-stripe single-breasted jacket, about $300, wool crepe slacks, about $125, cotton poplin small-collared shirt, $60, and a satin bow tie, $15, all by Gil Truedsson for Tiger of Sweden.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE EWERT

# OUTGUN THE I.R.S. *(continued from page 147)*

*"You're the enemy. That's how the IRS views all taxpayers: liars, cheats, adversaries, foes."*

their game by *their* rules—rules they've been known to change to suit their needs.

There are 90,000 of them with space-age, sophisticated computers at their finger tips, and they're just waiting for you to send in your return. They assume you're a cheat. They can smell it. They have all the statistics. As a matter of fact, they think they know exactly where you fudge on your return and by how much. They think they know everything about you. At least that's what they want you to believe. They spend 2.3 billion dollars a year to keep you thinking their way.

How can we even begin to fight back against such an awesome machine? And even if we try, won't they send all of us to jail? I've got terrific news. It's all a myth. Now, don't feel bad if you've fallen for the same IRS propaganda every year. Most taxpayers have. That's how the IRS has been able to keep us in line, voluntarily paying more tax than we should—more than is required under the law. It works hard at sustaining its negative image.

Sure, there are 90,000 of them, but only 28,500 are auditors. The rest of them support the auditors, one way or another, in their battle against 90,000,000 individual taxpayers and their returns. All totaled, there are more than 140,000,000 returns of all types filed each year. Plus millions of refund checks. If you compare us with them, they're hopelessly outnumbered.

But what about their computers and audits? Again, reduce it to the bare bones. The IRS lets nearly 98 percent of all taxpayers' returns slide through each year scot-free. Say you earn between $15,000 and $50,000 a year. Those returns are audited less than three percent of the time. Earn more than $50,000? Still, your audit risk is a mere one in ten. That means nine out of ten returns filed by those in the highest income groups are not audited. What if you're one of the high rollers who have placed their money in tax-shelter investments hoping to cut their tax bill? I know the IRS has put out a lot of press recently telling you how it's cracking down on tax shelters, and you'd really better stay away from those "shady" deals if you know what's good for you. It's simply another scare tactic. Three out of four tax-shelter investors never hear from the IRS. In fact, the special IRS program developed to identify shelters for audit has been a failure. If people only knew how few returns were audited, more and more would accept the audit odds stacked so heavily in the taxpayers' favor, and play audit roulette.

What scares most people about the IRS is not the audit itself, just the *prospect* of one. Now, audits are not much fun. But if you ask those who've been through one or more, most will tell you it's not nearly as bad as the IRS would like you to think. Still, the IRS encourages those who've never been audited to be afraid of this unknown experience. That's part of its game plan.

Because it so carefully cultivates this feeling about audits, you'd think the IRS would like nothing better than to increase its audit coverage, keep a tax collector on every street corner. But, if the truth be known, audit coverage has dropped a bit each year for the past couple of years and will probably continue to drop in the future. It audits just over two percent of the individual returns filed, while noting it should audit six to eight percent for increased effectiveness. Yet the IRS has asked Congress for only enough money to beef up its audit staff by some 150–200 positions nationwide, while anticipating another drop in the number of returns it expects to audit this year. Where is it adding to its staff? In *collections*. It seems to be going after those it has already caught and who haven't yet paid all they owe. Those people serve as better examples of what the IRS can do to those it catches. The press reports on the IRS' power tend to keep people in a state of fear, more obedient to the IRS' way of thinking. As for new victims/taxpayers, the agency is continuing to rely on its present audit-selection systems.

You should take the offensive when it comes to your taxes. The IRS is not the all-knowing, all-powerful Big Brother it would like us to think.

*There is absolutely no reason to fear the IRS.* None at all. That is unless you've committed fraud or done something equally foolish. For the taxpayer who tries to do an honest job of reporting to IRS each year, for you and me, there's no reason to fear the IRS.

### OUTSMART THEM WHERE THEY LIVE

This is the important first step. Before you start the return-preparation process, look over your taxes. Get an over-all feeling of where you stand. Check out all the items of income, your deductions, tax credits, exemptions. Think about any problem areas. Now go to the forms. Two sets. Fill the first out as if you had asked the IRS to do your return for you. Don't claim one thing you can't prove down to the last dime. Fill out the return with the idea that if you're audited later, you'll be able to verify everything. That's called a no-change audit, which happens about 13 percent of the time.

Now shift gears. With the second set of forms, get aggressive—reasonably aggressive. Take those charitable contributions you made but for which you didn't get a receipt. Deduct those entertainment expenses, dinners, shows, etc.—the ones the IRS might question on an audit. Depreciate that building—claiming a short useful life due to its deteriorating condition, rather than following IRS tables. Don't give the IRS an inch.

Then, after both returns are completed, compare the results. What's your tax bill (or refund) when you do it the IRS way? Now look at the other return, the one you did with your own best interest in mind. What's the dollar difference between the two methods? That number is very, very important. Because, instead of fearing what the IRS can do to you in case it ever gets around to auditing you, you now have a number in mind. That's the worst that can happen. If you can live with that number, you've beaten the system, you've outsmarted the IRS where it counts. Sure, you'll voluntarily pay your fair share. But you'll stop paying more tax than the law requires.

*Another way to approach your return.* All the IRS has to work with is the return you send it each April. If you mail the first set of forms you filled out—the one done completely in its favor—there is every chance it will accept it as filed. After all, it accepts nearly 98 percent as is. You gain absolutely nothing and could be losing tax dollars.

If, instead, you send in the return filled out in your favor, you save yourself some tax money, virtually risk-free—the IRS still accepts most returns as filed. You should view an aggressive return simply as your first offer in a business negotiation. In a business situation, your first offer, as long as it's not entirely out of line, should get you as much as you think you can. Since aggressive returns are accepted more often than not, go ahead and try it. If the IRS audits you later, remember it was just your first offer. The worst thing that can happen in that case is that you may have to fork over some (though rarely all) of the tax dollars in dispute, plus maybe some interest and a penalty. But you know exactly how much, because you've reduced the unknown amount to a number.

You know exactly what risk you are

*(continued on page 232)*

ILLUSTRATION BY ERALDO CARUGATI

# golf

*it's a game that can drive you crazy—until you learn the one secret about golf worth knowing*

*humor* **By JAY CRONLEY**

ONE OF THE REASONS this country is going to hell is because so many people play and watch golf. You could gas up all the four-door Lincolns on earth with what is spent each year on golf gloves.

The opinion that golf is a waste of time and energy and wood may sound like sour grapes, because I have been thrown out of a fancy-pants country club for behavior unbecoming a gentleman and because I have been struck by golf balls—most recently on the ass—more times than I can remember while playing public courses.

If you *have* to play golf, if it's in some rich aunt's will, it's best to start on the municipal courses and save your nickels and dimes (for ball markers) and C-notes (for dues), and then graduate to a country club where at least when somebody hits you on the ass, he will say he's sorry, and chances are, he will be a doctor. About the only time a doctor shows up at a municipal course is after some poor blighter is hit on the skull by lightning. Whereas a shower might suspend play at a country club, you press onward at a public course, *praying* for golf-ball-sized hail so you can practice some chips.

It's a long fall from paying your dues with a check to paying your dues with your rump, believe me.

I was standing behind the guy who was on the tee. I thought I was safe. You never know. The man took a practice swing beside his teed-up golf ball, and he had this strange recoil, like film was being run backward. He hit his teed-up golf ball with the back of his club on the recoil, sending a career drive into the left portion of my poor, unsuspecting ass.

"One," a member of our foursome said.

That was almost funny, but you never know about golf humor. Hubert Green once

said something like, "Ninety-five percent of all putts you leave short don't go in," which is *damn* funny if he meant it that way.

I would like to think that the intense pain had something to do with the drive I hit, which hooked over a cart path, over a fence, over a road, into a herd of cows. But as of this writing, there are approximately 2450 reasons why a person hits a rotten shot, and more are being discovered every day.

As everybody who has had a pain in the ass knows, to compensate for this, you should move your left foot right and your right shoulder down and wear wolf teeth around your neck. Bob Toski, a famous teacher who gives lessons in magazines and on television, never shows you practical things, like how to drive when you can't feel your ass or how to hit one out of a trap when one of your partners is changing stations on his transistor radio.

But I was a slow learner and thought just this once God would take care of me and keep my golf ball in play. As my shot disappeared into the weeds and my partners marched down the fairway, I asked myself a very interesting question:

Why am I doing this?

There was no logical answer.

After all those years, I finally discovered the only secret of golf that makes perfect sense and works for everybody, and you don't even have to keep your head down to bring it off.

You're never too old to quit.

•

In 1980, there were 41 golf tournaments on network television, which proves it takes one to know one. I cannot imagine anybody but a hard-core golfer watching something like the Joe Garagiola Tucson Open.

My 12-year-old daughter doesn't even know who in the hell Joe Garagiola *is*.

She used to think he was Tim Conway.

Now she thinks he is Allen Funt.

She thinks Andy Williams is a goalie for the Cosmos.

Naming a golf tournament for a celebrity probably has some of the founding fathers spinning in their lateral hazards. Fortunately, other sports have resisted golf's tendency to try to put double knits on a dinosaur, or we would have things like the Steve Martin Indy 500 or the Marie Osmond Kentucky Derby; and as fortunately, Bob Hope has his golf tournament, the Desert Classic. In a way, there is a redeeming value in Hope's performance at his golf tournament; he acts like he's *bigger* than golf and talks during shots and wanders around, interviewing guys who couldn't break *Jack* Paar.

Sure, some of those things raise a lot of money for charity, but a change in the rules could make a few of the celebrity tournaments more tolerable. Since it seems that the only way some of the stars can get on television is by staging a golf tournament, there should be a rule stipulating that to qualify as a host, a "celebrity" has to have had a hit record within ten years, a prime-time television show or special within five years or a dog-food commercial within six months.

In 1980, golf tournaments were brought to us by Hope, Garagiola, Williams, Bing Crosby, Jackie Gleason, Glen Campbell, Danny Thomas and Sammy Davis Jr. The *least* they could do is change the Danny Thomas Memphis Classic to Marlo.

If ABC is, indeed, the leader in television sports, then maybe to a degree it's because of the old saw "What you don't know won't hurt you." ABC televised less golf in 1980 than the other networks. ABC carried the U. S. and British Opens, the PGA and the Women's Open. CBS televised about everything that moved on the tour, including a few golfers—20 tournaments. (A CBS affiliate in New Orleans pre-empted the Crosby in 1979 to show Basil Rathbone in *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, so I guess there is some hope.)

In 1980, the Nielsen ratings for all golf telecasts took a dive for the fifth year in a row. One might guess that the reason golf got on television so much in the first place was because some network executive started showing off for his country-club pals, who owned things like box companies and freight lines, people who had never exchanged grips with Arnold Palmer.

It was obviously assumed that if somebody would watch the Masters, he would also watch the Tallahassee Open. The Masters is that tournament in Georgia where the winner gets a green jacket. The ceremony is so solemn, it looks like everybody is in the room to pick out a casket. The reason I always watch the Masters is to see if it's really true that a bird has never crapped on that golf course. The only reason I watched something like the Kemper Open was because there is a disgusting malfunction in us all, a crossed wire that makes something like a traffic accident interesting.

The networks have never subscribed to the hunch that absence makes the heart beat faster. The best strippers give you a leg and take it to the house. But with golf, it's assumed that, like with pro football, you can *never* get too much of a good thing.

There is, however, a difference between watching golf and watching other sports; team sports are more exciting. When a guy runs around end, any of 11 others can whack his ass, but a golf ball either goes in the hole or it doesn't. And whether the quarterback will pass or run is a much more interesting possibility to ponder than whether a golfer will hit a two or a three iron.

And even though the pro-basketball season is so long that some guys wrinkle as you watch, there is always the chance that a leaper will launch himself at the free-throw line and unleash a Second Coming of Christ Dunk that will uproot the backboard.

Baseball has re-established itself as the national pastime because every now and then, there is an old-fashioned blood-letting where players throw bats and roll around on the ground in a big war, with arms and legs sticking out for the older players and managers to bite.

What golf's lousy ratings probably prove is that golf was *never* too exciting to watch and that any success it had on television in the past was because of guys like Palmer, who could have made flipping cards into a hat exciting.

Back when golf seemed fun, people like Tommy Bolt threw clubs and Walter Hagen would stay out all night and then play 18 holes of a tournament in a tuxedo.

Other sports build toward a championship, like the world series, but golf starts in January with the Hope and it concludes in December with the J. C. Penney Classic. There were 34 "classics" in 1980. The important tournaments are in the middle of the tour. So it doesn't really make a damn who does what, when the leading money winner is sometimes decided in the last few tournaments—but accounting has never been a spectator sport.

The *good* thing about pro golf is that, unlike baseball, a person is paid according to his or her performance. Other pros are paid on the come and can bat .210 without having to eat root beer and peanuts for breakfast. But one of golf's charms—its pay-as-you-go system—is also one of the reasons the tour has become so stinking dull.

If you have to make a five-footer to eat, there is no time to smile.

When the announcers are more interesting than the event, you're in a hell of a shape. Jack Whitaker of CBS is the best there is at making you feel justified in watching a golf tournament instead of performing some meaningless task in the over-all scheme of life, like taking a nap.

Quite frankly—and this is just between you and me—sometimes I don't understand what the fuck Jack Whitaker is talking about when he does one of those solos.

Talking about golf seems to bring out the poet in almost everybody; I have heard Jim McKay sound like he was trying to win a V.F.W. essay contest.

I usually can't tell one announcer

*"Miss Logan! Mr. Pullman! You know you don't have kitchen privileges!"*

from another, except for Ben Wright, who has a British accent and describes shots as elegant or almost erotic.

Audrey Hepburn is elegant.

A golf shot is either crooked or straight.

The trend in television golf is to dispatch pros who don't make the cut in a tournament to report "live" from the fairway, with such valuable insight as: No, I can't hear you; it was heading for the trees; he is hitting a six-iron, I think; or, I can't talk now, he's about to putt.

Golf has become so dull we're going to have to attack the problem at the core. Although the British have taught this country a lot about the sport, we never quite got the *real* lesson: You can lose money playing golf over there, just as you can playing the bases, hoops or football over here.

I know a bookie who rehandicaps dull pro-football games at the half, so if it's 28–zip at intermission, there's still a reason to stay tuned. They give you odds on baseball, like if Guidry is going for the Yankees at home against some yokel, you might have to bet $100 to win $40.

And there is nothing like an over/under number to jazz up a Pistons-Bulls basketball game. The over/under number is the predicted number of total points both teams will score. Some dog can be behind 35 and your bet can still be decided on a last-second Nut-Cracker Slam Dunk.

My bookie says the paperwork would be unbelievable if he tried to handicap golf. His computer might short out. But you give me some "young lion" like Artie McNickle at 100–1 and I'll *believe* Jack Whitaker if he suggests golf is bigger than both of us, and I'll *listen* if Jim McKay tries to rhyme Augusta with something.

The future of golf on television is in the hands of this country's bookies.

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But watching golf on TV is one thing. Trying to watch a golf tournament in person is like trying to cover a war on foot. It's supposed to be a social event, until you have to go to the bathroom; then it's every person for him- or herself. I have been purposely gouged in the back by rich people trying to weasel into the remote john line.

The *only* reason to watch a golf tournament in person is to look at the girls wearing haltertops and shorts or to get some sun; but if you try that, they'll throw your ass out, which is still better than getting your ass hit.

I attended the U. S. Open in Tulsa in 1977 because there was nothing else to do and because that was the year word reached us that going braless was good for your circulation. That was also the year the popular style in shorts was little more than two pockets taped to one's fanny.

It was unbelievable.

The players, though, looked like a convention of business majors. I hear some of the old Opens were exciting—like in 1934, when Bobby Cruickshank hit a great shot, threw his club into the air and was knocked unconscious.

My fondest memory of the 1977 Open was when a redhead asked if I was Morris Hatalsky, to which I answered no, because all she wanted was an autograph. I hear the groupies have moved on to soccer.

At the Open, I located a place on a hill and was promptly told by one of the marshals that I had to wear a shirt. Marshals at a golf tournament are usually club members who work without pay, which sounds very noble at face value. Except that after you have met a few of those clowns, it becomes apparent that getting to wear a little helmet and uniform is reward enough. There is nothing like a marshal's badge to turn some meek 19-handicapper into a tough guy. The one in charge of the gallery rope near where I was sun-bathing suggested that because portions of that hole would be on national television, we didn't want to suggest to the rest of the world that we just fell off the enchilada truck, did we?

I told the little punk that not only would I *keep* my shirt off but when J. C. Snead came past, I might fizz a beer on him. The marshal got on his walkie-talkie and called for a backup unit to come out and hose me off with some Grey Flannel by Geoffrey Beene.

It's fun to tease the marshals by rattling ice or by sneezing, both of which are grounds for being hung by the feet at the clubhouse. You can get away with a scratch out there on the fairway, but if you by God have a heart attack at the green, you had better fall away from the putting surface, so as not to disturb somebody like Fuzzy Zoeller.

He won the Masters.

A popular way to watch a tournament in person is to follow some golfer 18 holes, which is not much fun, because to see anything, you have to be 6′10″ or follow a bum. Or you can follow somebody like Tom Watson and stand in five-deep rows and ask the person in front, "What's he doing now?" and wait for the answer, "Nothing," to be passed back.

Tom Watson is a hell of a golfer, but he sure could use a choreographer. Watching him shoot 66 is like watching the President sign a bill. You have a hunch he's doing the right thing, but it's sort of impersonal.

At the Open in 1977, I saw Jack Nicklaus' hair and the top of his putter.

I guess there is an argument to be made for going early and nailing down a seat at a green. I did that once and was there *so* early I had to go to the bathroom before the first foursome arrived, and I watched the rest of the tournament from atop a portable outhouse.

After sitting at a green an hour or so, you are ready for somebody to take a vote; it's like a board meeting. If some hack is standing over a putt and your stomach growls, the golfer is liable to stand up, back off and scowl at you contemptuously, as though you had just crawled out from under a beer can.

Tennis is stuffy enough, but at least when you are expected to be quiet, something is going on; with golf, if you clear your throat while somebody is in the preparatory stages of thinking about a putt, well, that breaks down a golfer's concentration and it's your fault if he chokes on a two-footer.

Chekhov wrote with screaming children under foot, and Johnny Unitas completed many intricate passes as guys threatened to poke his eyeballs out, and Rick Barry could make a free throw with the Rockettes on either side of the free-throw line.

But golf is one of the few sports streakers have avoided. Any woman running bare-breasted across a green would probably be shot or, worse, ignored.

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I joined a country club because it was the only place I could get a decent cheeseburger, and also because I was out of my mind: just married and trying to impress a wife. It just shows how dumb a game golf can be; when the divorce came, too much golf was a factor.

There are many fallacies about golf, but none so universally accepted as the one that a lot of business deals are made on the golf course. I made as many business deals on the golf course in three years of country-club membership as I did in 15 minutes of shooting baskets at the Y.M.C.A.: none.

Golf is a tax loophole that even I could drive a three wood through. You are permitted to write off that percentage of dues and things that apply to business, monkey or otherwise.

The country club reinforces golf's snob appeal.

Poor slobs need not apply.

Although money might talk at a municipal course, where ten dollars will get you ten minutes off a starting time, money *snores* at the average country club. I used to play golf with guys who would bet $100 on how many little dents were on a golf ball. I was the one they paid five dollars to, to count the dents.

Although golf is thought to be a gentleman's game, it promotes cheating

*(concluded on page 266)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

# The Girls of KOKOMO Indiana

*in which we discover that small-town america loves playboy—and vice versa*

THE PHONE RANG in David Chan's motel room. The caller identified himself as a member of the mayor's staff, Mayor Stephen J. Daily, that is, of Kokomo, Indiana. Here it comes, thought David. He had been in Kokomo only a few days, preparing a new pictorial with the theme: *The Girls of Kokomo*. He had barely had time to unpack. How could the forces of dissent have mobilized so quickly? Chan, a veteran of confrontations with fundamentalist Baptists at Baylor and militant feminists in the Ivy League, quickly scrambled through his luggage for his copy of *101 Retorts for Bluenoses*. With the book open in front of him, he answered the caller, "Yes, this is David Chan."

"Mr. Chan," the caller purred, "the mayor would like to know if there's *(text continued on page 222)*

Gimme a K, gimme an O—three Os, in fact, and the charmers in those ovals are (from left) Diana Kesterson, who aspires to "get a passport stamp from every country in the world"; good skate Cindy McAninch, a 19-year-old high school senior; and legal secretary/rodeo buff Robin Maddox. Marianne Jackson (above) enjoys tennis and swimming when not seeking "the perfect guy."

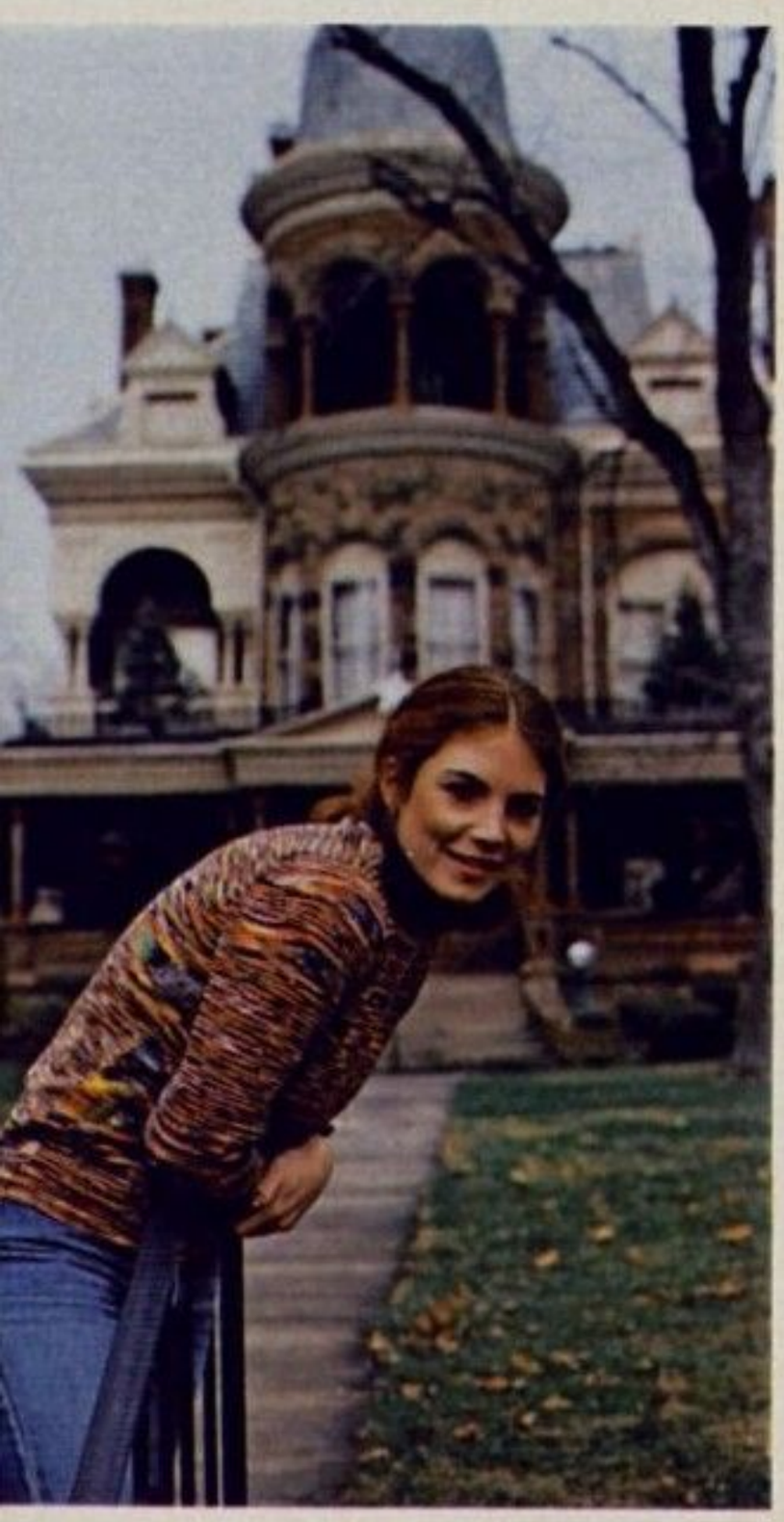
Karen Woods (right and below) heard about our search and went home to Kokomo all the way from Indianapolis, where she's going to school. How could we turn her down? Karen loves to travel, especially to the Bahamas for snorkeling and sailing.

One of the main attractions in Kokomo has to be Dianna Main (left and below), who divides her time between art and riding, though she says she finds helping handicapped children even more satisfying.

The picture of health is Polly Lybrook (below), who enjoys the outdoor life: camping, swimming in streams, hiking in the mountains. She plans to become a holistic physician or a medical illustrator. The future looks good for Kimberly Sunde (right), whose occult interests include astrology, numerology, reading tea leaves and ESP. She majored in art at Indiana State.

Cheryl Morgan (right and below) is a dancer: jazz, disco and belly. She longs to become a model someplace where it's warm all year long. "I guess all my life I've wanted to say, 'Hey, Kokomo! What do you think of your ugly duckling now?' "

The life of a model looks especially attractive to Sarah Depew (right). Sarah's favorite leisure activities are sports and what she calls "going out and getting a little crazy"; she admits to a particular disdain for the wearing of shoes.



Stacey Lyon (above and right) calls herself a "domestic engineer"; which doesn't mean that she's a stay-at-home type. She's also into acting, drawing and dancing.

Toni Mohr (left and below left) works for her dad, but she doesn't have it easy. In fact, she's the only girl in Kokomo who drives a tandem dump truck. Let's hear it for nepotism.

Posing nude is obviously nothing special for Chiffon (below), who gets down to the nitty-gritty as a dancer at a local club. Chiffon does it so well, in fact, that she was chosen Miss Nude Indianapolis two years in a row. We'd say it's no contest.

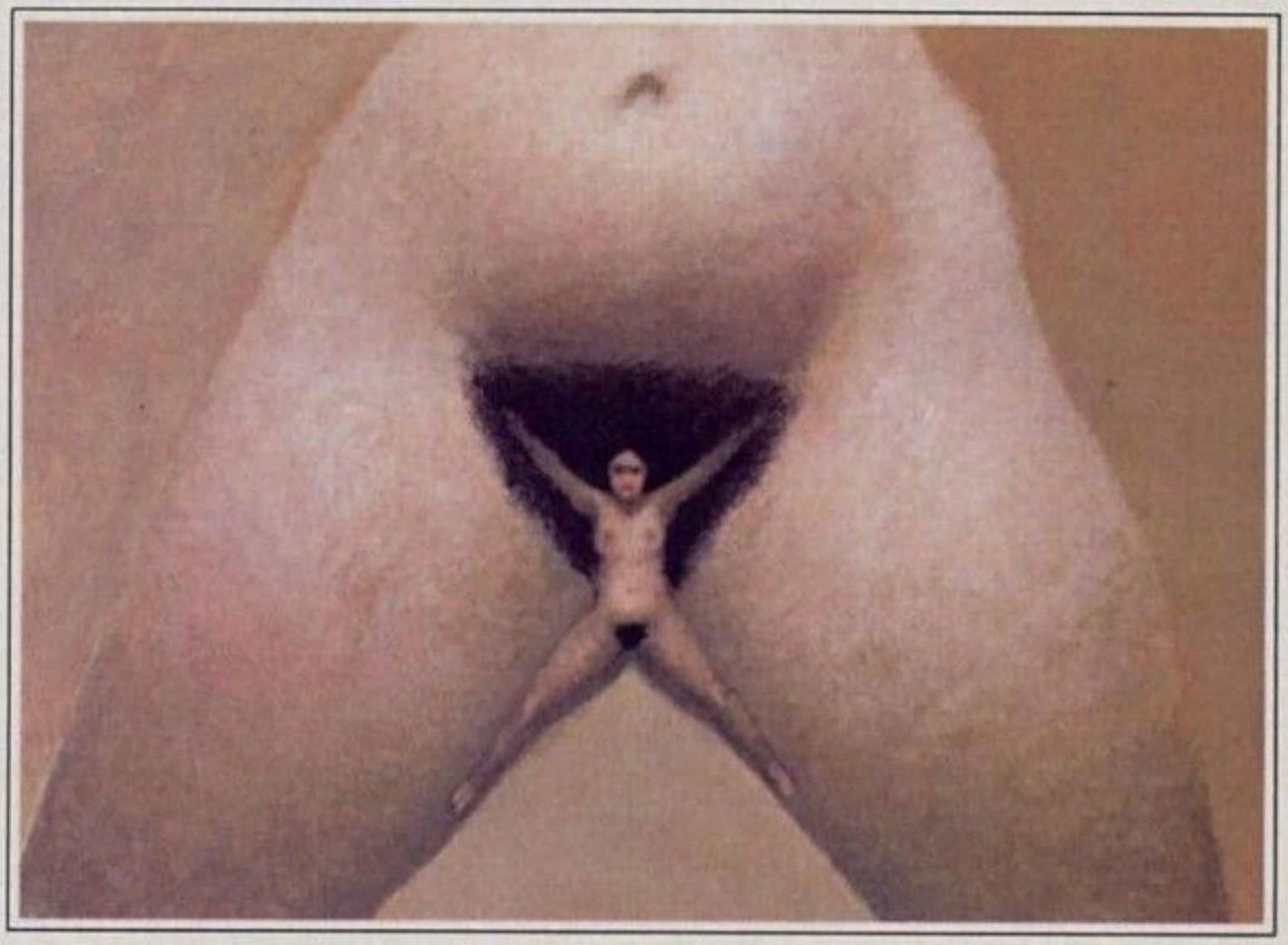
Acrobatics and body building are partly responsible for the charms of Robin Levy (left and far left), who works as a receiving clerk. Robin likes "to be on the go all the time" and digs men "who have, and show, respect for ladies."

Natural food is *de rigueur* for Jodi Pearce (right and below), who doesn't even approve of canned dog food. When not busy at her receptionist's job in a local beauty salon, Jodi works with animals and writes music.

*"All through the dry season, I kept reminding you to get the roof fixed."*

# ***double cross*** from the *Ragionamenti d'Amore* of Agnolo Firenzuola, 1552





AT THE TIME of our story, some years ago, there lived in Florence four people—five, if you count the husband—whose fates were soon to be interwoven in a fine double intrigue.

First, there was Agnoletta, wife to the rich merchant Girolamo Cambrini, incontestably the most beautiful woman in this town of beauties. But every rose has a thorn, and Agnoletta was also incontestably the most virtuous wife and pious lady within the city walls. She did not repulse the compliments and advances of the gallants who approached her—she was simply oblivious of them. Her stare went through them as if they were made of glass. Still—and this was her secret—Agnoletta had a fond reverence for the princes of the Church, a fondness she sometimes felt stirring within her when she was in the presence of a bishop.

Then there was a priest in Florence, quite the most blessed man of all the clergy. In fact, Master Pietro of the Bardi came from a noble family and was young and handsome and rich beyond rightful blessings. Among his many benefices was a fine abbey, and so he was known as the abbot.

Next, there was Agnoletta's maid, Laldomine, a smartly pretty girl who occupied a position betwixt ranks—a confidante but not quite a gentlewoman, employed but not quite a servant. She was very lively and amorous.

Last, there was Carlo Sassetti, an amiable young gentleman who was aching with desire for Laldomine.

Oh, yes, and there was also Girolamo Cambrini, a proud, frosty man who considered his wife an excellent ornament. But he mounted his horse one day and went off to Pisa on business—and thus out of our story.

Now, Laldomine had been behaving in a peculiar way in recent weeks and Carlo had chanced to remark it. Whenever she happened to cross paths with the abbot, she seemed to take on a kind of voluptuous walk; she smiled, laughed prettily and conversed teasingly. Carlo had no way of knowing that she did that on instructions from her mistress, who, on the departure of her husband, had had a sudden inspiration.

Thus, Carlo yearned even more and, loitering in the street in front of the Cambrini house one day just at dusk, he spied Laldomine coming down the stairs with a candle in her hand. In a low voice, he called her to the open window. She asked who was there.

"Your suitor, who sighs for a warm glance," said Carlo.

"I have no suitor. You brazen scoundrel, be gone before I set you afire."

Carlo, improvising as he went along, whispered that he was the abbot and that he had come with a great need to open his heart to her. In fact, he spoke so winningly that the girl was half persuaded. And yet some doubt remained.

"I can't see you in the dark. But I will know that you are telling the truth if, say, at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon, you pass by our door and blow your nose with this handkerchief." She handed him a silk handkerchief with a black border. "If you are as you say, I'll talk with you—*talk*—tomorrow night."

She closed the window and ran off to tell her mistress, who took the news with the greatest joy and thanked the girl with a hundred kisses.

Carlo, on his part, walked home wondering how he had managed to get himself into such a puzzle. How does one get a noble abbot to blow his nose at exactly three o'clock in the afternoon? And so he went to his shrewd friend, Agnolo Firenzuola, and begged for help.

Agnolo laughed, promised that he would find a way and took the handkerchief. He was so assured in his manner that Carlo could not but believe him.

Actually, it was a very simple matter, because Agnolo was a good friend of the abbot. Just a little before three in the afternoon, he persuaded the abbot to take a walk with him and when they were deep in conversation while passing the Cambrini house, he said, "You must have got some soot on your nose—take my handkerchief and wipe it off."

That night, Laldomine came to the window without a candle and silently, in the dark, admitted Carlo. As soon as the door was closed, he took her in his arms and tried to kiss her. She wriggled free, saying, "No! Not a sound until Madam is abed and asleep." Then she went off to tell her mistress.

A bed with the finest linen was ready in a downstairs chamber. When the girl returned, she took Carlo by the hand, led him there and told him to undress. Then she slipped away. From the adjoining room, Madonna Agnoletta appeared, wearing a gentle perfume and nothing else. Her body was like white sculpture.

In the bed, Carlo embraced her with the hot lustiness a serving-woman might expect. Agnoletta gave a little gasp. She had expected the abbot to be more delicate about it. She had not thought an abbot would be so wanton with her—or with such a heavy thrust.

What do lovers hear? Not the sounds of each other's voices but the pounding of their own hearts. What do lovers find in the other? Just what they expect to find, what their fancies have told them will be there. Thus, Agnoletta found the passionate man she had predicted underneath the aloof manner of the young priest and Carlo found the shy grace usually concealed by the saucy manner of the maid.

I have to laugh when I think of this. There was a special sauce to their lovemaking. Each in his or her secret heart was enjoying the great joke of having hoodwinked the other so perfectly. Successful seducer—the thought gave each a private joy. And what enhances the pleasures of mingling bodies more than the secret knowledge that one is craftier than one's lover?

*—Retold by Robert Mahieu*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

# UMPH!

# Taste the Umph! in

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Filter: 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. 1980.
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# TRIUMPH®

only 3 mg tar

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# WHY DO MEN RAPE?

(continued from page 114)

*"A criminologist speculates that Hong Kong simply offers no place where a rapist can isolate his victim."*

murderer. He is usually unresponsive to pornography ("What the hell can you do with a picture?") and his sexual experience usually began earlier than that of most American males. He is as likely to have had previous arrests as not, but fewer than one in ten rapists has been previously arrested for rape. Three fourths of the time, his rape is planned rather than impulsive. One important study, in Philadelphia, found that he raped in pairs—with a buddy—or in groups—with a gang—43 percent of the time. Whether or not that is true nationally no one knows. Teenagers run in pairs and gangs and teenagers commit a significant minority of reported rapes, so gang rape is probably more common than most people think. But most rapists work alone.

Convicted incest offenders—they are rapists, too—are older, on the average, than common rapists, are fathers with growing daughters, and the majority of them are apparently alcoholics. Child molesters are usually timid, damaged men, except for a significant minority who are what psychologists term polymorphous perverse—meaning, as one psychologist bluntly explains it, "They'll fuck anything warm." But child molesters are not usually the nasty old men of the familiar stereotype. In one extensive national study, their average age was 31.

One possibly measurable difference between convicted rapists and other men was reported in 1977 in a psychiatric journal by Drs. Gene G. Abel, David H. Barlow and others: Thirteen rapists studied showed strong erection responses to taped verbal descriptions of rapes, while seven nonrapist convicts studied as controls did not. Some of the 13—men with particularly violent records—actually showed more response to descriptions of beating up women than to descriptions of mutually enjoyable intercourse. This study was too small to generalize from. It included only confessed rapists and those willing to cooperate in an experiment that involved attaching transducers to their penises to measure their response. But its results are, at least, provocative. Normal males who try realistically to imagine raping are predictably repelled; apparently, some rapists are stimulated.

Dr. John Money, the distinguished sex researcher at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, traces the sources of rapists' violence to childhood. "It always exists before puberty," he told PLAYBOY. "It has very early origins. In rape, with men, I usually get a story of very excessive punishment for sexual activity in their early childhood years, around the first-grade level. Very commonly, there's some kind of seduction on the part of an older female for which the boys then get punished. And that is such a traumatizing and devastating experience that instead of getting rid of sex, they get rid of females. The more you talk to these people and uncover their history, the more pathetic it becomes, because you realize that they are victims of their own brains. They can't control what's going on in their brains. And then you find that they have this huge traumatic event which existed in their own history, and it put them on the wrong tracks and then they simply can't switch tracks again."

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Rapes occur almost anywhere: in streets and alleys, in buildings and apartments and homes. In crowded Boston, rapists usually work indoors; in sprawling Los Angeles, they usually work outdoors and in automobiles. In the 26 cities studied in the National Crime Survey data, "More rapes and attempted rapes occurred in the evening and nighttime hours than during the day, and more took place in an open public area such as a street or a park than in any other location." Rapes are frequent in college towns, for obvious reasons of opportunity, but they're most frequent in cities of populations greater than 100,000 and, within those cities, in rundown inner areas, in ghettos and in slums. Opportunity rather than mere crowding seems to make the difference. In crowded Hong Kong, the rape rate is almost nil; a Chinese criminologist speculates that it simply offers no place where a rapist can isolate his victim.

The majority of rapes follow a common pattern. A burly, articulate New York–born clinical psychologist named James Selkin discovered that pattern by interviewing hundreds of rapists and rape victims in the course of evaluating and treating them. I talked with Dr. Selkin in his crowded office at Denver General Hospital. Cartons of records—testimony, police reports—nearly covered the floor.

Selkin breaks down rapes into several categories, some of which overlap. "I'd estimate that 35 to 40 percent of reported rapes are familiar cases," he told me. "The victim knows the rapist. He's her boyfriend's brother-in-law or someone who's in her social milieu. A former husband or a former lover. Somebody she met at a party or a bar. Teenage girls often report a family friend or a teacher who took them out and raped them. Familiar rape."

The other 60 to 65 percent of rapes, Selkin discovered, were stranger-to-stranger rapes, and he distinguishes two kinds. "Very few, maybe 10 to 20 percent of stranger-stranger rapes, involve an immediate and overwhelming physical attack. The victim's hit, just like that, and has no previous indication that it's going to happen. Someone comes up from behind and hits her. Or two assailants come up and grab her and pull her into an alley. Or she's asleep and alone in an apartment and she awakens to find a man on top of her. A physical attack, so sudden that the victim is unable to organize any kind of response."

But the majority of stranger-stranger rapes, Selkin found, and almost all familiar rapes, involve distinct stages.

The first stage is target selection: identifying a potential victim. "The concept here," says Selkin, "is vulnerability. Some rapists look for victims who are impaired—retarded girls, aged women, women who are physically disabled. Or women whose state of alertness is reduced—they're asleep or they're using the bathroom. Other rapists check out the vulnerability of the victim's environment, which is one reason there's more rape in run-down neighborhoods. Does she live alone? Can they get into her house? One Denver rapist works with a ladder and he's uncanny about locating again and again a single woman living alone in a second-story apartment with an accessible window. Others work an isolated street or an empty laundromat or a theater rest room. The point is, they select the scene of the crime for its natural advantages."

The second stage Selkin describes is a testing stage. "The rapist approaches the potential victim with the question, in effect, 'Can you be intimidated?' Two guys in a van. They've been drinking beer—'Hey, let's get laid.' A woman walking down the street. They pull up next to her. 'Miss, can you tell me the way to the state capitol?' She says, 'Well, it's just up the street.' So, 'Miss, would you have a match?' She goes over to offer them a match and they grab her.

"Or a guy knocks on a door in an apartment house and a woman answers—these are real cases I'm describing. 'Does Elaine live here?' The woman who answers the door has a latch chain. 'Sorry, I've never heard of Elaine,' and

(continued on page 224)

# PLAYBOY

## music '81

*saddle sores,*
*punk wars*
*and a year of*
*mechanical bull*

ILLUSTRATION
BY JOHN KURTZ

# hits, hypes & heavies

**THERE'S A HIGH OVER ANAHEIM AND SCATTERED FLASHBACKS IN THE VALLEYS:** Former drug guru Timothy Leary served briefly as a deejay at California's KEZY. His offbeat patter, including a report that "the cars are floating off the San Diego Freeway," sent his ratings skyward until a right-wing group successfully pressured advertisers to can him.

**BEAT ME, WHIP ME, CHANGE ME:** New York now boasts a radical-feminist group called Y Pants. You tell us. Acclaimed for their "raw and driving" sound, these musical persons are making their bid for liberation by playing *toy* instruments—tiny pianos and dime-store guitars and little souvenir plastic ukuleles. We understand they're also anatomically correct.

***ANY* TIME, DOLLY:** No fool about its most precious natural resources, the state of Tennessee sent out a fleet of 30 trucks to carry this comely invitation across the country. Dolly herself broke a champagne bottle over the first truck—and allowed, when asked her C.B. handle, that she didn't have one but, if pressed (oh, heavenly thought), she would probably pick Booby Trap.

**HAIL TO THEE, BLYTHE SPIRIT!** Alto saxophonist Arthur Blythe is a musical bigamist. The gifted player-composer-arranger is just too big a talent to be chained to one musical style. He ushered in 1980 with the inspired interpretations of jazz classics on *In the Tradition*, then went to the opposite extreme with *Illusions*, an album filled with the most original, inventive jazz likely to be heard in this decade.

**KILLING YOU ANAPAESTICALLY:** Kinesiologist John Diamond says the anapaestic stop beat of rock can be addictive and is rhythmically driving us all crazy. Dr. John claims prolonged dosage leads to confused, reversed reactions to all sorts of stimuli—the worst offenders being Alice Cooper and Led Zeppelin. Try dactylic?

**COIFFURES BY FERDINAND OF HOUSTON:** This year's winner of a Houston radio station's "Most Outrageous Stunt" contest was Ninfa Ortiz. She won by first shaving her head, then showing up to sing a song wearing a hairdo made entirely of packed cow manure, with a few flowers stuck in it. What was the song? What else? *I Feel Pretty*.

**COUNTING HIS BUCKAROOS:** Thanks to *Urban Cowboy* and mechanical-bull fever, nobody's more bullish than Mickey Gilley, who quietly nailed down the bionic bovine's patent while the film makers still labored at his saloon near Houston. To date, Gilley's Bronco Shop, Inc., has sold nearly 450 bulls at $7495 apiece. That includes exports to ol' watering stops as far away as Japan.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, JANUARY 6, 1

# Pop: Slits, British Group

The year's first debut by a British new-wave group took place New Year's Eve (actually well into New Year's Day) and again Wednesday night at Hurrah. The band is called the Slits and is sort-of feminist. Also sort-of musical. But very much a show.

The Slits started as a four-woman rock band. But then their drummer dropped out to join a more earnestly feminist group called the Raincoats; she felt the Slits were getting exploitive, what with their debut album cover being just a bit lurid. The Slits on Wednesday consisted of the front line of the three remaining Slits, plus a male drummer, a female keyboardist-saxophonist-percussionist, a male roadie who played a little percussion and guitar and an unidentified extra male guitarist at the end.

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All this help was needed, in a way, because the three chief Slits are a little lame, from a strictly musical standpoint. Ari Up, the lead singer, can't really sing; Viv Albertine, the guitarist, can't really play the guitar beyond some vanguardish chordal pawings; Tessa lays down a solid but not very kinetic bass line. The drummer sets up a busy racket that fills in some of the gaps, as does the keyboard player, and by the end, with the extra two guitarists, a fairly full sound was being mustered.

That sound consists of some punk-rock, some reggae and some of what New Yorkers might call no wave, meaning technically crude but doggedly insistent art-rock. It all makes for a certain rudimentary effect, but in conjunction with the visual cavortings, Wednesday's set was really charming.

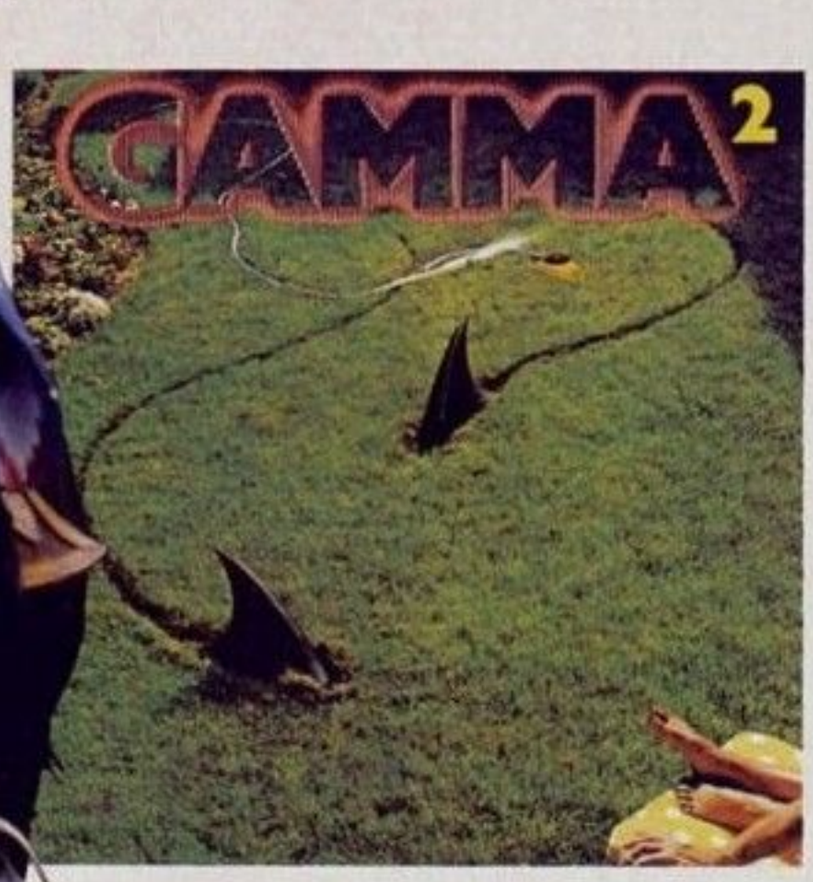
•

Miss Albertine and Tessa hold their own, visually, but this is really Ari Up's show. Reportedly still in her late teens, she combines a sweet, innocent smile, raucous and rambunctious dance moves, a frazzled, semi-Rastafarian hair style and determined energy into a really original and appealing stage persona. It may not be enough to win the Slits hit singles on American AM radio. But it's more than enough for a fun evening at a club, and in its own idiosyncratic way, it's very much a statement about how rock can be turned into something both original and womanly.

JOHN ROCKWELL

**UPWARD AND ONWARD WITH THE ARTS: REVIEW OF THE YEAR**

**A SHORT HISTORY OF DAVID BOWIE'S HAIR**




**LAND SHARKS ALIVE!** The music inside isn't what you'd exactly call inspired, just more predictable killer hard rock, one commodity of which there is, unfortunately, no world shortage. But Ronnie Montrose's *Gamma 2* easily takes our Album Cover of the Year Award, Nonlibidinous Division.

**MC CLOUD, IS THAT YOU?** No, it's Pavarotti giving new meaning to the phrase horse opera—the occasion being New York's Columbus Day parade. Hi-ho, Luciano, away!

**HANG IN THERE, MICK:** We don't know for sure if Margaret "Let 'em eat inflation" Thatcher had a hand in hatching the plan, but in an attempt to lure back her aging, decrepit expatriate superstars, Mother England has passed a program of tax breaks for declining rockers—those over *40* years old. Please come home; all is forgiven.

# Saint Willie

*in every audience there are those who come not just to hear but to be healed*

## *personality* By DAVID STANDISH

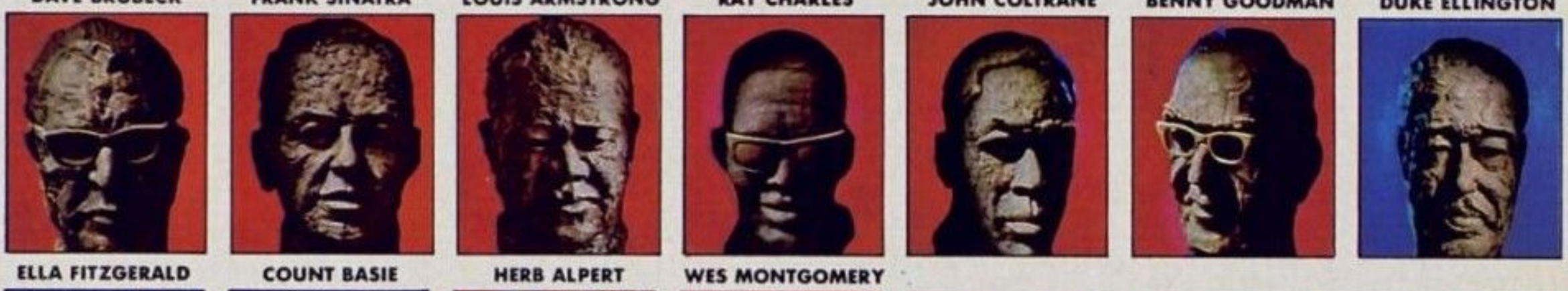
IT'S TWO HOURS INTO THE SHOW, and I'm sitting behind and below the one-night-only stage, blissed out like a Moonie on the music. Outside, the Lord appears to be having a go at re-creating the Flood for the good folks of Louisiana. It's been the wettest spring in memory and, if you listen for it through the music, you can hear the dull, ceaseless thud of rain pounding the roof of this drab all-purpose sports dome somewhere inside Baton Rouge.

I feel a hand soft and warm upon my knee and look to see that it belongs to a pretty girl in her late 20s. She has long sandy hair and wears a thin green blouse whose neckline plunges down between firm centerfold breasts.

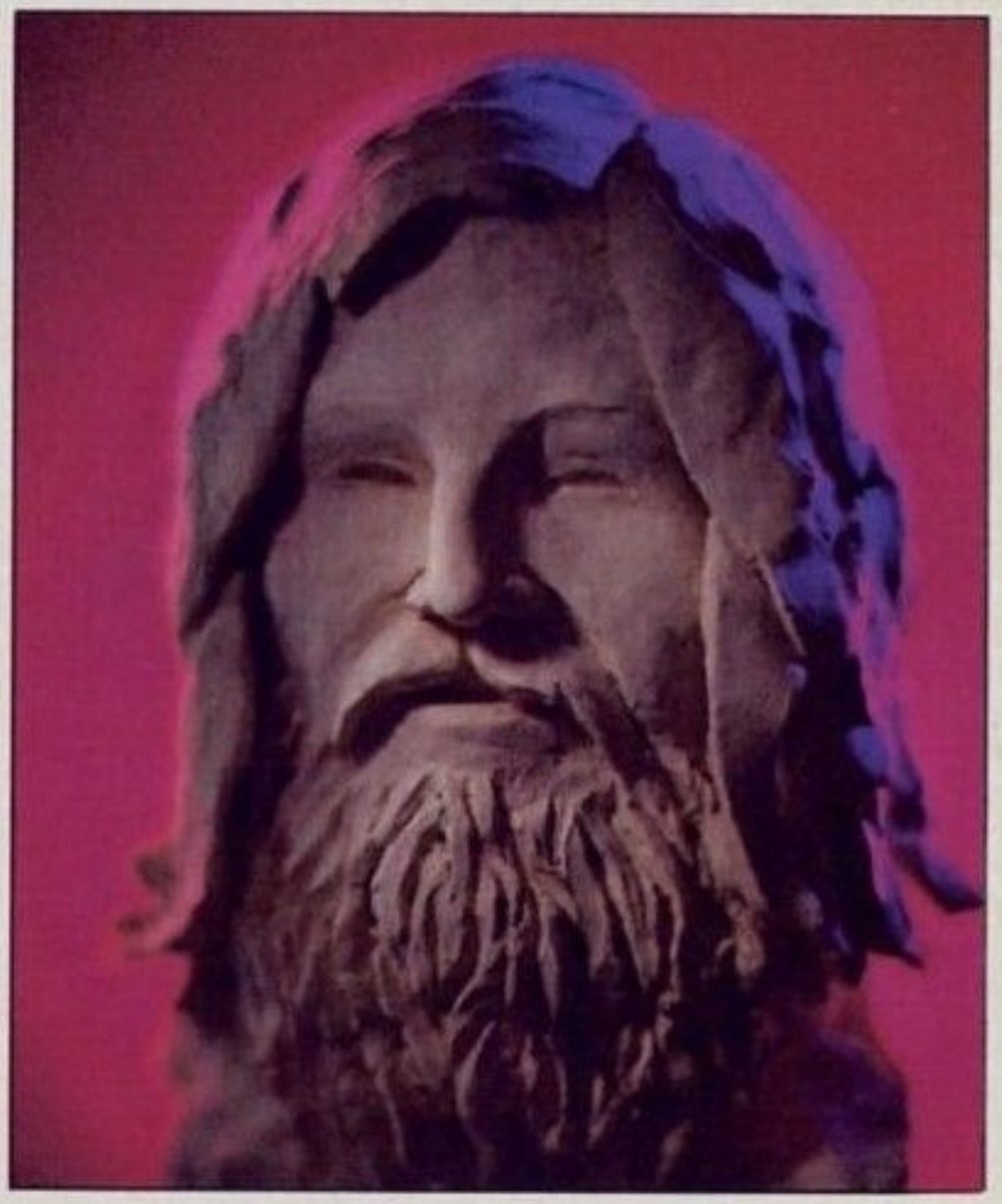
She's sitting in a wheelchair. And she's a little drunk. She smiles, grasping her legs and *(continued on page 214)*

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

# hall of fame




SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY / PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEDNICK



## JOHN BONHAM

*John "Bonzo" Bonham was part of a well-equipped army that scaled the face of rock 'n' roll until, for a few years, there was nothing left but rock—power rock, heavy metal, 'Lude and lascivious rock. For 12 years, Bonham's drumming for Led Zeppelin managed to avoid setting the critics on fire. They called him heavy-handed, leaden. That did not deter the listeners who supported Bonzo from the beginning. Led Zep's founder, guitarist Jimmy Page, described encountering Bonham for the first time: "I couldn't believe how he was living his music. When he gets into a trip, the audience goes with him." He was inventive and unpredictable, raw and basic. It was as though he recognized no rules, no conventions. Sometimes he'd drum with his hands, which prompted one manufacturer to claim that its drums were as tough as Bonham. Perhaps the same insistent push to the limit that characterized his work crushed him in his private life. Last September 25, as American fans lined up to buy tickets to Led Zeppelin's first American tour since 1977, Bonzo, exhausted from touring and drink, died in his sleep, yet another casualty of the rock-'n'-roll life. Since then, the tour has been canceled and the band has called it quits, a rather heartfelt testimonial to Bonham's talent. We'll miss the incredible timekeeper who could solo for 30 minutes and leave his audience screaming for more. He spawned hundreds of imitators, but no one in the world plays drums the way he did.*

Paranoia stalks the industry!
Thousands panic as profits are devoured!
Has the record biz had it?
Will video-disc come to the rescue?
Record City

# THE YEAR IN MUSIC

## By CARL SNYDER

IT WAS ONLY NATURAL that the music industry would start finding enemies every place it looked in 1980. Record sales continued to languish 35 percent below the pleasant levels they achieved in 1978 and the sale of concert tickets fell 25 percent from last year's sorry pace. Never mind the few cranky retailers who dared scream that the real bogeyman was the greed of the record companies themselves or their insistence on raising the cost of albums already too expensive for people to buy. There were too many other factions to blame, too many obvious scapegoats. There were the familiar and *(text continued on page 206)*

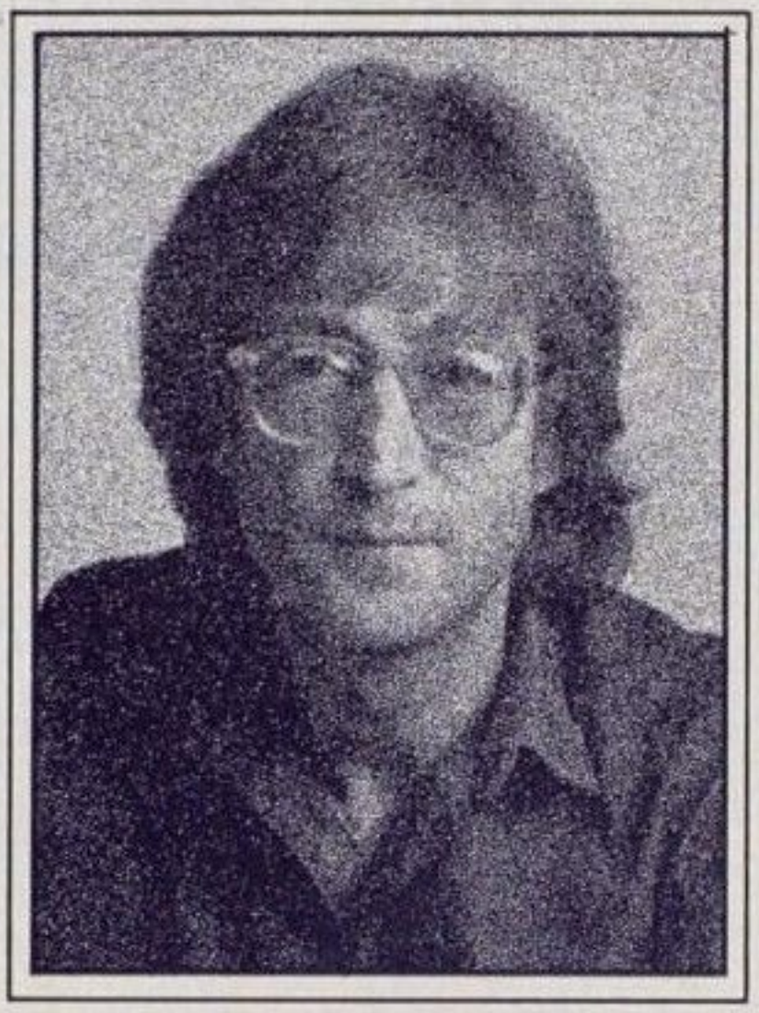
ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN YOUSSI

# john lennon

*The Beatles' songs defined a generation, and one week before he died, John Lennon was in the process of defining those songs for* PLAYBOY.

*It was a project that grew out of conversations for the January 1981 "Playboy Interview." Enthusiastically, Lennon agreed for the first time in years to go over their songs, one by one, and comment on their origin and impact—and the memories associated with them. "You're asking about my work, about my life's work," he told interviewer David Sheff and* PLAYBOY *Executive Editor G. Barry Golson. "I'm proud of it. Let's get it on the record."*

*What follows is Lennon talking about much of his major work. We think it's a fitting tribute to the man and his music.*



## *HIS FINAL WORDS ON THE BEATLES' MUSIC*

***Across the Universe:*** It was one that drove me out of bed. I didn't want to write it. I was just slightly irritable and I went downstairs and I couldn't get to sleep until I put it on paper, and then I was able to go to sleep.

It is a lousy track of a great song. I was so disappointed by it. The guitar is out of tune and I'm singing out of tune because I was psychologically destroyed. Nobody was supporting me or helping me with it, but we would spend hours doing little detail cleaning on Paul's. When it came to mine, somehow this atmosphere of looseness and casualness—"Let's try a few experiments"—would come over. It was subconscious sabotage, yeah. He will say this doesn't exist, that I'm paranoid, but I'm not paranoid. It's the absolute truth. So I just gave the song to the World Wildlife Fund with no plans to do anything else with it, but then Phil Spector dug it up for *Let It Be*.

***All My Loving:*** *All My Loving* is Paul, I regret to say [*laughing*]. Put that laughter in brackets, right? It is a damn good piece. [*Singing*] "All my loving, I will send to you. . . ." But I do play a pretty mean guitar in back.

***And I Love Her:*** *And I Love Her* is Paul again. That was his first *Yesterday*. You know, the big ballad. I believe I put something in the middle eight.

***Any Time at All:*** An effort at writing *It Won't Be Long*. The old C to A minor, like *Michelle*.

***Baby You're a Rich Man:*** That is a combination of two separate pieces, Paul's and mine, put together and forced into a song. One half was all mine [*singing*]: "How does it feel to be one of the beautiful people, now that you know who you are, da da da da. . . ." And then Paul comes in with [*singing*]: "Baby you're a rich man. . . ." Because he just had this "Baby you're a rich man" around.

***Back in the U.S.S.R.:*** Paul completely. I play the six-string bass on that—the [*singing while mock bass playing*] "Da da da da. . . ." Try to write *that* with your typewriter.

***Ballad of John and Yoko:*** Guess who wrote that one. There is only me and Paul playing on the record. George and Ringo weren't there. I wrote it in Paris on our honeymoon. We had it before we were married. It's a piece of journalism, a folk song. It's like a traditional folk ballad.

***Beautiful Boy:*** Well, what can I say? It's about Sean. The music and lyric came at the same time.

***Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite:*** The whole song is from a Victorian poster, which I bought in a junk shop. It is so cosmically beautiful. It's a poster for Pablo Fanques Fair, which is a genuine thing that must have happened in the 1800s. Everything in the song is from that poster, except the horse wasn't called Henry. Now, there were all kinds of stories about Henry the Horse being heroin. I had never seen heroin in that period. No, it's all just from that poster.

***Birthday:*** That, like all the *Beatles* [White] album, was written in India. Once we had our mantra, we sat in the mountains eating lousy vegetarian food with a lot of time to write all those songs. Paul wanted to write a song about birthdays, so he did that one. It's a piece of garbage, but there is one interesting sound in it: We put the piano through a guitar amplifier and put the tremolo in, which may have been the first time that happened.

***Blackbird:*** I gave Paul a line on that one, an important line, but it's really all him. Paul is good at that kind of guitar thing. So is John Denver.

***(The Continuing Story of) Bungalow Bill:*** At the Maharishi's meditation camp, there was a guy who took a short break to go away and shoot a few poor tigers and then came back to commune with God. I combined two characters for the name—Jungle Jim and Buffalo Bill. It's a sort of teenage social-comment song. It's a bit of a joke. Yoko's on that one, singing along with me.

***Can't Buy Me Love:*** That is Paul completely. There is a middle eight I probably helped on. Let's see. [*Singing*] "Can't buy me love, can't buy me love, love . . . money can't buy me love. Money can't da da da. . . . I don't care too much for money, money can't buy me love. Can't buy me love. . . ." Maybe I had something to do with the chorus. I don't know. I always considered it his song.

***Carry That Weight:*** That's Paul. I think he was under strain in that period.

***Cleanup Time:*** It's a piano lick with words added. It's pretty straightforward if you read the lyrics. I was talking to [producer] Jack Douglas on the phone from Bermuda. We were talking about the Seventies and about people getting out of drugs and alcohol and those kinds of things. And he said, "Well, it's cleanup time, right?" and I said, "It sure is." That was the end of the conversation. I went straight to the piano and just started boogieing and *Cleanup Time* came out. Then I had the music and thought, What is this about? I only had the title. So then I wrote the story on top of the music. It's sort of a description of John and Yoko in their palace, the Palace of Versailles, the Dakota. [*Singing*] "The queen is in the counting house, counting up the money; the king is in the kitchen. . . ."

***Come Together:*** It's me, writing obscurely around an old Chuck Berry thing. Though it's nothing like the Chuck Berry song, they took me to court because I admitted this once years ago. I left in one *(continued on page 182)*

# poll winners

## RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

**STEVIE WONDER** composer

**BLUES BROTHERS** group

**DONNA SUMMER** female vocalist

**GEORGE BENSON** male vocalist

## POP/ROCK

**PAUL McCARTNEY** bass

**MICK FLEETWOOD** drums

**PINK FLOYD** group

**ERIC CLAPTON** guitar

**PAT BENATAR** female vocalist

**BILLY JOEL** male vocalist, keyboards, composer

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL UTTERBACK

## COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

**LINDA RONSTADT** female vocalist

**ROY CLARK** picker

**CHARLIE DANIELS** male vocalist, group

**WILLIE NELSON** composer

## JAZZ

**BUDDY RICH** percussion

**CHUCK MANGIONE** brass, composer, group

**JEFF BECK** guitar

**STANLEY CLARKE** bass

**LIONEL HAMPTON** vibes

**BENNY GOODMAN** woodwinds

**CHICK COREA** keyboards

**GEORGE BENSON** male vocalist

**RICKIE LEE JONES** female vocalist

# john lennon (continued from page 179)

## *"That was the competition in Maharishi's camp: who was going to get cosmic first. I was already cosmic."*

line, which is not just Berry's: "Here come old flat top." I could have changed it to "Here comes old iron face." The song remains independent of Chuck Berry or anybody else on this earth. The thing was created in the studio. The lyrics are gobbledygook and Come Together was an expression that [Timothy] Leary had come up with when he was running for President. They'd asked me to write them a campaign song. I tried and tried and tried and couldn't come up with it. But I came up with this *Come Together*, which would have been no good for them. They couldn't have had a campaign song like that, right? But Leary attacked me years later, saying I ripped him off. Well, I had written another little thing called [*singing*] "Come together and join the party. . . ." It never got further than that. And they never came back to ask for the song. I didn't rip him off. I had the song there waiting for him.

It's a funky record. It's one of my favorite Beatle tracks or one of my favorite Lennon tracks, I'd say. It's funky, it's bluesy and I'm singing pretty well. I like the sound of the record. You can dance to it. I'd buy it.

***A Day in the Life:*** Just as it sounds. I was reading the paper one day and I noticed two stories. One was the Guinness heir who killed himself in a car. That was the main headline story. He died in London in a car crash. On the next page was a story about 4000 holes in Blackburn, Lancashire. In the streets, that is. They were going to fill them all. Paul's contribution was the beautiful little lick in the song "I'd love to turn you on."

***Day Tripper:*** Mine. Clearly. The lick, the guitar break and the whole bit. It's just a rock-'n'-roll song. Day trippers are people who go on day trips, right? It was kind of, You are just a weekend hippie, get it?

***Dear Prudence:*** Me. Written in India. It's a song for Mia Farrow's sister, who went slightly balmy, meditating too long, who wouldn't come out of the little hut that we were living in. [*Singing*] "Dear Prudence, won't you come out to play. . . ." They selected me and George to try and bring her out because she would trust us. We got her out of the house—she'd been locked in for three weeks and wouldn't come out. She was trying to find God quicker than anyone else. That was the competition in Maharishi's camp: who was going to get cosmic first. What I didn't know was that I was already cosmic. [*Laughs*]

***Dear Yoko:*** Ah, what can I say? [*Singing*] "Even after all these years. . . ." It says it all. The track's a nice track and it happens to be about my wife, instead of *Dear Sandra* or some other person that another singer would sing about who may or may not exist.

***Dr. Robert:*** Another of mine. It's mainly about drugs and pills, you know. It was about myself. I was the one who carried all the pills when we were on tour in the early days. Later, the roadies did it.

***Drive My Car:*** Paul's song. It has a Motown bass line. He got this "drive my car" thing and the "beep beep beep" in the studio. I think we just threw it in.

***Eight Days a Week:*** *Eight Days a Week* was the running title for *Help!* before they came up with *Help!* And it was Paul's effort, though I helped on a lot of it. It was his effort at getting a single for the movie, which luckily turned out to be *Help!*, which I wrote like *bam bam*, like that, and got the single. They gave us the title and Paul wrote the song, but it was never a good song. They changed the movie's name because *Help!* was a better title.

***Eleanor Rigby:*** Paul's first verse, and the rest of the verses are basically mine. Paul had the theme, the whole bit about Eleanor Rigby in the church where a wedding had been. He knew he had this song and he needed help, but rather than ask me to do the lyrics, he said, "Hey, you guys, finish up the lyrics," while he sort of fiddled around with the track or the arranging or something at another part of the giant studio at EMI. I sat there with Mal Evans, a road manager who was a telephone installer, and Neil Aspinall, a student accountant who became a road manager, and it was the three of us he was talking to. I was insulted and hurt that he had thrown it out in the air that way. Actually, he meant for me to do it, but he wouldn't ask. That was the kind of insensitivity he had, which made me upset in the later years. It's just the kind of person he is. It meant nothing to him. I wanted to grab a piece of the song, so I wrote it with them sitting at that table, thinking, How *dare* he throw it out in the air like that?

Part of it we worked out together: Paul didn't have the middle—"Ahh, look at all the lonely people." He and George and I were sort of sitting around the room throwing things around and I left to go to the toilet. I heard someone say that line and I turned around and said, "That's it!"

I remember we first put Father McCartney in place of Father McKenzie, but Paul thought his dad would get upset by it. I can't take credit for the violins and the beautiful arrangement. Jane Asher, who Paul was with at that time, turned him on to Vivaldi and he got the arrangement straight out of his work. [*Pretending to play violin, singing*] "Father McCartney, writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear. . . ."

***The End:*** Paul's. Another unfinished song for *Abbey Road*. It had a nice line in it: "The love you take is equal to the love you make." It proves that if Paul wants to, he can think.

***The Fool on the Hill:*** Paul again, proving that he can write lyrics if he's a good boy.

***For No One:*** Paul's. One of my favorite pieces of his, too. That and *Here There and Everywhere*. A nice piece of work, I think.

***From Me to You:*** We were writing it in a van on an early tour heading for Scotland or Newcastle or somewhere like that. The first line was mine. Then we took it from there. It was far bluesier when we wrote it. That was truly a combination-written song. It was written together singing into each other's noses.

***Get Back:*** Paul's. That's a better version of *Lady Madonna*. It's a potboiler record. I think there's some underlying thing about Yoko in there. Every time Paul sang the line "Get back to where you once belonged," he'd look at Yoko. Maybe he'll say I'm paranoid.

***Getting Better:*** It is a diary form of writing. All that "I used to be cruel to my woman, I beat her and kept her apart from the things that she loved" was me. I used to be cruel to my woman, and physically—any woman. I was a hitter. I couldn't express myself and I hit. I fought men and I hit women. That is why I am always on about peace, you see. It is the most violent people who go for love and peace. Everything's the opposite. But I sincerely believe in love and peace. I am a violent man who has learned not to be violent and regrets his violence. I will have to be a lot older before I can face in public how I treated women as a youngster.

***Give Peace a Chance:*** All we were saying is give peace a chance. I didn't write it with Paul, but he got credit on the song, because I wasn't ready to take his name off yet.

***Glass Onion:*** It's just a throwaway song, à la everything I've written. The "walrus was Paul" line was just to confuse everybody a bit more and, especially, because I felt slightly guilty because I'd got Yoko and he'd got nothing and he was losing me, 'cause I was going to quit. The walrus is really just a bit of poetry

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that didn't mean anything. It could have been "I am the fox terrier" and then this song would have gone, "Well here's another clue for you all, the fox terrier was Paul."

***Good Day Sunshine:*** Paul's song completely. Maybe I threw in a line or something.

***Good Morning, Good Morning:*** *Good Morning* is mine. It's a throwaway, a piece of garbage, I always thought. The "Good morning, good morning" was from a Kellogg's commercial. I always had the TV on very low in the background when I was writing and it came over and then I wrote the song.

***Good Night:*** *Good Night* was written for Julian, the way *Beautiful Boy* was written for Sean. I gave it to Ringo. It was possibly overlush.

***Got to Get You into My Life:*** Paul's. One of his best songs, I think. The lyrics are good and I didn't write them. When I say that he can write lyrics if he takes the effort, here's an example. The song actually describes his experience taking acid; at least it's a result of that.

***Happiness Is a Warm Gun:*** No, it's not about heroin. A gun magazine was sitting there with a smoking gun on the cover and an article that I never read inside called *Happiness Is a Warm Gun*. I took it right from there. I took it as the terrible idea of just having shot some animal.

It was at the beginning of my relationship with Yoko and I was very sexually oriented then. When we weren't in the studio, we were in bed.

I call Yoko Mother or Madam just in an offhand way. The rest doesn't mean anything. It's just images of her.

***Happy Xmas (War Is Over):*** Yoko and I wrote it together. There's nothing more to say about it. It was still the same message: We're just as responsible as the man who pushes the button, you know. The idea that somebody either is going to give us power or has taken our power; that somebody has made us go to war or not made us go to war; that God in the sky is a separate thing, that we're separate nations, religions, whatever. It's all the same garbage. As long as people imagine that someone is doing something to them and that they have no control, then they have no control.

***A Hard Day's Night:*** It was pure commercial writing. The title came from an off-the-cuff remark of Ringo's; you know, one of those malapropisms, only not a real malapropism. It was a Ringoism. I put it in *In His Own Write* and Dick Lester saw it and said we were going to use it for the title of the movie and the next morning, I brought in the song. There was a little competition between Paul and I about who got the A side and who got the singles. If you notice the early days, the majority of singles—in the movies and everything—were mine. And then, only when it became self-conscious and inhibited did Paul start dominating the group a little too much for my liking. But the early period is obviously I dominating the group. I did practically every single with my voice except for *Love Me Do*. They were either my song or my voice or both. The only reason he sang on *A Hard Day's Night* was because I couldn't reach the notes. [*Singing*] "When I'm home, ev'rything seems to be right, when I'm home, feeling. . . ."

***Hello Little Girl:*** That was me. That was actually my first song. [*Singing*] "When I see you every day I say mmm hummm, hello little girl. . . ." It was also a play on the song from the Thirties or Forties that went [*singing again*] "It's delightful, it's delicious, it's da de da de da. . . . Isn't it a pity that you're such a scatterbrain. . . ." [*Laughing*] That always fascinated me for some reason or another. It was probably connected to my mother. She used to sing that one. It's all very Freudian. So I made *Hello Little Girl* out of it. It was supposed to be a Buddy Holly–style song.

***Help!:*** I just wrote the song because I was commissioned to write it for the movie. But later, I knew I really was crying out for help. It was my fat Elvis period. You see the movie: He—I—is very fat, very insecure, and he's completely lost himself. And I am singing about when I was so much younger and all the rest, looking back at how easy it was.

***Helter Skelter:*** Paul completely. All that Manson stuff was built around George's *Piggies* and this song of Paul's about an English fairground. It has nothing to do with anything, and least of all to do with me.

***Here There and Everywhere:*** Paul's song completely, and one of my favorite Beatle songs.

***Hey Jude:*** Paul said it was written about Julian. He knew I was splitting with Cyn and leaving Julian then. He was driving to see Julian to say hello. He had been like an uncle. And he came up with *Hey Jude*. But I always heard it as a song to me. . . . Think about it: Yoko had just come into the picture. He is saying, "Hey, Jude"—"Hey, John." Subconsciously, he was saying, Go ahead, leave me. On a conscious level, he didn't want me to go ahead. The angel in him was saying, "Bless you." The Devil in him didn't like it at all, because he didn't want to lose his partner.

***How Do You Sleep?:*** It was like Dylan doing *Like a Rolling Stone*, one of his nasty songs, venting my anger or frustration or whatever and using Paul as the object of it.

***I Am the Walrus:*** The first line was written on one acid trip one weekend. The second line was written on the next acid trip the next weekend, and it was filled in after I met Yoko. Part of it was putting down Hare Krishna. All these people were going on about Hare Krishna, Allen Ginsberg in particular. The reference to "Element'ry penguin" is the elementary, naïve attitude of going around chanting, "Hare Krishna," or putting all your faith in any one idol. I was writing obscurely, à la Dylan, in those days.

The walrus comes from *The Walrus and the Carpenter*. *Alice in Wonderland*. To me, it was a beautiful poem. It never dawned on me that Lewis Carroll was commenting on the capitalist and social system. I never went into that bit about what he really meant, like people are doing with the Beatles' work. Later, I went back and looked at it and realized that the walrus was the bad guy in the story and the carpenter was the good guy. I thought, Oh, shit, I picked the wrong guy.

***I Call Your Name:*** That was my song. The bulk of the "I call your name" part was written around the time Paul was writing *Love Me Do*, when there was no Beatles and no group. And I just had it around. It was my effort at a kind of blues original, and then I wrote the middle eight just to stick it in the album when it came out years later. It was one of my first attempts at writing a song.

***I Feel Fine:*** That's me completely, including the guitar lick and the first feedback on any record anywhere. I defy anybody to find a record—unless it is some old blues record from the Twenties—with feedback on it before *I Feel Fine*. Everybody was doing feedback and far-out stuff, but nobody was putting it on record. It is the first feedback. I claim it for the Beatles. Before Hendrix, before The Who, before anybody.

***If I Fell:*** That's my first attempt to write a ballad proper. *In My Life* was the first one that worked as a ballad. This one has the same chord sequence—just around D and D minor and E minor, those kinds of things. It is semi-autobiographical. It is really about this girl—not about Cyn. It has an intro like a Fifties song: "If I fell in love with you, would you promise to be true [*breaks into song*] and help me understand. . . ." Paul may have helped with the middle eight. So that shows I wrote sentimental love ballads, silly love songs, way back then.

***I'll Be Back:*** Me completely. My variation on the chords of a Del Shannon song. Paul wrote one, too. Mine was *I'll Be Back*.

***I'll Follow the Sun:*** That's Paul again. It would be a funny tale: "Tomorrow may rain, so I'll follow the sun. . . ." It's another early McCartney, written almost before Beatles, I think.

***I'm Happy Just to Dance with You:***

*(continued on page 192)*

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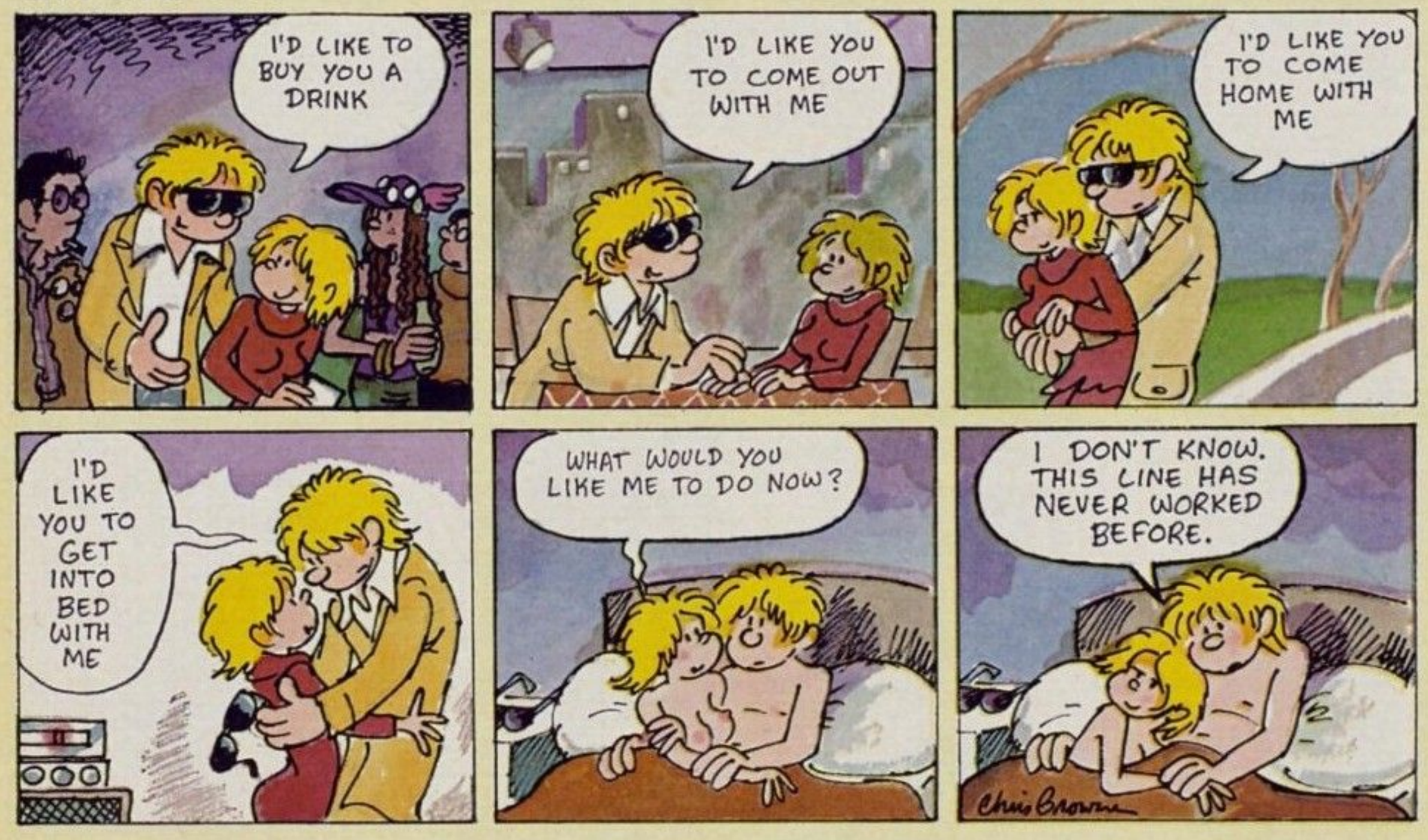
## CRUISER

by Christopher Browne -o-


I'D LIKE TO BUY YOU A DRINK
I'D LIKE YOU TO COME OUT WITH ME
I'D LIKE YOU TO COME HOME WITH ME
I'D LIKE YOU TO GET INTO BED WITH ME
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO DO NOW?
I DON'T KNOW. THIS LINE HAS NEVER WORKED BEFORE.
Chris Browne

## 5 CENT MARY

BY E N O S

REPENT... YOU SLATTERN!
HARLOT... TROLLOP... MEND YOUR WAYS OR BURN IN HELL!
YOUR ETERNAL SOUL WILL WRITHE IN FIERY AGONY, EVIL DENIZEN OF THE EVENING
OH, MY!
THAT DOES IT... FROM NOW ON, IT'S THE STRAIGHT MISSIONARY POSITION FOR ME!

MOONSHINE McJUGS

BY FRANK THORNE

YO' DAFT, BARF McBUNS! MIZZ MOONSHINE AIN'T GONNA BE BAMBOOZLED BY THET BEAR OUTFIT.

SHUSHUP, HOOTCH! KEEPA RUBBIN' IN THET ACME ALL-PURPOSE SEEDUCIN' SCENT.

DANGED IF I EVER SEED MIZZ MOONSHINE COTTON UP TO NO BEAR.

MOON-SHINE LOVES ALL CRITTERS. EVEN BEARS.

I'M COUNTIN' ON FINDIN' HER A-SUNNIN' IN TH' GLEN. AH'S GONNA GIT REAL CLOSE LIKE... ALLOWIN' TH' SCENT T' TAKE HOLT--

THEN, WHEN SHE'S HORNIER 'N A PEA-HEN IN PIGDIP, I'LL HOP ON AND PUMP 'ER TO THE GLORY O' THE McBUNS CLAN!

MR. BEAR, IT'S SHO' NICE O' YOU T' COME BY AND SIT A SPELL.

AH'S BEEN FEELIN' RIGHT STRANGE AS TIME PASSES.

EXCUSE ME, MR. BEAR. AH BELIEVES AH'S A MIGHT PASSIONATE.

IN FACT... AH'S MORE 'N' A TRIFLE HOT 'N' BOTHERED--

AH'S FAIRLY ACHIN' T' FEEL THE PULSIN' MEMBER O' A WILLIN' GENTLEMAN!

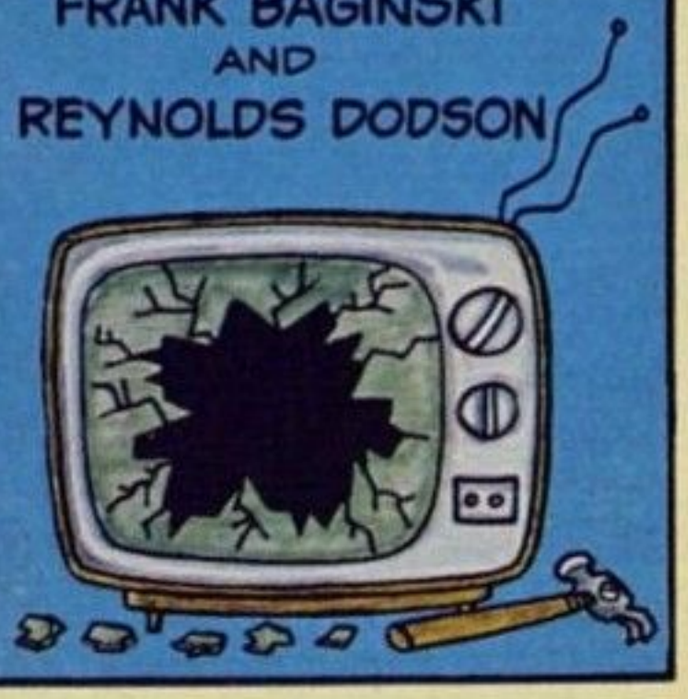
# STATION BREAK

by

FRANK BAGINSKI

AND

REYNOLDS DODSON



# MEATY MYTHS

BY FRED SCHRIER

FARDLE HAS BECOME A FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD AGENT AND HE LUSTS FOR HIS CLIENT'S BODY....

A FOOL AND HER LEGS ARE SOON PARTED.

GO TO BED WITH ME

NO

I'VE MADE YOU A STAR... I'VE MADE YOUR CAREER... DON'T YOU FEEL YOU OWE ME SOMETHING!? I'M NOT HARD TO PLEASE. JUST WHISPER FILTHY THOUGHTS INTO MY EAR!

FORGET IT! I AM HARD TO PLEASE AND TIMES AIN'T THAT HARD!

BUT I'VE MADE YOU SO MUCH MONEY!

MONEY! FOR MONEY I'LL DO IT!.. AS NAUSEATING AS THE IDEA IS, I'LL DO IT FOR $500!

$500?...

$500!?

$500? GAK! DO I GET MY AGENT'S FEE OF 20 PERCENT!?

NOPE... $500 OR NOTHING!

THIS IS GONNA BE LIKE MAKIN' LOVE TO THE PILLSBURY DOUGH-BOY.

THE NIGHT OF CONCUPISCENCE IS HERE!... ... WHEEZE

LATER

LET'S DO IT!

YOU WANT TO DO IT AGAIN?

AGAIN

HI, THERE!

AGIN?

...AND AGAIN...

...AND AGAIN...

ETC. ETC. ETC. ETC.

IT'S ME!

GEE!... REALLY? YOU'RE SO VIRILE!

PANT PANT MY GOD! YOU'RE A GREAT LOVER!

YAHOO!

ROLL OVER

PUFF PUFF I NEVER REALIZED HOW LUCKY I WAS TO HAVE YOU FOR MY AGENT!

I AIN'T YOUR AGENT, LADY. HE'S OUTSIDE SELLING TICKETS!

Schrier

## TYRANNOSAURUS SEX

by Chris Browne & John Stevens

AKK!

I LOVE IT WHEN THEY FIGHT OVER ME!

UNCLE!!

SIGH!

BRUNO, YOU WON ME FAIR AND SQUARE AND I'M GONNA SHOW YOU MY APPRECIATION BY....

NOT TONIGHT, DEAR I'VE GOT A HEADACHE!

Stevens

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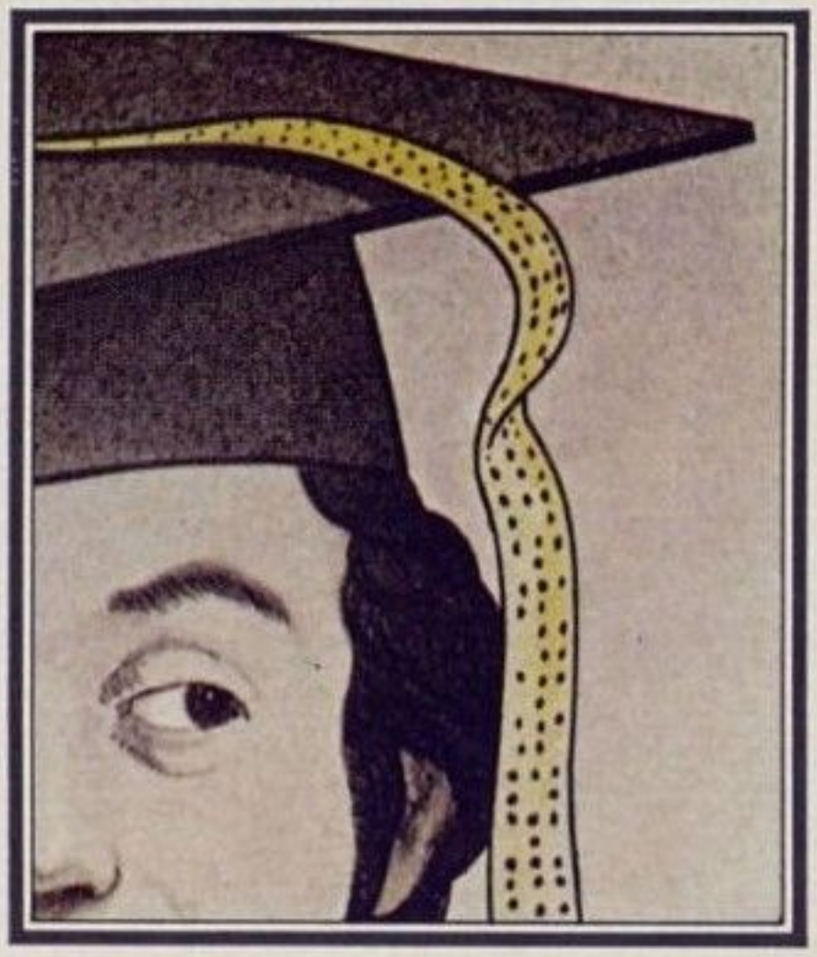
# MAN & WOMAN

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

## TO M.B.A. OR NOT TO M.B.A.

A master-of-business-administration degree can take two years and cost $20,000, but it may be well worth the price. If you already have an undergrad business degree, the investment will boost your average starting salary from $14,616 to $21,540—a solid 47 percent yield. If you have executive experience—an increasingly attractive commodity for both business school and employer—the M.B.A. can escalate your salary into the $40,000 range.



Since about 25 percent of business students are female, you'll have the opportunity to meet a plenitude of women addressed to success. You can actually learn something useful about business and, perhaps most important, prove your commitment to the corporate life. "I like to hire people with M.B.A.s for two reasons," says J. B. Fuqua of Fuqua Industries. "The M.B.A. is generally better qualified and trained than someone who has a bachelor's degree, and the extra two years of M.B.A. training indicate that the person is more dedicated to business than someone who just finished an undergraduate degree."

### THE BAD NEWS

The lofty salaries paid to freshly minted M.B.A.s have provoked what business school types term price resistance among corporate employers. Having calculated that three undergrad business majors can be obtained for about the price of two M.B.A.s, firms such as Bank of America, International Harvester and INA have begun placing bachelors where masters used to be. Besides saving on salaries, the companies acquire employees whom they can customize to their own specifications and hold on to longer.

Many forecasters predict the imminent onset of the glut, as in the glut of presently unemployed persons who, in the previous decade, believed a law degree constituted a platinum meal ticket. Read beyond the "JOB OFFERS ARE LAVISH IN COMPETITION TO HIRE BUSINESS SCHOOL GRADS" headlines in *The Wall Street Journal* and you will note that the grads in question are all top guns from the Whartons, Harvards and Northwesterns. Not surprisingly, the glut is expected to claim its biggest toll from M.B.A.s under 25 who graduated from the less prestigious institutions.

Political economist Eliot Janeway is particularly bad-news bearish on the M.B.A., which he deems irresponsive to current "skills market" demands. "U. S. corporations are overloaded with committee-going, overhead-loading types in their late 20s and early 30s who are commercial and financial virgins: They've never been thrown on the firing line to meet a payroll, make a sale, break a bottleneck, placate a customer, stare down a union, fight a bureaucrat or defy the media—much less say no to a lawyer or an accountant." Janeway advises subscribers to his $1000-a-year consultation service to "forget about job-market baubles like M.B.A., law and accounting degrees, and concentrate on learning how to do the necessary—like selling, buying, financing, hiring, supervising. . . . Refrain from indulging in naïve parental subsidies for advanced degrees having no serious professional purpose."

### GETTING YOURS

If you're still determined to enter the master race, check out the competition at an M.B.A. forum operated by the nonprofit Graduate Management Admission Council, the same folks responsible for the aptitude test most business schools require for admission. Next fall, representatives of more than 135 schools will peddle their classes at forums scheduled for New York, Atlanta, Boston and San Francisco. (For details, write to Box 966, Princeton, New Jersey 08541.)

While there, please note how ominously the demographics of the pre-M.B.A. forum prefigure the demographics of the post-M.B.A. job market: Delegations from the Northwhartvards are surrounded by clusters of eager applicants, while the reps of lesser institutions linger, lonely as Maytag repairers, and predict full quotas in the years to come.

In the absence of conclusive scientific or economic documentation, the best schools continue to be the ones people think are best. According to a survey by *MBA Executive* magazine, business school deans think the best ones are, region by region, Harvard, MIT (Sloan), Pennsylvania (Wharton) in the Northeast; Chicago, Northwestern, Michigan in the Midwest; North Carolina (Chapel Hill), Virginia, Texas (Austin) in the South; Stanford, UCLA, California (Berkeley) in the West. But if you pretty well know where you want to go and what you want to do, a less illustrious local school may serve you even better. A Pittsburgh steel company may actually prefer homegrown products from Pitt or Duquesne who speak the language over fancy-pants imports from the "Ivory League."

It's worth investigating the upper rank of try-harder schools that compete by offering programs tailored to special conditions or goals. Southern Methodist, for example, can whisk you over the course in just one year. Drexel allows you to earn a degree by attending class on two years of Saturdays. And Hartford boasts classloads of case-hardened insurance executives who won't take bullshit for an answer.

If there is room for you at the top, prepare to pay for it through the nose. Last year, Northwestern's tuition was $6300 and Harvard's, $5900. Economy-class seating is available at schools such as South Carolina ($1152) and North Alabama ($680), but as the road tapers, you're likely to get what you pay for. The M.B.A. still opens minds and doors, but its ultimate value has to a large extent become a matter of degree.

—THEODORE FISCHER

# john lennon (continued from page 184)

*"The idea of instant karma was like the idea of instant coffee, presenting something in a new form."*

That was written for George. I couldn't have sung it.

***I'm Losing You:*** It's a song about the past, but I actually started writing it when I called from Bermuda and I couldn't get through to Yoko. I was just mad as hell, feeling lost and separate. But it's also a description of the separation period in the early Seventies when I physically couldn't get through. So it's not a specific incident referring to anything.

***I'm So Tired:*** I wrote it in India. I couldn't sleep. I'd been meditating all day and then I couldn't sleep at night. We were not supposed to leave the room because of this thing about staying in one room for five days. So I was so tired I couldn't get to sleep. That's it. It's one of my favorite tracks.

***Imagine:*** Dick Gregory gave Yoko and me a little kind of prayer book. It is in the Christian idiom, but you can apply it anywhere. It is the concept of positive prayer. If you want to get a car, get the car keys. Get it? *Imagine* is saying that. If you can *imagine* a world at peace, with no denominations of religion—not without religion but without this my-God-is-bigger-than-your-God thing—then it can be true. The song was originally inspired by Yoko's book *Grapefruit*. In it are a lot of pieces saying, imagine this, imagine that. Yoko actually helped a lot with the lyrics, but I wasn't man enough to let her have credit for it. I was still selfish enough and unaware enough to sort of take her contribution without acknowledging it. I was still full of wanting my own space after being in a room with the guys all the time, having to share everything. So when Yoko would even wear the same color as me, I used to get madly upset: We are not the Beatles! We are not fucking Sonny and Cher!

***In My Life:*** It was the first song I wrote that was consciously about my life. Before, we were just writing songs à la Everly Brothers, Buddy Holly—pop songs with no more thought to them than that. The words were almost irrelevant. *In My Life* started out as a bus journey from my house at 250 Menlove Avenue to town, mentioning all the places I could recall. I wrote it all down and it was *boring*. So I forgot about it and laid back and these lyrics started coming to me about friends and lovers of the past. Paul helped with the middle eight.

***Instant Karma:*** It just came to me. Everybody was going on about karma, especially in the Sixties. But it occurred to me that karma is instant as well as it influences your past life or your future life. There really is a reaction to what you do now. That's what people ought to be concerned about. Also, I'm fascinated by commercials and promotion as an art form. I enjoy them. So the idea of instant karma was like the idea of instant coffee, presenting something in a new form. I just liked it.

***I Should Have Known Better:*** That's me. It's just a song. It doesn't mean a damn thing.

***It's Only Love:*** It's mine. I always thought it was a lousy song. The lyrics are abysmal. I always hated it.

***I Want to Hold Your Hand:*** We wrote that in the basement of Jane Asher's house.

***Julia:*** Mine. Julia was my mother. The song was actually a combination of an imagery of Yoko and my mother blended into one, you see.

***Lady Madonna:*** Paul. Good piano, but the song never really went anywhere. Maybe I helped him on some of the lyrics, but I'm not proud of them, either.

***Let It Be:*** That's Paul totally. It had nothing to do with the Beatles. It could have been Wings. I think he was inspired by *Bridge Over Troubled Water*. He wanted to write one.

***Like Dreamers Do:*** That is Paul. That was another one he had written when he was a teenager and sort of resurrected and polished up to give to people later on. That is on the audition tape that we sent to Decca, which since came out as a bootleg. I sing *To Know Her Is to Love Her* and *Hello Little Girl* and Paul sings *Like Dreamers Do*.

***Little Child:*** That was another effort by Paul and me to write a song for somebody. It probably was Ringo, because I think that's who we gave it to. The better songs, whether they were written together inspirationally like *She Loves You* and *From Me to You* or separately like *All My Loving*, were inspired songs. They came from elsewhere and were delivered to us. The ones we *tried* to write usually didn't work. They ended up on the B sides or as tracks on records. And they sounded like it.

***The Long and Winding Road:*** That's Paul. He had a little spurt before we finally split up. I think the shock of what was happening between Yoko and me gave him the creative spurt for *Let It Be* and *The Long and Winding Road*. That was the last gasp from him.

***Lovely Rita:*** That's Paul writing a pop song. He made up people like Rita, like a novelist. You hear lots of McCartney influence going on now on the radio: these stories about boring people being postmen and writing home. I'm not interested in writing about people like that. I like to write about me, because I know me. I don't know anything about secretaries and postmen and meter maids.

***Love Me Do:*** Paul's song, written when he was a teenager. I might have helped on the middle eight, but I couldn't swear to it. I know he had the song around, even in Hamburg, way, way before we were songwriters.

***Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds:*** My son Julian came in one day with a picture he painted of a school friend of his named Lucy. He had sketched in some stars in the sky and called it *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds*.

The other images were from *Alice in Wonderland*.

There was also the image of the female who would someday come save me—a "girl with kaleidoscope eyes," who would come out of the sky. It turned out to be Yoko, though I hadn't met Yoko yet. So maybe it should be *Yoko in the Sky with Diamonds*.

***Magical Mystery Tour:*** Paul's song. I helped with the lyrics, but it was Paul's concept.

***Maxwell's Silver Hammer:*** That's Paul. I hate it. All I remember is the track. He made us do it a million times. He did everything he could to make it into a single. It never was and it never could have been. We spent much more money and time on that song than on any other song on the whole album.

***Mean Mr. Mustard:*** Me writing another piece of garbage. I'd read somewhere in the paper about this mean guy who was hiding five-pound notes, not up his nose but somewhere else, and so I wrote about him. And no, it has nothing to do with snorting cocaine.

***Michelle:*** *Michelle* is Paul up until the middle eight, where I suggested this bit from Nina Simone. [*Singing*] "I love *you*." That bit. Going French was Paul's idea.

***Mind Games:*** It was originally called *Make Love, Not War*, but that was such a cliché that you couldn't say it anymore. So I wrote the same message in an obscure way—mind games, mind guerrillas. It's the same as *Imagine* or anything else. It's a nice track; I've always liked the sound of it. The words are just expressing the same thing we were saying in the Sixties: love and peace, without using the words love and peace. Love and peace became a joke.

***New York City:*** That's mine, a bit of journalese, you know, a ballad. In New York, I could walk around, where I still couldn't walk around in London.

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***Nobody Loves You when You're Down and Out:*** Well, that says the whole story. That exactly expressed the whole period I was apart from Yoko. I always imagined Sinatra singing that one. I don't know why. It's kind of Sinatra-esque. He could do a perfect job with it. Are you listening, Frank? You need a song that isn't a piece of nothing. Here's one for you. The horn arrangement, everything's made for you. But don't ask me to produce it.

***No Reply:*** That's my song. That is the one that Dick James, the publisher, came and said was the first song I had ever written that resolved itself. You know, with a story and. . . . It was my version of *Silhouettes*. I had that image, you know, of walking down the street and seeing her silhouette in the window and not answering the phone, although I never called a girl on the phone in my life. Phones aren't part of the English child's life like cars are.

***Norwegian Wood:*** *Norwegian Wood* is my song completely. It's the first pop song that ever had a sitar on it. I asked George to play this guitar lick on the sitar. In the song, I guess I was very careful and paranoid, because I didn't want my wife at the time to know that there really was something going on outside the household. I always had some sort of affair going, so, in the song, I was trying to be sophisticated in writing about an affair, in such a smoke-screen way that you couldn't tell it was real. I can't remember any specific woman that it was to do with. I don't know *how* the hell I got to Norwegian wood.

***Nowhere Man:*** Me. It just came, the complete melody and the words, after six hours of trying to write a song. [*Singing*] "Making all his nowhere plans for nobody. . . ."

***Oh! Darling:*** That's a great song of Paul's that he didn't sing too well. I always thought I could have sung it better. It was more my style than his. But he wrote it, so what the hell, he was going to sing it. If he had any sense, he would have let me sing it. [*Laughing*]

***Oh Yoko:*** I express myself through song and so that's the song. It was a very popular track. Everybody wanted it as a single, but I was sort of shy and embarrassed, maybe because it didn't represent my image of myself of the tough, hard-biting rock-'n'-roller with the acid tongue, you see.

***Old Dirt Road:*** Harry Nilsson and I wrote it together. It's just a song, you know. Well, seeing we're stuck in this bottle of vodka together, we might as well try and do something.

***One After 909:*** I wrote it when I was about 17, either right before or after *Hello Little Girl*, and it was resurrected for that album, probably for lack of material. Nine has always been around. I'm not sure why. I was born on the ninth of October, I lived at nine Newcastle Road, *Revolution 9*. Numerologically, I'm apparently a number three or six, so I'm not sure where the nine comes from.

***Paperback Writer:*** It's sort of Paul's version of *Day Tripper*, meaning a rock-'n'-roll song with a nice guitar lick on it.

***Penny Lane:*** It was Paul's, based on a place I lived. Penny Lane is not only a street but it's a district, like Times Square or Columbus Avenue. Penny Lane is a suburban district where I lived with my mother and father up until the age of four. Well, my father was a sailor, always at sea. My grandfather lived in the house, too. It was one of those row houses like they always picture in the early Beatles' life stories and in *Yellow Submarine*—you know, drooly versions of the four working-class lads. Anyway, I wrote some of the lyrics. I can't remember which. It was all Paul's melody.

***Piggies:*** That's George's song about pigs. I gave him a line about forks and knives and eating bacon.

***Please Please Me:*** That's me completely. It was my attempt at writing a Roy Orbison song, would you believe it? I remember the day I wrote it. I remember the pink eyelet down over the bed sitting in one of the bedrooms in my house on Menlove Avenue, my auntie's place. I heard Roy Orbison doing *Only the Lonely* on the radio. Also, I was always intrigued by the words to a Bing Crosby song that went [*singing*]: "Please lend a little ear to my pleas. . . ." I was intrigued by the double use of the word please. So it was a combination of Roy Orbison and Bing Crosby.

***Polythene Pam:*** That was me, remembering a little event I had with a woman in Jersey, an island off the French coast. A poet, England's answer to Allen Ginsberg, a beatnik that looked like a beatnik who was from Liverpool, took me to this apartment of his in Jersey. This was so long ago. This is all triggering these *amazing* memories.

So this poet took me to his place and asked me if I wanted to meet this girl, Polythene Pam, who dressed up in polythene. Which she did. In polythene bags. She didn't wear jack boots and kilts—I just sort of elaborated—and no, she didn't really look like a man. There was nothing much to it. It was kind of perverted sex in a polythene bag. But it provided something to write a song about.

***P.S. I Love You:*** That's Paul's song. He was trying to write a *Soldier Boy*, like the Shirelles' track. I might have contributed something. It was mainly his song.

***Rain:*** *Rain* is me. It's the first backward tape on any record anywhere. Before Hendrix, before The Who, before any fucker. I'd made the basic track and took a rough mix home. I was so stoned out of my mind that I got back to the house and, as I usually do, listened immediately to what I had done that day. I put it on. Somehow, I got it on backward. I sat there, transfixed, with the earphones on, with a big hash joint, just listening, and the whole thing was backward! I ran in the next day and said, "I know what to do with it! Listen to this!" and I played them the tape backward and made them all play the song backward. I put that on the fade; the fade is me, singing backward. [*Singing backward*] "Shwarnicnathenearness. . . ." That was a gift of God—of Ja—you know, he's the god of marijuana, right, so Ja gets that one.

You know, I do confess that maybe one song came out with backward music on it before *Rain*: *They're Coming to Take Me Away, Ha-Haaa!* but that was a whole other thing.

***Revolution:*** You look at the song and see my feeling about politics, radicalism and everything. I *want* to see the plan. Waving Chairman Mao badges or being a Marxist or a thisist or a thatist is going to get you shot, locked up. If that's what you want, you subconsciously want to be a martyr. You see, I want to know what you are going to do after you have knocked it all down. Can't we use some of it? If you want to change the system, change the system. Don't go shooting people.

***Revolution 9:*** Well, the slow version of *Revolution* on the album went on and on and on and I took the fade-out part, which is what they sometimes do with disco records now, and just layered all this stuff over it. It has the basic rhythm of the original *Revolution* going on with some 20 loops we put on, things from the archives of EMI. We were cutting up classical music and making different-size loops, and then I got an engineer tape on which some test engineer was saying, "Number nine, number nine, number nine." All those different bits of sound and noises are all compiled. There were about ten machines with people holding pencils on the loops—some only inches long and some a yard long. I fed them all in and mixed them live. I did a few mixes until I got one I liked. Yoko was there for the whole thing and she made decisions about which loops to use. It was somewhat under her influence, I suppose. Once I heard her stuff—not just the screeching and the howling but her sort of word pieces and talking and breathing and all this strange stuff, I thought, My God, I got intrigued, so I wanted to do one. I spent more time on *Revolution 9* than I did on half the other songs I ever wrote. It was a montage.

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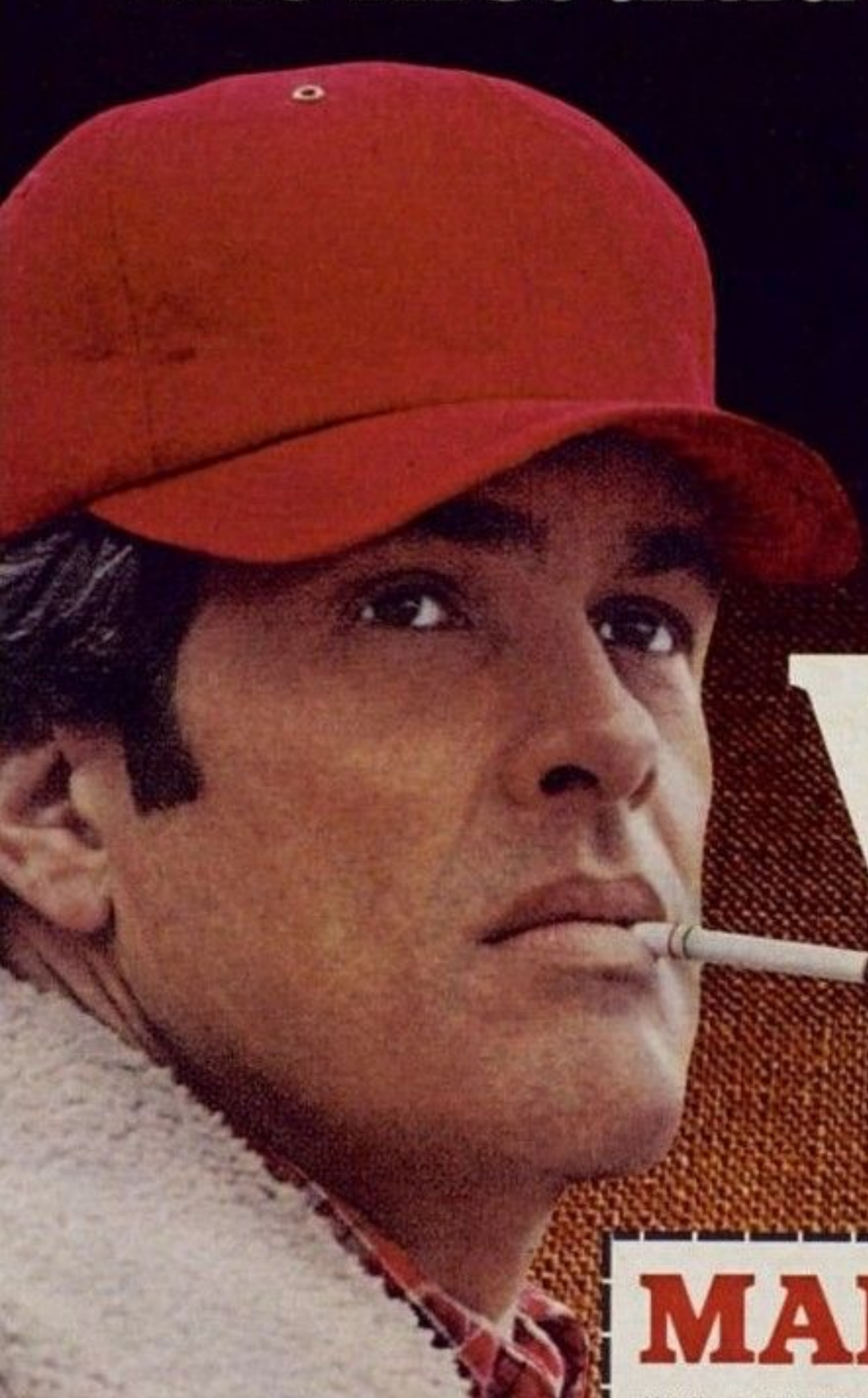

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***Rocky Raccoon:*** Paul, can't you tell? Would I go through all that trouble about Gideons Bible and that sort of thing? He maybe got stuck on a couple of lines that I helped on, but mainly it's him.

***Run for Your Life:*** One of mine, sort of a throwaway. I've never liked it. It was a favor to George. "I'd rather see you dead, little girl, than to be with another man" is a line from an old blues song that Presley did.

***Scared:*** I was terrified when I wrote it, if you can't tell. It was the whole separation from Yoko, thinking I lost the one thing I knew I needed.

You know, I think Mick Jagger took the song and turned it into *Miss You.* When I was in the studio, the engineer said, "This is a hit song if you just do it faster." He was right, because *Miss You* is a fast version of my song. I like Mick's record better. I have no ill feelings about it. It could have been subconscious on Mick's part or conscious. Music is everybody's possession. It's only publishers who think that people own it.

***Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band:*** Paul wrote it after a trip to America. The whole West Coast long-named-group thing was coming in, you know, when people were no longer called the Beatles or the Crickets, they were suddenly Fred and His Incredible Shrinking Grateful Airplanes. He got influenced by that and came up with this idea of doing us as somebody else. He was trying to put something between the Beatles and the public. It took the "I" out of it some. Like in the early days, saying, "She loves you" instead of "I love you." So that's the song.

***Sexy Sadie:*** It was inspired by the Maharishi. I wrote it when we had our bags packed and we were leaving India. I called him Sexy Sadie. It said, "Maharishi, what have you done, you made a fool of me. . . ." My partings, it seems, are not as nice as I would like them to be.

***She Loves You:*** *She Loves You* was written right about the. . . . Wait, *From Me to You* was the third single after *She Loves You,* wasn't it? Or was it the other way around—*From Me to You* after *Please Please Me?* Well, *She Loves You* was written by the two of us together. I remember it was Paul's idea. Instead of singing "I love you" again, Paul decided we would have a third party passing and latch it onto something else. And that little detail is apparently in his work now. I'm more inclined to write about myself. The "woo woo" was taken from The Isley Brothers' *Twist and Shout.* We stuck it in everything—this, *From Me to You.* I don't know where the "yeah, yeah, yeah" came from. I remember thinking when Elvis did *All Shook Up* that it was the first time I heard "uh huh," "oh, yeah" and "yeah yeah" all in the same song.

***She Said She Said:*** Mine. It's an interesting track. The guitars are great on it. It was written after an acid trip in L.A., during a break in the Beatles' tour where we were having some fun with a lot of girls. And Peter Fonda came in and kept coming up to me, saying, "I know what it's like to be dead." He was describing an acid trip he'd been on, but we didn't want to hear about it. We were on acid and the sun was shining and the girls were dancing and the whole thing was beautiful and Sixties and this guy—I really didn't know who the hell he was: he hadn't made *Easy Rider* or anything and I knew Henry Fonda vaguely and Jane Fonda hadn't become a sex symbol or a political, you know, I didn't think much of her, either—this guy wearing shades kept coming up and whispering, "I know what it's like to be dead." It was scary. It was like, Don't tell me about it. I don't want to know what it's like to be dead.

***She's a Woman:*** That's Paul, with some contributions on some lines from me. We put the words "turns me on" in the song. We were so excited to say it, you know, about marijuana and all that. This was the first use of the expression on record. Very daring. [*Laughs*]

***(Just Like) Starting Over:*** It's what it says. I wrote it when I was in Bermuda with Sean, while Yoko was attending to business. It just came out that way. All the other songs were finished and it and *Cleanup Time* came out sort of like fun after the work was done. It has the Fiftiesish sound because I have never really written a song that sounded like that period, although that was my period, the music I identified with. So I just thought, Why the hell not? In the Beatle days, that would have been taken as a joke. One avoided clichés. But, of course, now those clichés are not clichés anymore.

I nearly took out the words "spread our wings and fly" because I thought, Oh, God, they'll all be saying, "What's that about Wings?" It has nothing to do with Wings.

***Strawberry Fields Forever:*** Strawberry Fields is a real place. After I stopped living at Penny Lane, I moved in with my auntie, who lived in the suburbs in a nice semidetached place with a small garden and doctors and lawyers and that ilk living around—not the poor slummy kind of image that was projected in all the Beatles stories. Near that home was Strawberry Fields, a house near a boys' reformatory where I used to go to garden parties as a kid with my friends Nigel and Pete. We would go there and hang out and sell lemonade bottles for a penny. We always had fun at Strawberry Fields. I used it as an image. Strawberry Fields forever. "Living is easy with eyes closed. Misunderstanding all you see." It still goes, doesn't it? Aren't I saying exactly the same thing now? The awareness apparently trying to be expressed is—let's say in one way I was always hip. I was hip in kindergarten. Nobody seems to be as hip as me is what I was saying. Therefore, I must be crazy or a genius—"I mean it must be high or low," the next line.

It was scary as a child, because there was nobody to relate to. Neither my auntie nor my friends nor anybody could ever see what I did. It was very, very scary and the only contact I had was reading about an Oscar Wilde or a Dylan Thomas or a Vincent van Gogh—all those books that my auntie had that talked about their suffering because of their visions. Because of what they saw, they were tortured by society for trying to express what they were. I *saw* loneliness.

***Taxman:*** My contribution to *Taxman,* which was one of the first songs George ever wrote, really, was the words "pennies on your eyes" and some other lyrics.

***Tell Me Why:*** They needed another song—an upbeat song—so I just knocked it off.

***There's a Place:*** *There's a Place* was my attempt at a sort of Motown black thing, but it says the usual Lennon things: "In my mind there's no sorrow." It's all in your mind.

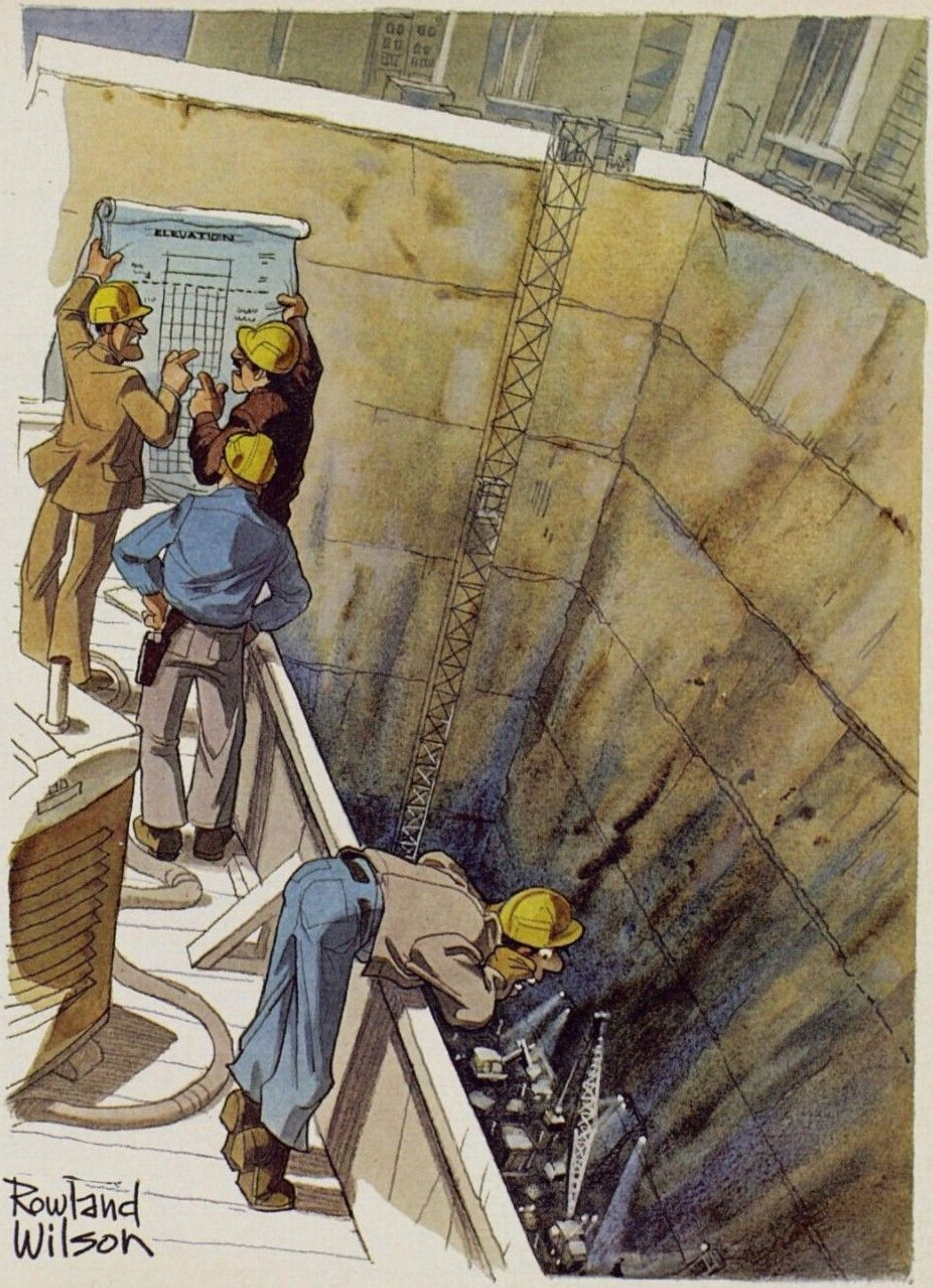
***Things We Said Today:*** It's Paul's. A good song.

***Ticket to Ride:*** That's me, one of the earliest heavy-metal records. Paul's contribution was the way Ringo played the drums.

***Tip of My Tongue:*** Paul's garbage, not my garbage.

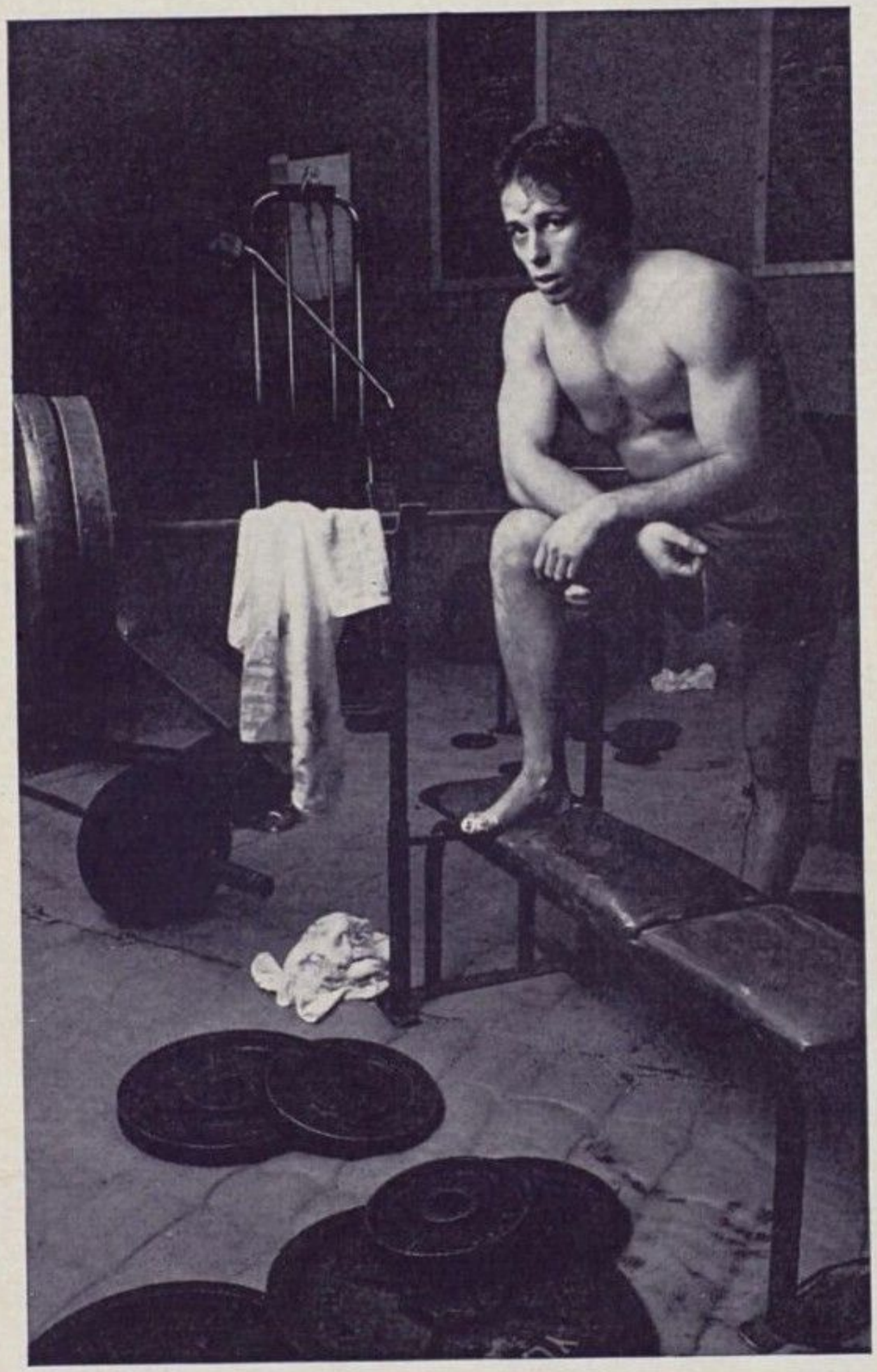
***Tomorrow Never Knows:*** That's me in my Tibetan Book of the Dead period. The expression "Tomorrow never knows" is another of Ringo's. I gave it a throwaway title because I was a bit self-conscious about the lyrics, so I took another Ringoism to sort of take the edge off the heavy philosophical lyrics.

***Two Virgins:*** When I met Yoko, before I realized I was going to live with her, I was interested in her as an artist. I was always shy with Yoko. One time, my ex-wife was away somewhere and Yoko and I did acid. We had never made love. Because I was so shy, instead of making love, we went upstairs and made tapes. I had this room full of different tapes and loops where I wrote Beatle stuff. So we made a tape all night. She was doing her funny voices and I was pushing all different buttons on my tape recorder and getting sound effects. Then, as the sun rose, we made love. That was it. That was *Two Virgins.* We had known each other two years by then. So that was the record and the album cover of us naked was a way to show purity. Everybody was sort of upset. The fact




*"Stop digging! The plans were upside down!"*

# BEFORE



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that two people were naked. We thought it was insane that everybody was so upset about it.

***Watching the Wheels:*** That's a kind of song version of the love letter from John and Yoko [which appeared in *The New York Times*]. I've been doing this—watching the wheels. People have been saying I'm lazy, dreaming my life away, all my life. Pop stars were getting indignant in the press that I wasn't making records. I couldn't believe it; they were acting like mothers-in-law. I don't know whether it was Mick or who. What's it got to do with them if I never do another record in my life?

***We Can Work It Out:*** Paul's first half, my middle eight. He came to the house with the first bit and I came up with [*singing*] "Life is very short and there's no time for fussing and fighting my friend. . . ."

***Whatever Gets You Through the Night:*** As [producer] Jack Douglas put it, that was a novelty record. It's the only one I've done since I left the Beatles to get to number one. We didn't get a good take on the musicians, but I quite like the words. It was more commercial than, say, *Imagine*, but in my opinion, *Imagine* should have been number one and *Whatever Gets You Through the Night* should have been number 39. It just doesn't make sense. Who knows?

***Why Don't We Do It in the Road:*** That's Paul. He even recorded it all by himself in another room. That's how it was getting in those days. It's him drumming, him playing the piano, him singing, just because it was getting to where he wanted to do it like that. Still, he couldn't break from the Beatles. I don't know what it was. I can't speak for George, but I know I was always hurt when Paul knocked off something without involving us in it. It's a fun track, but there's nothing to it.

***With a Little Help from My Friends:*** Paul with a little help from me. I did some of the lyrics and all those little licks going on in the background from the second voice.

***Within You Without You:*** I think that is one of George's best songs, one of my favorites of his. I like the arrangement, the sound and the words. He is clear on that song. You can hear his mind is clear and his music is clear. It's his innate talent that comes through on that song, that brought that song together. George is responsible for Indian music getting over here. That song is a good example.

***Woman:*** [From *Double Fantasy*.] That's to Yoko and to all women, in a way. Because my history of relationships with women is a very poor one—very *macho*, very stupid, very typical of a certain type of man, I suppose, which is very sensitive and insecure but acting

aggressive and *macho*. You know, trying to cover up the feminine side, which I still have a tendency to do. But I'm learning to acknowledge that it's all right to be soft. Because that side of me is the comfortable side of me. It's like I tend to put my cowboy boots on when I'm insecure, whereas now I'm in sneakers and it's comfy. So *Woman* is pretty self-explanatory.

***Woman Is the Nigger of the World:*** The statement is something Yoko said in 1968 in a magazine interview. It is such a powerful statement. A few years later, I turned it into a song. It was actually the first women's liberation song that went out. It was before *I Am Woman*. It was banned again, but it was talked about. It got the message across. The whole story is the title. The lyrics are just fill-in. I felt the lyrics didn't live up to Yoko's title.

***World Without Love:*** McCartney. I think he had the whole song before the Beatles and resurrected it to give to Peter & Gordon. Peter is now the famous Peter Asher. I don't know what became of Gordon. Anyway, Paul never sang it. Not on a record, anyway. We always used to crack up at the lyrics. [*Laughing*] "Please lock me away. . . ."

***Ya Ya:*** It was a contractual obligation to Morris Levy as a result of a court case. It was a humiliation, and I regret having to be in that position, but I did it. That's the way it turned out. Julian was playing the drums and I just left on the piano and sang, "Ya ya."

***Yellow Submarine:*** Paul's baby. Donovan helped with the lyrics. I helped with the lyrics. We virtually made the track come alive in the studio, but it was based on Paul's inspiration, his idea, his title. I count it as his song. It was written for Ringo.

***Yer Blues:*** Written in India. The same thing: up there trying to reach God and feeling suicidal.

***You Know My Name (Look Up My Number):*** That was a piece of unfinished music that I turned into a comedy record with Paul. Paul was making a phone call and I saw the phone book was on the piano. He said something like, "You know the name, look up the number." I just changed it. It was going to be a Four Tops kind of record. Brian Jones is playing sax on it, I believe.

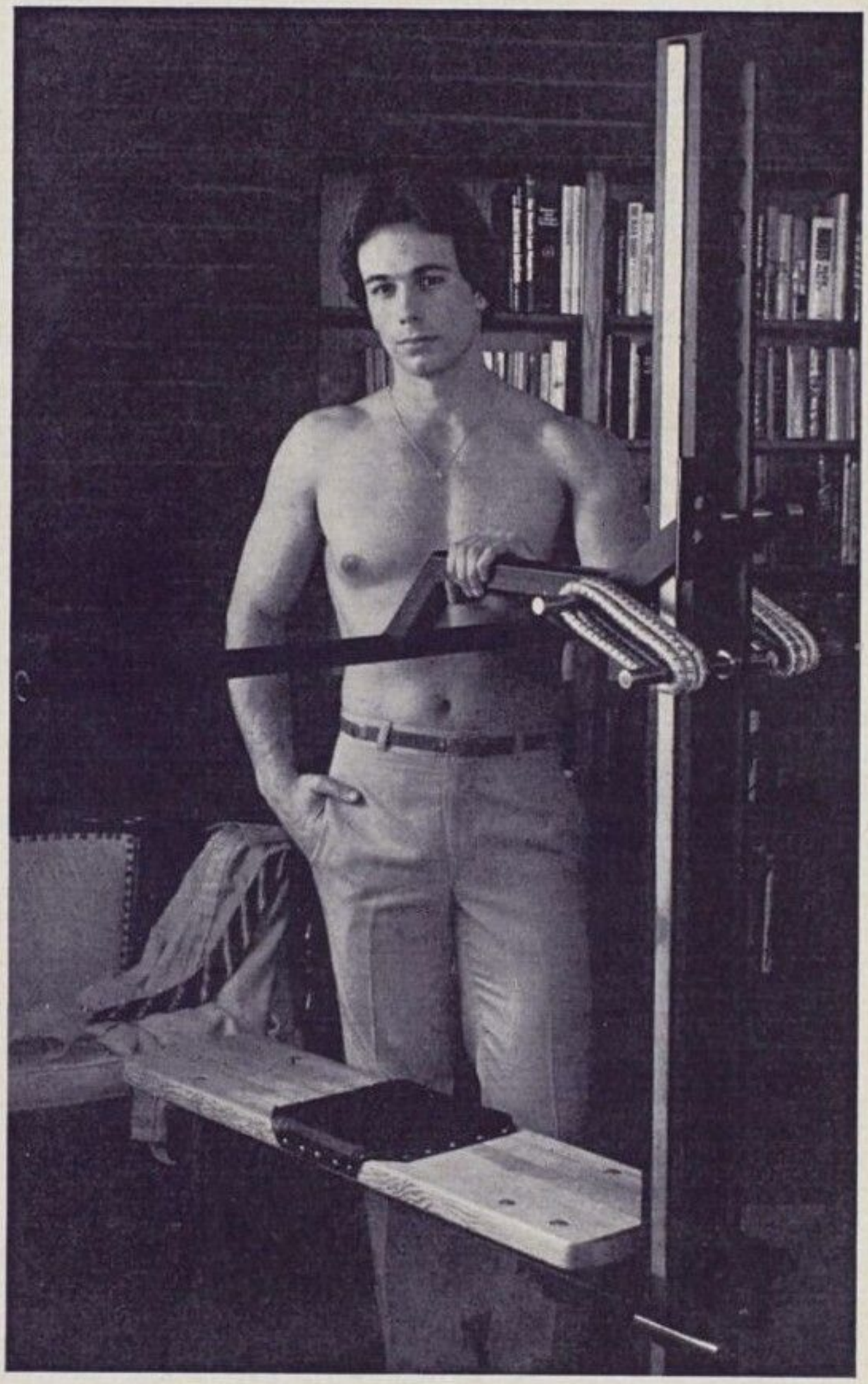
***You Never Give Me Your Money:*** That's Paul, another unfinished song stuck with the others on *Abbey Road*.

***You're Gonna Lose That Girl:*** Me.

***Your Mother Should Know:*** Guess who. Paul, of course.

***You've Got to Hide Your Love Away:*** That's me in my Dylan period. I am like a chameleon, influenced by whatever is going on. If Elvis can do it, I can do it. If The Everly Brothers can do it, me and Paul can. Same with Dylan.


# AFTER



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# Congressional Wife (continued from page 125)

*"John took my hand and led me into the shadows, and we made love on the marble steps."*

even as he complained that he didn't have enough time to spend with his family. Nor did I name the lobbyist who used to ply my husband with liquor and set him up with other women. In fact, although Moose lodge members and Washington politicians felt I'd spoken out of turn, I thought I had been the model of discretion.

•

John and I were born on opposite sides of the tracks. He grew up the son of a carpenter and a nurse in Loris, a hard-scrabble hamlet snuggled in the tidewater palmetto marshes and overgrown plantations of rural Horry County, South Carolina. I grew up the pampered youngest daughter of a Texas cattle rancher and businessman in a horseshoe-shaped mansion in San Antonio. When I was ten, my father consolidated his failing, far-flung business interests by moving to Austin, where we settled into a more modest three-bedroom home with maid's quarters.

John hustled his way from his parents' tiny frame home (with an outhouse in back) through law school at the University of South Carolina. By his mid-30s, he was living the American dream with a beautiful wife and two children in a white, pillared, six-bedroom mansion with swimming pool in North Myrtle Beach, a few miles up the road from Loris. John's fortune, thanks to a few go-for-broke real-estate deals, had increased with Myrtle Beach land values. The once tacky coastal strip of firecracker stands, no-tell motels and plastic-tabletop restaurants had become a booming resort.

I graduated from the University of Texas in 1971 with honors, a degree in history, a fluency in Russian and no job prospects. What I lacked in practical skills, however, I made up for in youthful idealism. I joined the Peace Corps and shipped out for Micronesia; I made it as far as Hawaii. Two weeks of living in a hut in the middle of sugar-cane fields, an experience supposed to train me for life in Micronesia, convinced me I could better help the world's suffering by returning to Texas and enrolling in graduate school. During graduate school, I met my first husband, an Army Mohawk pilot. I married him for the wrong reasons: He was handsome, drove a Morgan, had a nice tennis serve and short hair. The last endeared him to my parents, but we had the good sense to end the marriage after a year.

Meanwhile, John's practiced eye for the main chance had propelled him into South Carolina politics. He built the region's first coalition of poor blacks and blue-collar workers, which, along with a few liberals, launched him into the state legislature in 1964, at the age of 28. He was one of the youngest men ever to be elected to that body.

In 1972, John lost his first bid for Congress, but he ran again two years later and won.

My path to Washington was more winding. In early 1974, while I was selling cosmetics at an Austin department store, a want ad for a job with the Republican Party of Texas caught my eye. I figured that had to be more interesting than discussing the latest shades of nail polish, so I switched jobs. My work writing and editing a pamphlet titled *The Primary System in America* apparently impressed Republican National Committee officials, who offered me a job in the party's national office in Washington in the summer of 1975.

On my first day in Washington, I met John. I was leaving the Longworth House office building when I saw him from the corner of my eye, standing by an elevator and wearing an electric green, orange and yellow plaid jacket.

As I headed down the marble stairs, I heard someone behind me call, "Hey, wait a minute." I turned to see the stranger in the flashy coat grinning a country-boy grin. He assumed I was a Capitol Hill secretary and asked where I worked. I explained I had just arrived in Washington and he invited me to go along with him on an errand to the Capitol, across the street.

At first, he told me he was a Capitol Hill elevator operator, a position usually filled by law students. I believed him—his square-jawed, boyish good looks and earnest manner made him appear far younger than his 39 years. But when he ushered me through a door in the Capitol marked MEMBERS ONLY—a breach of protocol that could cost any elevator operator his job—I was impressed by his gall and told him so. He laughed and told me he was a Congressman. When I told him I didn't believe him, he invited me to his office to prove it. There he introduced me to his staff and led me into an inner office, closing the door.

"How would you like to go out with me tonight?" he asked.

"No, thanks," I replied.

"Well, then, how would you like to go to the Virgin Islands with me? We'll lie in the sand nude all day long and make love all night."

"No," I said, reaching for the door.

I should have known then that this recently divorced country boy had more moves than a riverboat gambler.

About a month or so later, we met again and he asked me to accompany him to a party at the Romanian embassy. I accepted. To him, it was a cheap date. To this Texas girl, bored by dinner dates with men who talked precinct tallies, it was *the* social event of the year. And just to prove that I was no slouch, I chatted away in Russian with the Romanian ambassador. John wandered over to the other side of the room.

The ambassador smiled, nodded his head a lot and clearly did not understand a word I had said. By the time I realized that, John was surrounded by a bevy of elegantly dressed women and dark-suited men, who were listening, enrapt, while he discussed nuclear-armament treaties and NATO alliances.

I was beginning to see that being a Congressman was heady stuff. And I was also beginning to fall in love with an irrepressible hustler named John Jenrette.

Shortly after that, I moved into John's Capitol Hill town house and we began a passionate affair against a glittering backdrop of glamorous parties and political receptions where national newsmakers hobnobbed with media stars. John was the most romantic man I had ever known. He would telephone me at the office half a dozen times a day just to say he was thinking of me, leave love notes around the house, send flowers for no special reason. One evening, when the House was in an all-night session, he called to say he missed me and had to see me. I threw on a coat and walked up to the Capitol portico where John was waiting. He took my hand and led me into the shadows, and we made love on the marble steps that overlook the monuments and city below.

At Republican headquarters, word spread that I was living with a Democratic Congressman. My boss called me in and gave me an ultimatum: Either stop seeing John or quit my job.

I quit. Nobody, I said, was going to tell me how to run my private life.

"Rita," my boss said, "you should see the file I have on this guy. You don't know what you're getting yourself into."

And I admit now that there have been times when his words haunted me.

Our marriage in September 1976 coincided with John's rise in national politics. Washington pundits were hailing him as a magnetic, energetic son of the New South and predicting big things for him. House Speaker Tip O'Neill singled him out as a possible candidate for the Speaker's job someday.

The last thing John needed was a troublesome wife, which is what some of his political supporters thought I might be. A *People* magazine story about my

resignation from the Republican National Committee, headlined "IT'S ROMANCE IN WASHINGTON—A SORT OF ROMEO AND JULIET STORY AMID BIG-TIME POLITICS," didn't exactly provide a flattering introduction of me to John's Bible Belt constituency. Some voters read about our live-in relationship and assumed that I was the cause of John's divorce from his first wife. Actually, John was divorced when I met him.

My welcome to the Sixth Congressional District as Mrs. Congressman Jenrette came as I stood in the parking lot of a post office shaking hands. A grandfatherly, slightly crazed-looking white-haired man pushed his way to the front of the crowd. "You're nothing but a whore and your husband is a whoremonger," he shouted at me. I learned later that the man was a local preacher.

•

By the time most political wives reach Washington, they have weathered at least one campaign and are well schooled in the dicta of political life. But I plunged in unprepared. Before marrying John, I had thought campaigning was something I could do in my spare time while I pursued my own life. I had also assumed that my opinions were just that—mine—and they did not necessarily have to reflect my husband's views. I soon learned that a political wife is trotted out like a Barbie doll when it is suitable but is never permitted to be herself or, heaven forbid, hold an opinion.

My first lesson was that there are no honeymoons in an election year. I spent my wedding night alone in Washington while John campaigned in South Carolina. Traveling with him on those four-day weekends he had to spend in the district became the only way to see him. That, of course, made it impossible for me to work at a regular job, so I quit the job I'd gotten as researcher with a Senate subcommittee and traded my dreams of a singing career for the reality of passing out leaflets at factory gates during shift changes, presenting Washington Redskins footballs at high school pep rallies and judging at county fairs.

Our life in Washington was no more private. Every constituent in town for a convention thinks his Congressman owes him a dinner. And those glamorous embassy parties and star-studded political receptions grew old very quickly. It was not unusual for us to attend two or three such events in one night—with drinks pressed on us at each stop—before joining a lobbyist for dinner and more drinks.

It was in this world of nonstop partying that John's drinking problem began. And I came to understand the special price paid by those who live public lives.

I was beginning to comprehend why the marriages of my two best friends, both Congressional wives, were crumbling. One of them, whom I had known as a cheerful young woman with a ready laugh, had grown anxious and bitter whenever she spoke of her husband. I knew—and she knew I knew—that he was cheating on her. And yet she always seemed to be looking for reassurance from me that he was still a faithful husband and father of four. The last time I saw her, just before the election, she told me she was preparing to leave him if he didn't win his race. She said she had resigned herself to living her life apart and that she couldn't bear having him around the house again.

Another young Congressional wife, who was estranged from her husband, seemed determined to establish her identity by throwing herself into a new love affair and a more hip circle of friends. She invited me to her Capitol Hill town house one night for cocktails and to meet those new friends—a university professor, a couple of artists and a couple of Government bureaucrats. I would like them, she assured me; they were "fascinating."

An hour or so after I arrived, this fascinating group started to take off their clothes in the middle of the kitchen to go for a dip in a hot tub. Not wanting to appear unhip, I slipped into the bathroom to consider whether to play out this Marin County fantasy on Capitol Hill or leave right then. A terry-cloth robe hanging in the bathroom provided a ready answer. I undressed, wrapped myself in the robe and ventured out to the hot tub, where I gradually removed the robe while submerging myself in the warm, gurgling water.

"Hey, this is great," I said, trying to sound mellow enough to explain why I was content to sit there and let everyone else get out first.

"Listen, any time. Drop by and we'll do it again," my hostess told me as I was leaving that night. But even as I lied and told her I'd be back, I knew I didn't fit into Washington's hot-tub scene any better than I fit into its political receptions.

But social life *is* an important part of the Washington scene. And ours often became complicated. John, a born politician, never liked to tell people what they didn't want to hear. So rather than say no to someone, he would accept or extend conflicting invitations for the same night, leaving me to sort them out.

Shortly after we moved into our Capitol Hill town house two years ago, we invited many of John's Congressional colleagues and several of his political friends from South Carolina to a housewarming. I planned to have the affair catered, but a few days before the party, I received a phone call from one of John's constituents. "Now, you tell John," he said, "not only are we coming but we're bringing the chicken bog."

I didn't want to make my debut as a Washington hostess ladling plates of chicken bog, a stewlike concoction of rice, sausage and chicken. I frantically phoned John at the office. "Do something," I demanded.

"Honey, I'll take care of it," he promised.

The night before the party, while we were reading in bed, we heard a banging at the front door. Standing on the porch were four men carrying kettlelike drums and bags of groceries. "Which way to the garage?" one of them asked John.

The next morning, we awakened to billows of black smoke pouring out of our garage. But the back-yard chefs assured me that it was just the chicken bog simmering. "Now, don't you worry," one of them said. "This is one party you'll never forget."

I haven't, because I still have a freezer full of chicken bog to remind me. By the time the chicken bog had finished cooking, the last of my guests had left.

Our vacations were Congressional junkets. And while it's true that those official fact-finding missions are royal-carpet tours for visiting Congressmen, I would have gladly traded the whirlwind sight-seeing limousine tours, the five-star hotels and the lavish banquets for a leisurely holiday with my husband, motor-scootering through the countryside, staying in pensions and dining at sidewalk cafés. Instead, I cooled my heels in hotel rooms or bided my time shopping for gewgaws with other wives, while John and his colleagues discussed the balance of payments with foreign dignitaries. Any attempt to stray from the pack was greeted by stern lectures from official escorts about the dangers to ladies who ventured out alone.

During one official trip, we did manage to squeeze in a relaxing week alone before our host, a governor, decided to make it a threesome. He seemed to think that trying to seduce me was an acceptable way of showing his appreciation for John's guiding a multimillion-dollar Federal project through the House Appropriations Committee.

The day before we were to leave, the governor invited us to lunch on the terrace of his weekend home, which adjoined our guesthouse. He was a charming host who bore a striking resemblance to Cesar Romero, and I was initially flattered by his attention.

After lunch, we were joined by the governor's little daughter for a cruise aboard his yacht. John took it upon himself to entertain the little girl by following her on a tour of the boat's upper deck. I stayed below, settling into a deck chair and closing my eyes against the sun's glare. Suddenly, I felt a hand on my leg. I looked up at the governor, who winked at me. I smiled tightly, rose from the chair and announced, "I think I'll go up top."

Later, back on the beach, John again played dutiful uncle to the governor's little girl, building a sand castle, running

in the surf, climbing a tree for coconuts and walking the beach in search of shells. I played musical beach chairs with the governor. Each time I moved, he moved next to me. "I'll go anywhere to meet you," he whispered.

Finally, John and the daughter returned from their walk. She went into the house and John, exhausted, flopped into a chair on the opposite side of me from the governor, whose eyes were closed. I flashed John a desperate look, rolled my eyes, nodded my head in the direction of the governor and tried every SOS signal I knew. "Sure, honey," John said, rolling over. "Go on back to the house, if you want. I think I'll just take a little nap right here."

I lay there in the broiling sun for what seemed like an hour, my skin turning pinker by the minute, while John snored on. The governor seemed to be asleep, too. I stole away to the guesthouse.

I was lathering up in the shower when I heard a knock at the bathroom door. Figuring it was John, I wrapped a towel around me and opened the door. There, in his swim trunks, was the governor.

"Rita," he said with a sigh, reaching for me as I reached for the shower curtain, the last concession to modesty.

"Rita," he said again, locking me in a viselike embrace.

I tried to push him away. "Later," I said, mumbling something about my husband's finding us.

"I'll go anywhere," he said. "New York, Washington. . . ."

"Sure, sure," I said. "Later, later."

He smiled. Apparently satisfied that his patience would eventually be rewarded, he turned and left.

When he called me in Washington, I referred the call to John.

•

When two FBI agents visited our home one Saturday morning a year ago, I knew John's political career was in jeopardy. The agents indicated John was under investigation for accepting a bribe, and when I read the newspaper account of ABSCAM the next morning, I knew John's career was over.

For months, he plotted his defense as he struggled with his alcoholism. Two weeks after John was implicated in the scandal, he stopped drinking and entered Bethesda's National Naval Medical Center for treatment. Until the guilty verdict was delivered by the jury in the fall, John never stopped believing that he would be vindicated.

Even the slightest thread of hope intrigued him. Once, just before his trial was set to begin, his attorney, Kenneth Michael Robinson, brought him together with another client named Frank Terpil. A fast-talking international arms merchant, Terpil faced trial on charges of illegally selling machine guns to undercover New York law-enforcement agents. When that trial was over, he was to face charges of having conspired to assassinate a rival of Libyan strong man Muammar el-Qaddafi.

In the course of his career as an arms merchant, Terpil claimed to have earned the friendship of not only Qaddafi but also Uganda's ex-dictator Idi Amin. On several autumn days, John huddled with Terpil at his home in McLean, Virginia. Terpil's home featured a firing range in the basement and a false wall that opened to reveal a hidden passageway. In this atmosphere of intrigue, John and Terpil concocted a plan so bizarre that, had it worked, it might have saved them both. At least that's what they hoped. They plotted to ask Amin to intercede with the Ayatollah to secure the freedom of the American hostages in Iran.

I sat in Robinson's law office one morning as Terpil telephoned Amin in his penthouse hotel suite in Jidda, Saudi Arabia. Amin seemed delighted to hear from Terpil, and he expressed a willingness to talk with the Ayatollah if he had the go-ahead of the U.S. Government. It seems that the Butcher of Kampala, as Amin is known in some circles, didn't understand the loathing some Americans felt for him. He seemed delighted to assist, perhaps, Terpil said, because he thought so many Americans held him in such high regard. Terpil claimed Amin treasured a T-shirt that Terpil had given him, featuring Amin's smiling mug and the words IDI AMIN, EMPEROR OF AFRICA.

At any rate, Amin seemed to want only one favor in return: The education of a couple dozen of his children in a Kampala parochial school had been interrupted when he was overthrown, and he wondered if perhaps Terpil could arrange for their education in a Catholic school in the United States. Ever helpful, Terpil assured him that he'd look into it, and promptly turned the matter over to John. John made some discreet inquiries at the State Department but was not encouraged.

Before the farfetched plan could go much further, Terpil fled the country. If John was to be vindicated, it would not be by freeing the hostages in Iran.

•

As John Dean, G. Gordon Liddy, John Ehrlichman and Richard Nixon proved, nobody has ever gone broke overestimating the value of notoriety in Washington. But even while members of the Watergate gang, who conspired to subvert the U.S. Government, live comfortably off the profits of scandal, I am criticized for speaking out of turn, exploiting myself and cashing in on my husband's misfortune. It seems that a man's memoir is a woman's indiscretion.

Gender may preclude candor in the eyes of some; I want to believe my husband is not one of them. Although I know there are some things he would prefer that I leave unsaid, John understands that telling our story is my way of purging the last political demons from my life, just as attending the last White House Christmas ball was a way of closing the last chapter of our political lives.

Understandably, we were reluctant to attend the ball, given at the White House for the 96th Congress, coming as it did on the heels of his resignation and my own widely publicized denunciation of Washington politics.

But I figured that if you're going to pan the orchestra, sooner or later you have to face the music. I also figured that this was probably the last invitation to the White House we would ever receive. So John donned a tuxedo and I slipped into a long black halter-topped silk gown and my mink coat and we drove to the White House, uncertain of how we'd be received but determined to go out in style and laughing.

Predictably, there were some who turned away and headed for the other side of the East Room when our eyes met theirs. Was it us they were fleeing, I wondered, or was it perhaps themselves?

But I was relieved to find many old friends and acquaintances going out of their way to be gracious to and supportive of us. As we paused to thank the President and Mrs. Carter, he took my hand, hugged me and kissed me on the cheek. Turning to John, he said that he and Rosalynn pray for us every night. "Things are going to work out for both of you," he said. "God bless you."

I realized at that moment that this was probably the Carters' last White House ball, too.

Strangely, it seemed the right note on which to end our political interlude, for this was exactly where we had begun it together: at a glamorous Washington party. And I thought John and I were off to a fresh start, free of the constraints of political life. I even thought we might be starting off better this time, not only because John was sober but because our marriage was becoming a more equal partnership.

While I embarked on an around-the-country tour of talk-show appearances and meetings with record and movie producers, agents and book publishers, John worked on his appeal. At times, I know he felt threatened by my attempting to be the breadwinner while he stayed home tending to the house, for the same reason I used to feel threatened by all the political advisors who used to surround him and seemed always to be telling him what to do. And there were times when my on-the-road pursuit of a career took me away when I would have preferred to be with him. The day that John resigned from Congress, I had to be in Los Angeles. I reasoned that going to L.A. was important, just as in the past he must have rationalized his leaving me behind to attend political functions during my moments of need. But John

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seemed to understand that just as our first five years together had not been easy for me, our next five would not be easy for him.

Then late one Thursday night in January, my hope of building a future with John was finally shattered. I had returned to Washington after a two-week Christmas holiday with John and my parents in Texas, followed by two more weeks of public appearances. A few hours after I had walked in the door of our home, a friend phoned to ask if I knew where John was. "Sure," I told him. Earlier that day, John and I had met in Chicago, where we taped a television talk show together. He told me he was flying to Miami to relax for a few days.

But the telephone call made me suspicious, so I dialed the Miami number John had given me. It was a wrong number. I thought there must be some mistake, so I called the person in whose apartment John had said he would be staying. The friend said he didn't know where John was, but he added when I pressed him on it that a few days earlier, John had called him to ask him to "cover" for him because he would be staying with a married couple whom "Rita doesn't like."

I knew no such couple in Miami and the only acquaintance of John's there I did know was his old lover. Suddenly, all the pain of all the lies he had told before when I had caught him cheating on me came rushing back. I knew then that I would never be able to trust him again. In tears, I picked up the phone and dialed my friends Rudy and Kathy Maxa to tell them I was divorcing John. Rudy answered and I poured it all out. "He lied to me," I said, sobbing.

Knowing that we were financially strapped, Rudy, a reporter with *The Washington Post*, asked me where John was getting the money for a vacation in Miami. I recalled seeing John take several $100 bills out of his closet a few weeks earlier. I had asked him where he'd gotten the money and he told me he had put it aside some time ago, in case we needed cash on short notice. I told Rudy about it. "How do you know he's telling the truth?" he asked.

I don't, I thought. John had lied to me about his whereabouts in Miami. I figured he could have lied just as easily about the money. My mind began racing as I thought about the emerald-and-diamond ring he had given me for Christmas and the new gold Rolex watch he had purchased for himself.

"Rita," Rudy said, "go see if there is any more money in the closet." I knew we were thinking the same thought. Was it possible that John had also lied about not taking the ABSCAM bribe money?

It took only a few minutes to find the soft red-cloth shoe bag snuggled inside a brown-suede shoe on the floor of John's closet. I opened it to find two packets of $100 bills and a third packet containing $100, $50 and $20 bills, each secured with a rubber band. I removed the rubber bands and counted out $25,000.

I called Rudy back. "This is it, isn't it?" I said. "I'm sick. I might as well just kill myself. This is my *husband*. Why did I look?"

I didn't know what to do about the money. There was no way to reach John to find out if there were another explanation for it. And because I paid all the bills and was in charge of our personal finances, I couldn't imagine where the money could have come from if it weren't tainted. And, my God, if it *were* tainted money, did this mean I would have to turn my husband in? And if I just put it back in the shoe and pretended I had never found it, would I be just as guilty?

The next day, Friday, I called Washington lawyer James Abourezk for help and turned the money over to him until he could determine to whom it belonged. I prayed that the money was not tainted and I stayed close to the phone, hoping John would call so I could ask him about the cash. While I waited, I packed up his clothes and belongings to send to his sister in Myrtle Beach. That's when I discovered several hundred dollars in a plain envelope in his jewelry box and a wad of $20, $50 and $100 bills totaling $1700 in the inside pocket of a three-piece pinstriped suit.

It wasn't until Sunday evening that John finally called home to check in, learned about my discovery of the $25,000 and calmly offered the explanation that he had cashed in some certificates of deposit, brought the money up from the safe in his South Carolina office and put it in the shoe for safekeeping. Stashing it there made perfect sense to John, as did his explanation that he had lied only to spare my feelings. I was relieved to hear his explanation for the money and fully expected that Tuesday morning, when I entered the bank where Abourezk had placed the money in a safe-deposit box, a check of serial numbers would prove the money was not ABSCAM cash. Instead, I watched in horror the two FBI agents match the very first bill in the box with serial numbers of the ABSCAM bribe money. In fact, $1300 of the $1700 from the suit pocket matched. I thought my heart would break. "Oh, no, John, no!" I said.

For now, our future together is uncertain. We need some time apart. But I am hopeful that John will pull his life together—even though he still faces the prospect of prison if his appeal should fail—and that his best years are yet to come. And I am confident that the opportunities of the past few months will enable me to put my sputtering singing career on the track. My impromptu national television singing appearance on the Tom Snyder *Tomorrow* show last December proved to me—and, I hope, to the skeptics who think my singing ranks with Liz Ray's acting—that I have the training, talent and determination to succeed. I don't know many show-business veterans who would risk performing with an unfamiliar accompanist after half an hour of practice and pull it off.

I intend now to prove myself as a recording artist. Beyond that, I don't know what the next few years hold for me. My life, it seems, has always been unpredictable—now more than ever. Four months ago, I never would have guessed that I would be fielding interview requests from news organizations around the world, considering offers from book publishers and movie producers who want me to tell my life story, juggling appearances on television talk shows or meeting with an agent.

But then, four months ago, I never would have imagined writing for PLAYBOY—let alone posing for it.

The idea for this feature was born last November, when Washington Contributing Editor Peter Ross Range approached me about writing an article for the magazine. During a meeting in our home to discuss the project, my husband wandered into the living room. When Range introduced himself, John joked, "I always thought Rita was PLAYBOY material." I laughed.

The next day, Range called to ask if I would consider posing for photographs to accompany the article. I laughed again. At 31, I had my unfulfilled ambitions, but following in Bo Derek's footsteps wasn't one of them. Dubious, I flew to Chicago to meet with Associate Photography Editor Jeff Cohen and Staff Photographer Pompeo Posar, sure that they would take one look at me and conclude that I should stick to writing.

Instead, both said they would like to pursue the photo feature. I was flattered. John was shocked. But I reminded him of those bikini-underwear ads featuring Jim Palmer of the Baltimore Orioles. Palmer once said those ads had done more to enhance his image than his pitching ever had. Reluctantly, John agreed.

As for me, I knew that PLAYBOY had long been a showcase for female entertainers—Raquel Welch, Barbara Bach and, of course, Bo Derek came to mind. I reasoned that I'd be in good company.

So I decided to give it a try. I'm sure my friends will be surprised by my revelations. I've heard that one high school girlfriend, who remembers me as the one who always wore a towel in the locker room, gasped, "Not Rita," when told about the PLAYBOY photos. I know that some will criticize me. But I no longer intend to live my life worried about what others say. During my five years as a Congressional wife, everyone else made much of my looks. Now it's my turn.

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# YEAR IN MUSIC (continued from page 178)

*"A New York politician wanted to tax the airplay of records advocating drug use."*

visible tormentors—wholesalers who kept raising the price of raw materials and "creative" types, musicians and writers, who kept agitating (and sometimes suing) for more royalties. Harder to identify but even more menacing were the huge battalions of invisible foes stacked up beyond them. Those included the pirates and bootleggers, who were costing the industry an estimated one and a half billion dollars a year world-wide, and, most ironically, the consumer himself, an object of loving advances from the industry when it tried to sell him its video-cassette recorders and tape decks—but a parasitical threat to its well-being once he started using them to record albums played on the radio. It was also ironic that the middlemen through whom record companies channel their wares to the public had also become enemies. Radio stations that tightened their play lists and refused to give new records a chance were clearly on the side of the Devil—and those were legion, since the majority of stations continued to think demographics instead of music, playing only what their listeners wanted them to play, according to the surveys they commissioned (another touch of irony, since it was the record companies that influenced radio to move in that direction). Stations that played LPs in their entirety, thus aiding and abetting the home tapers, were yet another menace, though the chagrined folks in the honeycombs of the record companies knew there wasn't much they could do about it, since they needed the radio people more than the radio people needed them. Also on the enemies list were record stores that sold blank tape and counterfeit stock—allegedly the case in 90 percent of 500 retail outfits surveyed by the National Association of Recording Merchandisers (N.A.R.M.).

If the radio stations were beyond coercion and the home tapers themselves were free to exercise their rights as free American consumers, at least temporarily, the other miscreants certainly would not get away scot-free with their shenanigans. The FBI, making copyright infringement a major part of its war on white-collar crime, continued to raid the laboratories and warehouses of bootleggers, and the industry continued to enlist the aid of governments in Asia, Europe and Africa in similar operations against the record numbers of record pirates operating in their bailiwicks. Retailers thought to be dealing in counterfeit product were subject to investigation; a tip from one convicted counterfeiter led to the discovery of bootleg records in returns from Sam Goody, and charges were levied against two of Goody's top executives. The N.A.R.M. convention heard angry threats of more action from record-company representatives ("We want you to hurt . . . badly"). Codes, chemicals and electronic sensors to separate legitimate products from phonies were developed in secret by the record companies, which also offered cash rewards for information leading to the arrest and conviction of bootleggers.

The companies also took a number of actions that flew in the faces of their music-business colleagues. With their records selling fewer and fewer copies, they lowered the number of unsold copies they would take back from retailers, who hollered that their slender margin of profit was being destroyed. They also cut off cooperative advertising funds for retailers who ballyhooed the sale of blank tape with albums. They cut their advertising in the trade journals and cut off the "tour support" they had used to underwrite promotional tours by groups whose actual drawing power wasn't sufficient to cover their expenses.

With the frontiers of the business shrinking, everyone tried to protect himself. Arista started charging college stations for records, and the stations responded with an immediate boycott. Musicians, whose collective wages dropped ten percent in 1979, the first such setback in recent memory, were striking on both coasts, picketing Hanna-Barbera's Hollywood studios in quest of residuals from TV films and, in New York, forcing disruption of the Metropolitan Opera season. As usual, half the people in the business seemed to be in court, and there was turmoil at the very top as the Bee Gees sued their longtime manager Robert Stigwood for $137,000,000, claiming that he and his companies "maximized their own rewards from the Bee Gees' activities"; Stigwood filed a $310,000,000 countersuit charging the group with libel, extortion and other ungentlemanly actions. Donna Summer sued Casablanca Records—and Neil and Joyce Bogart—asking for termination of her contract, plus exemplary and punitive damages of $10,000,000; Casablanca's cross complaint, filed after Summer had signed with David Geffen's new label, modestly named David Geffen Company, charged her with unlawfully breaking her contract and sought a minimum of $42,000,000 in damages. But the most amusing suit of the year was filed by guitarist Gabor Szabo, who sought more than $21,000,000 from the Church of Scientology and from Vanguard Artists International, claiming that Vanguard, now run by Scientologist Chick Corea, had miscalculated his fees, coerced him into giving $20,000 to the Church of Scientology and misappropriated $15,000 for his own Scientological training.

Not all the court action involved lawsuits, and not all the policework involved bootleggers. Former Beatle John Lennon, 40, became the latest rock superstar to die tragically and prematurely when he was gunned down outside his New York apartment in early December. Ironically, the year had begun with Lennon's onetime songwriting partner, Paul McCartney, getting busted for taking eight ounces of reefer into Japan, which is not a good place to get caught with illegal drugs, even if you're Paul McCartney. Meanwhile, John Phillips of The Mamas and The Papas was nailed in Long Island for allegedly distributing pills, narcotic and otherwise, around New York. Police busted some fans for smoking pot at a Ted Nugent concert in Florida, then were besieged in a trailer by a crowd of rock hurlers. Injuries and arrests followed the announcement in Toronto in August that a sick Alice Cooper wouldn't be able to keep a concert date. Elton John's manager, John Reid, was sentenced to work in a "crime diversion" program for striking the doorman of a San Francisco hotel with a cane; and Chrissie Hynde, lead singer of the New Wave band The Pretenders, kicked out a police-car window while en route to the Memphis calaboose after allegedly biting the doorman and swinging a chair at the manager of a local night club. Disco star Sylvester was accused of passing bad checks around New York, then cleared after a fake Sylvester was shot in the foot by a wary jeweler. Todd Rundgren's brush with the law also came through no fault of his own, when four masked men entered his home, tied him up and forced him to listen to repeated humming of his hit tune *I Saw the Light* while they carried off his valuables.

Controversy and contention swirled around the outskirts of the music world, too, as the bad karma and dirty lyrics of rock drew the ire of social commentators, just as they had during rock's entire 25-year history. Paul Harvey complained about "pornography of the airwaves," a subject later exploited by TV newspeople in Chicago. A New York politician wanted to tax the airplay of records advocating drug use. And that was mild compared with the reception rock got in Iran, where the Ayatollah Khomeini, having denounced all music a year ago, started hauling his country's pop performers into court on charges of spreading corruption (music-industry

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# RALEIGH LIGHTS

people here braced themselves for similar onslaughts by the Moral Majority after Ronald Reagan was elected to the Presidency). The Ayatollah inspired various warlike and/or satiric songs by American musicians, the most successful of which was *Bomb Iran*, sung to the tune of the old Beach Boys hit *Barbara Ann* by Vince Vance and the Valiants, an oldies band from Texas that had finally found an attention-getting gimmick after years of knocking around the bushes.

In the general atmosphere of gloom, the thriving video industry offered a solitary beacon. Manufacturers of video machines showed surprising strength on the New York Stock Exchange, and retailers reported brisk business from coast to coast. All the major record companies got into the production of video cassettes, video discs and machines to play them on. Rundgren started a video production company of his own. Mike Nesmith, the wise old Monkee and producer of *Popclips*, a Top 40like TV show that paired hit tunes with imaginative film shorts, called the video disc "the single most important event in the history of the rock-'n'-roll music industry" and forecast the possibility of LPs' "doing hundreds of times the business they are now." Probably the surest indicator of a boom was the Japanese decision to make and export nearly 4,000,000 videotape recorders in 1980. There were skeptics, however: Arista president Clive Davis warned against grasping at the video disc as "a quick panacea for industry problems," pointing out that we'd all seen other novelties come and go and that the possibilities of the phonograph record were far from exhausted.

Of course, while Davis was cautioning everyone not to get carried away with the video revolution, he was also signing a three-year, three-movie production deal with 20th Century-Fox. Which wasn't so unusual; the movies were bedding down with the music business every chance they got, especially with country music, as Hollywood continued to base productions on the lives of country performers (*Coal Miner's Daughter*) or on their songs (*Middle-Aged Crazy, Take This Job and Shove It*). Sissy Spacek, Clint Eastwood and Jane Fonda became country-and-western singers; Willie Nelson became an actor, in *Honeysuckle Rose* (so did Kinky Friedman, in a monster movie called *Easter Sunday*). And, as country music continued to grow in popularity, urban cowboys flocked to the burgeoning Western-apparel stores and redneck-styled clubs in every American city, eager to tie on cowboy bandannas and bust their butts riding replicas of Mickey Gilley's mechanical bull.

Not that the marriage of music and film was entirely a country proposition. Everyone in rock, it seemed, wanted to make a movie. Paul Simon became a film virtuoso with *One Trick Pony*. Robert Stigwood, undaunted by the colossal failure of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, came back with *Times Square* and a pair of runaway girls who make it in rock as the Sleez Sisters (easy, Reverend Falwell). Chrysalis got into film production with a $1,000,000 item called *Babylon*. The Sex Pistols made a film, *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle*. Frank Zappa made a film, *Baby Snakes*. Linda McCartney made a film, *Seaside Woman*, that won a prize at Cannes. Of course, the most noteworthy acting debut by a rock singer in 1980 took place not in the movies but onstage, when multitalented David Bowie took over the lead role in *The Elephant Man* and stunned the critics with his no-make-up portrayal of the unfortunate John Merrick.

If the decision of the Japanese to export video-cassette machines presaged a boom for the video industry in America, the opening of discos in Russia—where they were translated into youth centers that combined dance programs with lectures and other "educational" maneuvers—was an equally sure sign that they were dead as a doornail here. Mobile discos were flourishing, and a few new multimillion-dollar jobs were under construction, but most of the middle-of-the-line establishments were foundering, and booking live entertainment, usually rock 'n' roll, to stay alive. Radio stations that rushed to embrace disco months before were now dropping it unceremoniously; disco producers, who were accustomed to better treatment, were suddenly unable to get their records aired or to coax advances out of the record companies—proving anew that what goes around comes around. They were paying for the failure of disco, a producer's medium, to develop enough artists who were genuine attractions; a producer's medium is anathema these days to the cost-conscious record industry, especially compared with New Wave rock, which offers the possibility of hit records with relatively little overhead. The highlight of disco's depressing year had to be the midsummer marriage of 80-year-old Sally Lippman—known as Disco Sally since her friends urged her to "get out and shake a leg" after the death of her first husband three years ago—and 28-year-old Yiannis Touzos, in a New York ceremony sponsored by the disco Magique, performed by Judge Bruce Wright (known as Turn-'em-loose Bruce for his habit of setting low bail for accused criminals) and attended by 2000 guests, including all of Gotham's disco heavies.

The shrinkage of the disco empire allowed R&B artists to throw off its yoke, slow down the beat and go back to doing soul music, even ballads that showed a country-and-western influence; R&B stations also opened their play lists to white acts ranging from Queen to Kenny Rogers (his across-the-board hit *Lady* was written and produced by Lionel Richie, Jr., of the Commodores, who'd become specialists in the art of crossing over). It was a year, in fact, that saw most of the familiar "categories" of music lose their relevance. Country records used more hard-rock sounds and more old Motown material; there were discussions in the trade as to whether or not country music was still country music. Meanwhile, the continued success of Gospel records on pop charts stirred up speculation as to the point at which a successful Gospel artist might have to choose between success and the Lord. And as jazzmen also came out from under the spell of disco and began reasserting the power of bebop to move a young audience that had learned about the music in college, there was talk in the industry that perhaps jazz, by virtue of its modesty, was actually recessionproof. There was certainly no sign of a recession when jazz fans packed the Hollywood Bowl in June to watch a variety of stars perform at the second Playboy Jazz Festival, a two-day bash that Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner promised would become an annual event.

Individual comebacks, not all by popular demand, were everywhere. John Lennon and Yoko Ono had just released their first album in five years, *Double Fantasy*, when the reclusive ex-Beatle was murdered. Comebacks were also made by several lesser but ultimately more fortunate entries in Britain's first rock wave; among them were Peter Noone, once front man of Herman's Hermits, who returned with a New Wave band called The Tremblers; and Marianne Faithfull, Mick Jagger's onetime heart, who came back with an album called *Broken English*. What else? Bruce Springsteen, who spends so much time on his albums that he's always on a comeback, made his first tour in two years. Latin percussionist Ray Barretto made a comeback after four years on the shelf, courtesy of an auto accident in which he almost lost the use of his right hand. Brenda Lee made a comeback. Les Paul made a comeback, on an Al DiMeola album. Elton John hardly was away—still, *Little Jeanie* was his first top-five single since 1976. Diana Ross got her first top-ten hit in four years—also the biggest hit of her solo career—with *Upside Down*, produced by Nile Rodgers and Bernard Edwards of Chic. Sarah Vaughan made her first New York nightclub appearance in five years, at the Grand Finale. Legendary jazz pianist Red Garland made a comeback; and his onetime boss, Miles Davis, was reported back in the studio with a new band.

Rock-a-billy continued its comeback, with Nashville impresario Shelby Singleton insisting it was "the next big trend." Blue-eyed soul made a comeback on records with Daryl Hall and John Oates, and in live venues all over the East Coast, as white bands were playing the old Stax

and Motown hits note for note. The Chipmunks ended two decades of nonviolence with an album of *Chipmunk Punk*. Buddy Miles returned to circulation after doing 18 months in California on a grand-theft charge; and Chuck Berry emerged from his 100 days in prison with a 328-page autobiography. Other rockers working on books were Noel Redding (naturally, the tome will detail his three years with the Jimi Hendrix Experience); punk hero Richard Hell, who was keeping a journal of his travels across the U.S.; and Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Starship, who was working on a book/screenplay version of his 1970 science-fiction LP, *Blows Against the Empire*, when he was felled by a cerebral hemorrhage that miraculously failed to kill him.

Not as lucky as Kantner was John "Bonzo" Bonham, Led Zep's drummer, who drank himself to death at 32 and made the Playboy Hall of Fame (see page 177). Another who O.D.'d on alcohol, in classic rock-'n'-roll style, was Bon Scott, 33, lead singer of the Australian heavy-metal group AC/DC. Folk singer and songwriter Tim Hardin was found dead at 37 in his Hollywood apartment. Other rocksters who fell through life's trap doors included Larry Williams of *Bony Maroney* fame, who apparently shot himself to death at 32; Jethro Tull bassist John Glascock, dead of heart failure at 27 (his health hadn't permitted him to tour during his three years with the group); and Tommy Caldwell, bassist and singer with the popular Marshall Tucker Band, killed at 30 when his car overturned in Spartanburg, South Carolina. The blues field lost a trail blazer in Henry Roeland Byrd, a.k.a. Professor Longhair, 61, paterfamilias of the New Orleans rock/blues piano school that includes Fats Domino, Dr. John, Allen Toussaint and Huey "Piano" Smith. Jazz lost one of its most accomplished pianists when Bill Evans, a PLAYBOY poll winner in 1971 and 1972, died at 51 of bronchial pneumonia and a bleeding ulcer. Among the other jazzmen departing this earthly sphere were clarinetist Barney Bigard, 74, author of *Mood Indigo* and *C-Jam Blues*; pioneer vocalist Babs Gonzales; altoist Corky Corcoran; reed man Bobby Jones; pianist/arranger Duke Pearson; and Jimmy Crawford, venerable drummer of the Jimmie Lunceford band. Two swing-era vocalists who died were Dick Haymes and Jane Froman, who became the subject of a movie biography after she was crippled in a plane crash while touring for the U.S.O. Other casualties were Jimmy Durante, who played ragtime piano and sang with Dixieland groups prior to his comedic career; Richard Rodgers, the prolific musical-comedy composer who provided jazz with so many "standard" tunes; Sue K. Hicks, the Nashville gentleman who inspired Shel Silverstein to write Johnny Cash's 1969 hit *A Boy Named Sue*; and Mantovani, the grand dragon of "light classical." With the subsequent release of eight LPs, however, Mantovani quickly joined the ranks of the walking dead, a legion that included clone bands representing the Beatles and the Stones and a number of Jimi Hendrix impersonators, several of whom chewed their guitars in a San Francisco competition marking the tenth anniversary of Jimi's death.

Elvis impersonators continued to abound; the Presley estate sought to put one of them out of business by filing a suit against the "Big El Show" starring a former Memphis construction worker named Larry Seth. Soul man Donny Hathaway cheated death by singing posthumously on a Roberta Flack hit, then on a "live" LP of his own. Otis Redding couldn't make it back but was represented by his two sons, who joined forces with a cousin and made a promising debut LP as The Reddings. There were no return tickets, either, for rock-a-billy pioneers Johnny and Dorsey Burnett, but their sons Rocky and Billy had hit records in 1980 and joined with The Reddings in serving notice to the Reaper that, claim whom he might, the beat would go on.

## RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP: ***The Blues Brothers* (Atlantic).** With Aretha, Ray Charles and parts of Booker T. & the MG's, plus ol' Jake and Elwood, how can you go wrong—even without the crashes?

BEST POP/ROCK LP: ***The Wall* / Pink Floyd (Columbia).** Studio wizardry and future-shock art rock combined to make this one platinum-plus.

BEST JAZZ LP: ***Give Me the Night* / George Benson (Warner Bros.).** Since he's started singing, too, there's no stopping this great jazz guitarist.

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP: ***Urban Cowboy* (Full Moon/Asylum).** Just like your own jukebox—music to ride mechanical bulls by.

BEST RHYTHM-AND-BLUES LP

1. ***The Blues Brothers* (Atlantic)**
2. *Off the Wall* / Michael Jackson (Epic)
3. *Give Me the Night* / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
4. *Diana* / Diana Ross (Motown)
5. *Briefcase Full of Blues* / Blues Brothers (Atlantic)
6. *Me, Myself, I* / Joan Armatrading (A&M)
7. *Journey Through the Secret Life of Plants* / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
8. *Emotional Rescue* / The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
9. *I Am* / Earth, Wind & Fire (Columbia)
10. *On the Radio (Greatest Hits)* / Donna Summer (Casablanca)
11. *Commodores Greatest Hits* (Motown)
12. *Midnight Magic* / Commodores (Motown)
13. *Uprising* / Bob Marley & the Wailers (Island)

*"I hate waking up and suddenly finding myself four months' pregnant!"*

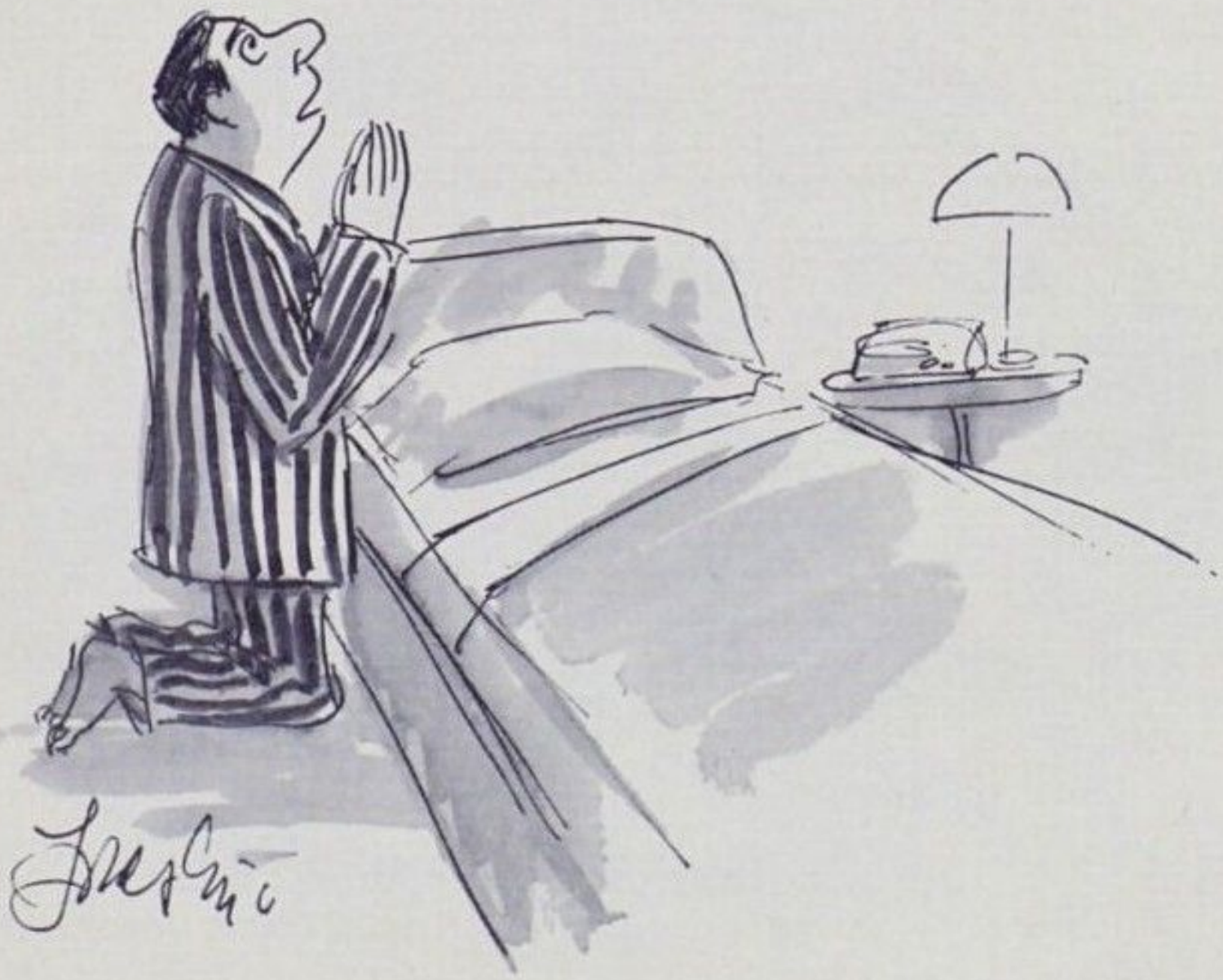
14. *Naughty* / Chaka Khan (Warner Bros.)
15. *Heroes* / Commodores (Motown)
16. *TP* / Teddy Pendergrass (Philadelphia International)
17. *Dionne* / Dionne Warwick (Arista)
18. *Bad Girls* / Donna Summer (Casablanca)
19. *Sweet Sensation* / Stephanie Mills (20th Century-Fox)
20. *Light Up the Night* / Brothers Johnson (A&M)

BEST POP/ROCK LP

1. **The Wall / Pink Floyd (Columbia)**
2. *Glass Houses* / Billy Joel (Columbia)
3. *Emotional Rescue* / The Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
4. *Against the Wind* / Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band (Capitol)
5. *The River* / Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
6. *Hold Out* / Jackson Browne (Asylum)
7. *Christopher Cross* (Warner Bros.)
8. *Empty Glass* / Pete Townshend (Atco)
9. *The Game* / Queen (Elektra/Asylum)
10. *Pretenders* (Sire)
11. *The Long Run* / Eagles (Asylum)
12. *Mad Love* / Linda Ronstadt (Elektra/Asylum)
13. *Guilty* / Barbra Streisand (Columbia)
14. *Tusk* / Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros.)
15. *Damn the Torpedoes* / Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers (Backstreet/MCA)
16. *Xanadu* (MCA)
17. *London Calling* / The Clash (Epic)
17. *One for the Road* / The Kinks (Arista)
19. *Crimes of Passion* / Pat Benatar (Chrysalis)
19. *Duke* / Genesis (Atlantic)

BEST JAZZ LP

1. **Give Me the Night / George Benson (Warner Bros.)**
2. *Fun and Games* / Chuck Mangione (A&M)
3. *Rise* / Herb Alpert (A&M)
4. *There and Back* / Jeff Beck (Epic)
5. *Splendido Hotel* / Al DiMeola (Columbia)
6. *Catching the Sun* / Spyro Gyra (MCA)
7. *Trilogy: Past, Present & Future* / Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
8. *8:30* / Weather Report (Columbia)
9. *This Time* / Al Jarreau (Warner Bros.)
10. *American Garage* / Pat Metheny Group (ECM)
11. *One on One* / Bob James with Earl Klugh (Columbia/Tappan Zee)
12. *Hideaway* / David Sanborn (Warner Bros.)
13. *Spyro Gyra* (Infinity)
14. *All That Jazz* (Casablanca)
15. *Rhapsody and Blues* / Crusaders (MCA)
16. *Rickie Lee Jones* (Warner Bros.)
17. *Feels So Good* / Chuck Mangione (A&M)
18. *Mingus* / Joni Mitchell (Asylum)
19. *Street Life* / Crusaders (MCA)
20. *Children of Sanchez* / Chuck Mangione (A&M)



*"And why don't You stop me when You see me making an ass of myself?"*

BEST COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN LP

1. **Urban Cowboy (Full Moon/Asylum)**
2. *Full Moon* / Charlie Daniels Band (Epic)
3. *Honeysuckle Rose* / Willie Nelson & Family (Columbia)
4. *The Gambler* / Kenny Rogers (United Artists)
5. *Roses in the Snow* / Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros.)
6. *Million Mile Reflection* / Charlie Daniels Band (Epic)
7. *Kenny* / Kenny Rogers (United Artists)
8. *Gideon* / Kenny Rogers (EMI-America/Liberty)
9. *Willie and Family Live* / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
10. *Dolly Dolly Dolly* / Dolly Parton (RCA)
11. *Stardust* / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
12. *Habits Old and New* / Hank Williams, Jr. (Elektra)
13. *Greatest Hits* / Kenny Rogers (Liberty)
14. *Greatest Hits* / Waylon Jennings (RCA)
15. *Music Man* / Waylon Jennings (RCA)
15. *Willie Nelson Sings Kristofferson* (Columbia)
17. *Dream Street Rose* / Gordon Lightfoot (Warner Bros.)
17. *Mad Love* / Linda Ronstadt (Elektra/Asylum)
19. *Horizon* / Eddie Rabbitt (Elektra)
20. *Waylon & Willie* / Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson (RCA)

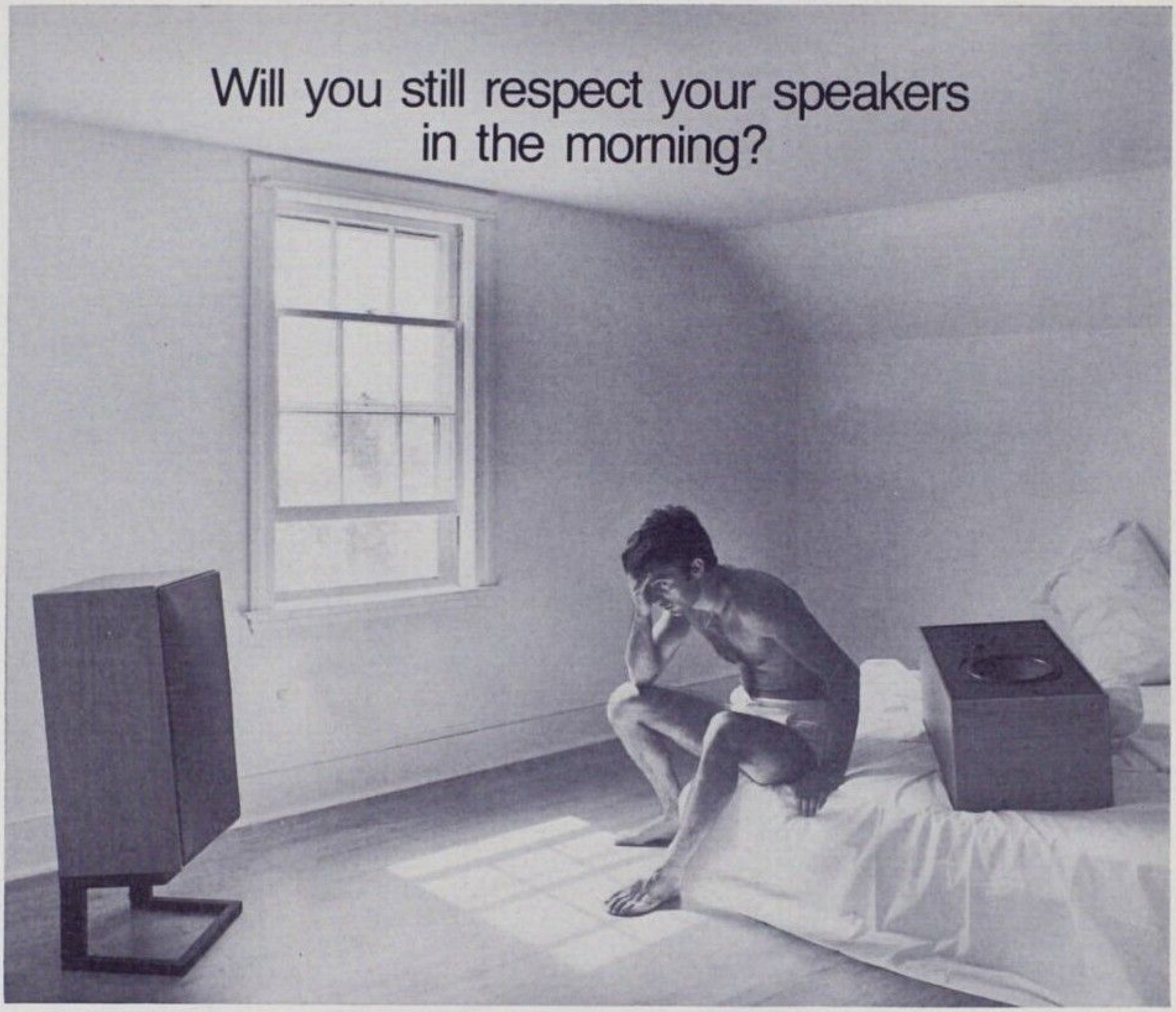
## MUSIC HALL OF FAME

This year's balloting heavily favored John "Bonzo" Bonham, Led Zeppelin's drummer, whose value was proved with the dissolution of the band following his death last year. The next few slots are pretty much business as usual, down to the arrival of Bob Seger at number seven and Jackson Browne at number eight, neither of whom appeared last year. Other contenders down the line who didn't show last time are Keith Richard, Jerry Garcia, Olivia Newton-John, Paul Simon, Ray Davies and Diana Ross.

Your Hall of Fame picks:

1. **John Bonham**
2. Peter Townshend
3. Barbra Streisand
4. Billy Joel
5. Neil Young
6. Willie Nelson
7. Bob Seger
8. Jackson Browne
9. Ronnie Van Zant
10. Buddy Holly
11. Neil Diamond
12. Lowell George
13. Chuck Berry
14. Keith Richard

# Will you still respect your speakers in the morning?



Sure, they sounded great last night.

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Do your speakers make you glad you're alive, or do they serve only to remind you of last night's excesses?

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The new ADS L730, for example, is a direct outgrowth of ADS' continuing involvement in digital recording technology. An unusual combination of extended frequency range, uncanny sonic accuracy, razor-sharp stereo imaging and true-to-life dynamic range, the L730 delivers untiring musical performance. Although the system is capable of shaking walls with clean, undistorted sound, you'll appreciate it most on those mornings when quality counts more than quantity.

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15. Jerry Garcia
16. Olivia Newton-John
17. Kenny Rogers
18. Paul Simon
19. Ray Davies
20. Diana Ross

### READERS' POLL

In these increasingly, well, *careful* times, it should perhaps come as no surprise that there were practically *no* surprises in the balloting this time around. Out of 27 categories (not counting C&W group, new this year), *20* of the winners were repeats; and of the seven nonrepeaters, only *two* had never won before and came out of nowhere to do so—Pat Benatar as pop/rock female vocalist and Charlie Daniels as C&W male vocalist.

In what news there is here, Bob Seger jumped to number two from nowhere in the pop/rock male-vocalist category; and among the female vocalists, Chrissie Hynde is a new face at number eight. In the voting for best pop/rock group, Pink Floyd went over the wall to the top from number 19 a year ago; and Christopher Cross at number 18 is the lone newcomer.

Michael Jackson came out of the blue to land at number two in the rhythm-and-blues male-vocalist slot; and Sam & Dave put in a welcome appearance at number 11. The Spinners, the Brothers Johnson, Kool & the Gang, Con Funk Shun and the Bar-Kays were absent last year but made the party this time around.

The jazz results remained so sedentary that some big news is that Michael Franks zipped up to number seven from number 19 in the male-vocalist category, and that among woodwinds players, David Sanborn and John Klemmer checked in at number five and number six, respectively.

And the country boom continues, but also with very few new faces—two of the nicest belonging to female vocalists Janie Fricke and Carlene Carter.

### 1981 PLAYBOY POLL RESULTS

#### POP/ROCK

MALE VOCALIST

**1. Billy Joel**
2. Bob Seger
3. Jackson Browne
4. Bruce Springsteen
5. Kenny Loggins
6. Robert Plant
7. Paul McCartney
8. Mick Jagger
9. Boz Scaggs
10. Neil Diamond
11. Roger Daltrey
12. Barry Manilow
13. Tom Petty
13. Neil Young
15. Jimmy Buffett
16. Elvis Costello
17. Elton John
18. James Taylor
19. Ray Davies
20. Ted Nugent

FEMALE VOCALIST

**1. Pat Benatar**
2. Linda Ronstadt
3. Olivia Newton-John
4. Barbra Streisand
5. Deborah Harry
6. Ann Wilson
7. Bette Midler
8. Chrissie Hynde
9. Carly Simon
10. Donna Summer
11. Bonnie Raitt
12. Dionne Warwick
13. Joni Mitchell
14. Grace Slick
15. Christine McVie
16. Melissa Manchester
17. Rickie Lee Jones
18. Stevie Nicks
19. Karla Bonoff
19. Nicolette Larson

GUITAR

**1. Eric Clapton**
2. Jimmy Page
3. Peter Townshend
4. Carlos Santana
5. Joe Walsh
6. Jeff Beck
7. Bruce Springsteen
8. Ted Nugent
9. Boz Scaggs
10. Chuck Berry
11. Keith Richard
12. Frank Zappa
13. Jerry Garcia
14. Mark Knopfler
15. Rick Nielsen
16. Peter Frampton
17. Robin Trower
18. Stephen Stills
19. Dickey Betts
20. Dave Davies
20. Waddy Wachtel

KEYBOARDS

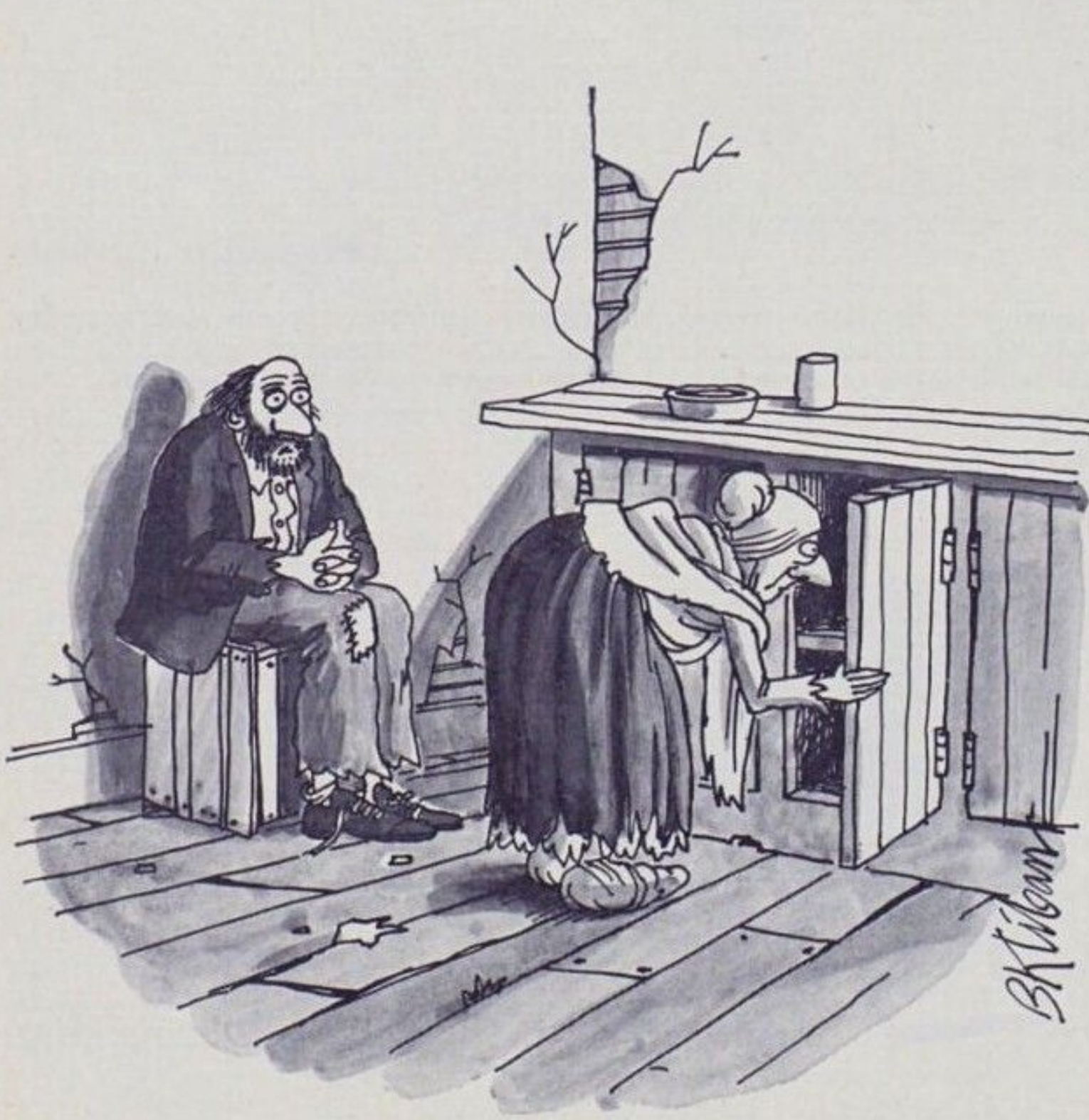
**1. Billy Joel**
2. Jackson Browne
3. Elton John
4. Keith Emerson
5. Rick Wakeman
6. Barry Manilow
7. Jerry Lee Lewis
8. Todd Rundgren
9. Roy Bittan
10. Gregg Allman
11. Bill Payne
12. Neil Young
13. Nicky Hopkins
14. Leon Russell
15. Billy Preston
16. Joe Jackson
17. Chuck Leavell
18. Brian Auger
18. Booker T.
20. Edgar Winter

DRUMS

**1. Mick Fleetwood**
2. Charlie Watts
3. Ringo Starr
4. Russ Kunkel
5. Carl Palmer
6. Nigel Olsson
7. Aynsley Dunbar
8. Ginger Baker
8. Peter Criss
10. Bill Bruford
11. Max Weinberg
12. Danny Seraphine
13. Levon Helm
14. Neil Peart
15. Carmine Appice
16. Bill Kreutzmann
17. Johanny "Jaimae" Johanson
18. David Teegarden
19. Stewart Copeland
20. Jim Capaldi

BASS

**1. Paul McCartney**
2. John Entwistle
3. John Paul Jones
4. John McVie
5. Chris Squire
6. Bill Wyman
7. Greg Lake



*"We were broke, so I had to sell the roaches!"*

8. Donald "Duck" Dunn
9. Gene Simmons
10. Larry Graham
11. Peter Cetera
12. Jack Bruce
13. Lee Sklar
13. Garry Tallent
13. Klaus Voormann
16. Rick Danko
17. Phil Lesh
18. Wilton Felder
19. Jack Casady
20. Freebo

COMPOSER

**1. Billy Joel**
2. Bob Seger
3. Paul McCartney
3. Bruce Springsteen
5. Peter Townshend
6. Jackson Browne
7. Becker/Fagen
8. Michael McDonald
9. Neil Young
10. Kenny Loggins
11. Stevie Wonder
12. Frank Zappa
13. Neil Diamond
14. Elvis Costello
15. Paul Simon
16. Barry Gibb
17. Jimmy Buffett
18. Elton John
19. Ric Ocasek
20. Ray Davies

GROUP

**1. Pink Floyd**
2. Doobie Brothers
3. Led Zeppelin
4. Rolling Stones
5. Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band
6. Eagles
6. Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band
8. Who
9. Fleetwood Mac
10. Supertramp
11. Blondie
11. Electric Light Orchestra
13. Steely Dan
14. Grateful Dead
15. Cars
16. ABBA
16. Heart
18. Christopher Cross
19. Bee Gees
20. Chicago

## RHYTHM-AND-BLUES

MALE VOCALIST

**1. George Benson**
2. Michael Jackson
3. Stevie Wonder
4. Ray Charles
5. B. B. King
6. Smokey Robinson
7. Teddy Pendergrass
8. James Brown
9. Billy Preston
10. Marvin Gaye
11. Sam & Dave
11. Barry White
13. Isaac Hayes
14. Larry Graham
15. Sly Stone
16. Peabo Bryson
16. Rick James
18. Bill Withers
19. Curtis Mayfield
20. Jermaine Jackson

FEMALE VOCALIST

**1. Donna Summer**
2. Diana Ross
3. Joan Armatrading
4. Dionne Warwick
5. Aretha Franklin
6. Natalie Cole
7. Chaka Khan
8. Roberta Flack
9. Bonnie Pointer
10. Stephanie Mills
11. Gloria Gaynor
12. Gladys Knight
13. Maxine Nightingale
13. Deniece Williams
15. Phyliss Hyman
16. Melba Moore
17. Patti Labelle
18. Linda Clifford
19. Thelma Houston
20. Esther Phillips

COMPOSER

**1. Stevie Wonder**
2. Smokey Robinson
3. Bob Marley
4. Nickolas Ashford–Valerie Simpson
5. Isaac Hayes
6. Barry White
7. James Brown
8. Allen Toussaint
9. Curtis Mayfield
10. Bill Withers
11. Kenny Gamble–Leon Huff
12. Ray Parker, Jr.
13. Bobby Womack
14. George Clinton
15. Berry Gordy
16. Thom Bell
17. Eugene McDaniels
18. Joan Armatrading
19. Johnny Bristol
20. Norman Whitfield

GROUP

**1. Blues Brothers**
2. Earth, Wind & Fire
3. Commodores
4. Bob Marley & the Wailers
5. Pointer Sisters
6. Spinners
7. Temptations
8. Brothers Johnson
9. Peaches & Herb
10. Sister Sledge
11. Gladys Knight & the Pips
12. Isley Brothers
13. Kool & the Gang
14. Parliament/Funkadelic
15. Raydio
16. Emotions
17. O'Jays
18. Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes
19. Con Funk Shun
20. Bar-Kays

## JAZZ

MALE VOCALIST

**1. George Benson**
2. Al Jarreau
3. Lou Rawls
4. Ray Charles
5. Frank Sinatra
6. Sammy Davis Jr.
7. Michael Franks
8. Gil Scott-Heron
9. Mel Tormé
10. Tony Bennett
11. Mose Allison
12. Joe Williams
13. Billy Eckstine
14. Jimmy Witherspoon
15. Jon Hendricks
16. Leon Thomas
17. Bob Dorough
18. Johnny Hartman
18. Milton Nascimento

FEMALE VOCALIST

**1. Rickie Lee Jones**
2. Barbra Streisand
3. Joni Mitchell
4. Ella Fitzgerald
5. Roberta Flack
6. Nancy Wilson
7. Phoebe Snow
8. Angela Bofill
9. Liza Minnelli
10. Sarah Vaughan
11. Flora Purim
12. Cleo Laine
13. Lena Horne
14. Peggy Lee
14. Esther Satterfield
16. Carmen McRae
16. Melba Moore
18. Della Reese
19. Dee Dee Bridgewater
20. Betty Carter

BRASS

**1. Chuck Mangione**
2. Herb Alpert
3. Doc Severinsen
4. Maynard Ferguson
5. Dizzy Gillespie
6. Miles Davis
7. Randy Brecker
8. Freddie Hubbard
9. James Pankow
10. Junior Walker
11. Donald Byrd
12. J. J. Johnson
13. Woody Shaw
14. Thad Jones
15. Lester Bowie
16. Jon Faddis
17. Clark Terry
18. Bill Watrous
19. Don Cherry
20. Nat Adderley

WOODWINDS

**1. Benny Goodman**
2. Edgar Winter
3. Herbie Mann
4. Grover Washington, Jr.
5. David Sanborn
6. John Klemmer
7. Ronnie Laws
8. Woody Herman
9. Sonny Rollins
10. Zoot Sims
11. Wayne Shorter
12. Hubert Laws
13. Phil Woods
14. Gerry Mulligan
15. Dexter Gordon
16. Joe Farrell
17. Paul Winter
18. Stanley Turrentine
19. Yusef Lateef
20. Bobbi Humphrey

KEYBOARDS

**1. Chick Corea**
2. Herbie Hancock
3. Dave Brubeck
4. Bob James
5. Eubie Blake
6. Keith Jarrett
7. Jan Hammer
8. Ramsey Lewis
9. Sergio Mendes
10. Oscar Peterson
11. George Duke
12. Joe Zawinul
13. Thelonious Monk
14. Eumir Deodato
15. Earl "Fatha" Hines
16. Patrice Rushen
17. Ahmad Jamal
18. Mary Lou Williams
19. McCoy Tyner
20. Joe Sample

VIBES

**1. Lionel Hampton**
2. Roy Ayers
3. Gary Burton
4. Keith Underwood
5. Milt Jackson
6. Terry Gibbs
7. Cal Tjader
8. Victor Feldman
9. Mike Mainieri
10. Bobby Hutcherson
11. David Samuels
12. David Friedman
13. Buddy Montgomery
14. Tommy Vig
15. Red Norvo
16. Emil Richards

GUITAR

**1. Jeff Beck**
2. George Benson
3. Al DiMeola
4. Pat Metheny
5. Earl Klugh
6. John McLaughlin
7. Charlie Byrd
8. Larry Coryell
9. Joe Pass
10. Eric Gale
11. Tony Mottola
12. John Abercrombie
13. Gabor Szabo
13. Phil Upchurch
15. Herb Ellis
16. Kenny Burrell
17. Jim Hall
18. Bucky Pizzarelli
19. Philip Catherine
19. Barney Kessel

BASS

**1. Stanley Clarke**
2. Ray Brown
3. Jaco Pastorius
4. Ron Carter
5. Monk Montgomery
6. Rufus Reid
7. Joe Byrd
7. Art Davis
9. Bob Cranshaw
10. Carol Kaye
11. Mike Bruce
12. Walter Booker
13. Eddie Gomez
14. Gary King
15. Bob Haggart
16. Percy Heath
17. Keter Betts
18. Dave Holland
19. Jim Fielder
20. Cleveland Eaton

PERCUSSION

**1. Buddy Rich**
2. Billy Cobham
3. Steve Gadd
4. Ralph MacDonald
5. Stix Hooper
6. Lenny White
7. Elvin Jones
8. Tony Williams
9. Mongo Santamaria
10. Jo Jones
11. Art Blakey
11. Jimmy Cobb
13. Alphonse Mouzon
14. Airto Moreira
15. Willie Bobo
15. Max Roach
17. Joe Morello
18. Jack DeJohnette
19. Mel Lewis
20. Harvey Mason

COMPOSER

**1. Chuck Mangione**
2. Quincy Jones
3. Chick Corea
4. Dave Brubeck
5. Bob James
6. Stanley Clarke
7. Herbie Hancock
8. Keith Jarrett
9. Miles Davis
10. Gil Scott-Heron–Brian Jackson
11. Joe Zawinul
12. Toshiko Akiyoshi
13. Michel Legrand
14. Thelonious Monk
15. Antonio Carlos Jobim
16. Eumir Deodato
16. Wayne Shorter
18. Carla Bley
19. Ornette Coleman
19. Thad Jones

GROUP

**1. Chuck Mangione**
2. Spyro Gyra
3. Weather Report
4. Doc Severinsen
5. Crusaders
6. Tom Scott & the L.A. Express
7. Ray Charles
8. Count Basie
9. Return to Forever
10. Maynard Ferguson
11. Dave Brubeck
12. Buddy Rich
13. Sergio Mendes & Brasil '88
14. Jan Hammer
15. Herbie Hancock
16. Oregon
17. John McLaughlin
18. Art Ensemble of Chicago
19. Akiyoshi/Tabackin Big Band
20. Heath Brothers

## COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST

**1. Charlie Daniels**
2. Willie Nelson
3. Kenny Rogers
4. Eddie Rabbitt
5. Gordon Lightfoot
6. Waylon Jennings
7. John Denver
8. Larry Gatlin
9. Hank Williams, Jr.
10. Jerry Jeff Walker
11. Jerry Lee Lewis
12. Glen Campbell
13. Johnny Cash
14. Mickey Gilley
15. Don Williams
16. Kris Kristofferson
17. Mac Davis
17. Merle Haggard
19. Roy Clark
19. George Jones

FEMALE VOCALIST

**1. Linda Ronstadt**
2. Emmylou Harris
3. Crystal Gayle
4. Olivia Newton-John
5. Barbara Mandrell
6. Anne Murray
7. Tanya Tucker
8. Dolly Parton
9. Rita Coolidge
10. Loretta Lynn
11. Lacy J. Dalton
12. Jessi Colter
13. Tammy Wynette
14. Jeannie Kendall
14. Brenda Lee
14. Dottie West
17. Donna Fargo
17. Tracy Nelson
19. Janie Fricke
20. Carlene Carter

PICKER

**1. Roy Clark**
2. Chet Atkins
3. Jerry Reed
4. Ry Cooder
5. Leo Kottke
6. Earl Scruggs
7. David Bromberg
8. Doc Watson
9. John Hartford
10. David Grisman
11. John McEuen
12. Charlie McCoy
13. Ricky Scaggs
14. Sonny James
15. Johnny Gimble
16. Charlie Daniels
17. Pete Drake
18. Amos Garrett
19. Reggie Young
20. Lloyd Green
20. Roy Nichols

COMPOSER

**1. Willie Nelson**
2. Kenny Rogers
3. Gordon Lightfoot
4. Waylon Jennings
5. John Denver
6. Kris Kristofferson
7. John Prine
8. Hoyt Axton
9. Dolly Parton
10. Hank Williams, Jr.
11. Tom T. Hall
12. Shel Silverstein
13. Jerry Jeff Walker
14. Don Williams
15. Merle Haggard
16. Michael Murphey
17. Mel Tillis
18. Roger Miller
19. Marty Robbins
20. Charlie Daniels

GROUP

**1. Charlie Daniels Band**
2. Dirt Band
3. Oak Ridge Boys
4. Waylon Jennings & the Waylors
5. Asleep at the Wheel
6. Larry Gatlin & the Gatlin Brothers Band
7. Statler Bros.
8. Hank Williams, Jr., & the Bama Band
9. Kendalls
10. Johnny Cash & the Tennessee Three
11. Merle Haggard & the Strangers
12. Marshall Tucker Band
13. Moe Bandy & Joe Stampley
14. Willie Nelson & Family
15. Ernest Tubb & the Texas Troubadours
16. Alabama
17. Tompall & the Glaser Brothers

# Saint Willie *(continued from page 176)*

*"Like he's clicked into a state of grace the rest of us are missing most of the time. Saint Willie."*

rearranging them a little. They move stiffly, like pieces of cordwood. "Hi!" she says brightly. "How about a drink?"

Why not? I shrug, smiling back.

She reaches behind her, into the backpack strapped to her chair. She pulls out a quart of bloody marys, already sipped on some, and a quart of screwdrivers, pristine.

"I used to tend bar in Boca Raton. Used to get backstage with all the groups, Deep Purple, the Allman Brothers. That was before"—she makes a pistol of thumb and forefinger, turning it against her solar plexus—"pow!" Lightly, she cups a breast in each hand. "He missed these, though. Lotta good it does me. Can you fix it so I can say hi to Willie?"

I should have known. Girls this cute never just spontaneously fall for me. She's attracted to my full-access backstage pass. And Willie.

Now she's, well, she's caressing my thigh. "You're nice," she tells me, vamping as hard as she can. "Please? I have to say hi to Willie."

I try to explain there's no way she'll meet Willie back here tonight, that the moment it's over, he's whisked offstage and into the bus, flanked by Snake and B.C. and Poodie and Poodie's security guys. That she just might have a chance out by the bus, but it's practically Hurricane Hilda out there. I add philosophically that it's the music that counts, anyway, that meeting him isn't what really matters.

This is apparently *too* philosophical for her. She leaves in search of greener avenues to Willie.

Then, as the band swings into its signature *Whiskey River*, a reprise of the opener and closing parenthesis to the show, I see her stationed at the base of the stage stairway down which Willie will have to pass on his way to the bus. She's steadfastly refusing to hear a security cop who's explaining that she can't be there, that the area has to be cleared for Willie's getaway. She's not budging. Her hands clamp down like emergency brakes on the chair's wheels. She's beginning to look a little wild-eyed and hysterical.

The guard takes her chair by its handles and begins gently but forcibly to move her away from the stairway. There's a sudden confused flurry of motion and, unheard among the growing swells of *Whiskey River*, she lurches screaming from her wheelchair onto the electrical cables covering the floor like a convention of black snakes.

Two strong security guards put her back into the wheelchair, which they lift and start carrying away.

"You fucks! Assholes! I have to say hi to Willie! *I have to!*"

She wails this through brokenhearted sobs deeper and sadder than mere hysterical fandom. She's carried off anyway.

She'll never know how close she got. Seconds after she's carted off, the show's over and Willie and the band are hurrying down the stairs and up through a long ascending exit ramp. Since temporarily at least, in the Pranksters' telling phrase, I am on the bus, I follow along close after.

We near the end of the concrete corridor and someone throws open the metal fire doors. Standing there in the continuing downpour, drenched to the skin, is another young woman. Backlit almost blindingly by cars leaving the parking lot behind her, hair clinging like a sodden old mop, she supports her twisted body on aluminum arm-brace crutches.

When she sees Willie, her eyes widen and melt. She looks up searchingly at him, beyond words.

And here, I think, is an important piece of why Willie is Willie these days.

It doesn't even occur to him to ignore her and make a dash through the deluge for the bus. Instead, he steps out into the rain and walks slowly up to her, taking the hand she has raised. Astonished happy tears well in her eyes and are lost among the raindrops splattering her cheeks. He's rapidly getting soaked, too, but stands there talking to her in tones only she can hear. As he does this, the look on his face—one I will see often over the next months—is positively beatific. Like he's clicked into a state of grace the rest of us are missing most of the time. The sort of face they give Saint Francis holding a handful of happy chipmunks.

Saint Willie.

•

I ask him later if he thinks his concerts might replace church for some people.

"Yeah," he says. "I like that part of it. I really do. There's a lot of people who I'm sure experience religious experiences during *Amazing Grace* and *Will the Circle Be Unbroken* and *Uncloudy Day*. They receive religious experiences without knowing it. Without knowing they're receiving one. But they're certainly acting like people we've all seen receiving them before."

As the bus pulls out, I wave goodbye to my bloated red rental car parked there in the lot under the TOW-AWAY ZONE sign. So I can get some time with Willie on the bus, and so they can hang out there a little longer with friends, Jody Payne and Mickey Raphael of the band have offered to follow us in it later. This is very kind of them, but, somehow, I have a sinking feeling I'll never see it again.

Willie's bus is a standard Greyhound, customized to the teeth. It's been divided roughly into thirds. The first part is a sort of lounge area, with a Betamax connected to not one but *two* color TVs, and a stereo tuner/cassette sound system that won't quit—all that built in directly above and behind the driver's seat and stairs. There are three swivel easy chairs, a diner-style booth with low-backed bench seats, a small couch facing it across the aisle and a tiny galley featuring a two-case ice chest filled with cold Budweiser. Across from the galley is a john the size of a cheap outhouse, and beyond them toward the back is the Pullman section—two tight stacks of four sleeping berths each, separated by the aisle. The final third, reached through a door denoting rank as much as for privacy, is Willie's bedroom, with a bed, a couch and its own ice chest abrim with Bud. It's a little like *essence du frat house*, as if the basics had been distilled down to bus size and wheels added.

We're barely beyond the city limits when Bee Spears is suddenly seized by inspiration: I must be introduced to the Pillowcase Bong. Bee is one of *two* bass players in the band and has Willie's personal endorsement as the craziest person he knows—that from a group of candidates that includes Waylon Jennings, Johnny Paycheck and Kris Kristofferson, among other heavyweight contenders. Bee started playing for Willie when he was 17 and has, with one hiatus, been with him ever since.

His Pillowcase Bong is a recent discovery in a lifetime of research. It consists of a pillowcase with a small hole cut in the closed end. A long cardboard tube is inserted partway into the hole. Near the end sticking out, a smaller hole has been poked. Sticking out of that is a fat joint of Hawaiian buds retailing at $3750 the pound.

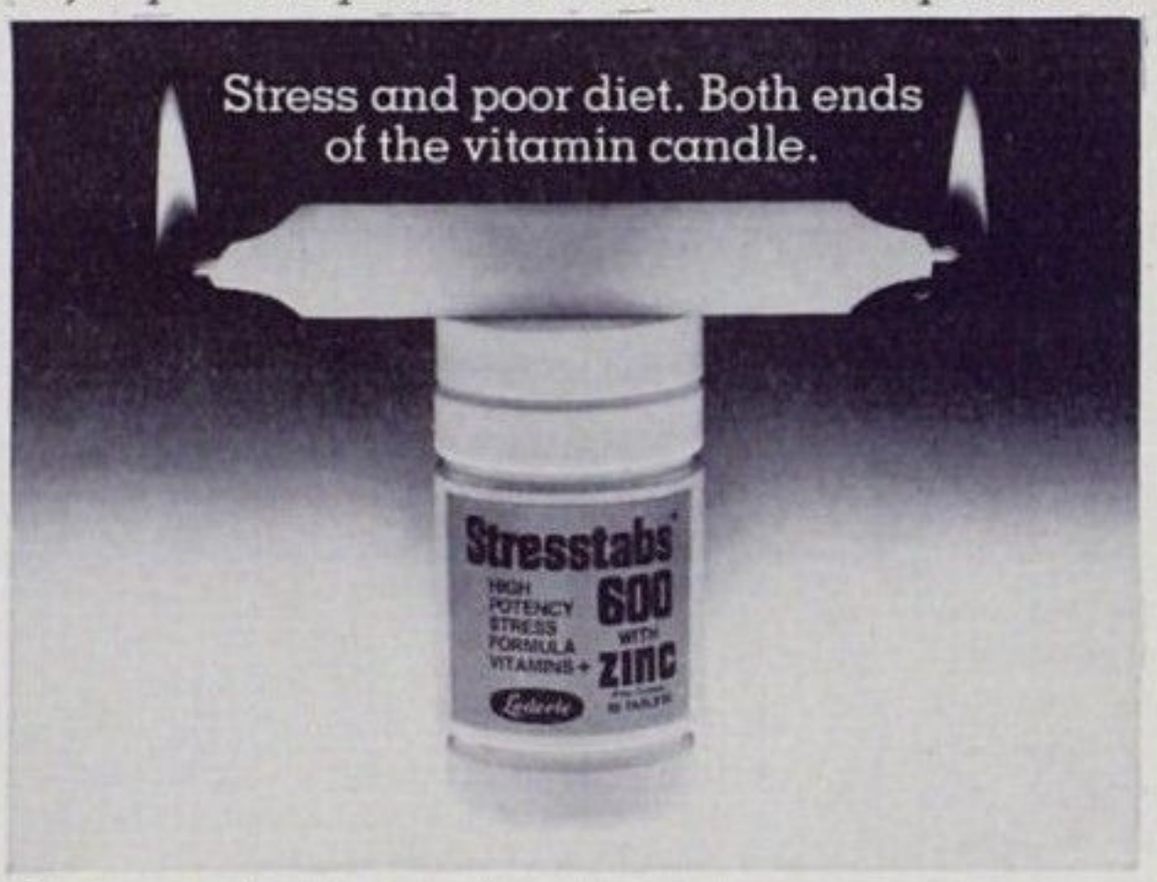
That all develops back in Willie's room. He watches, smiling, as Bee produces his invention and, with the help of Billy Cooper, an amiable assistant road manager known by all as B.C., proceeds to demonstrate. He slips the pillowcase over his head and signals to B.C. to fire up the joint. It glows cherry red and a quarter inch of it disappears. Explosive coughing inside. "Damn!" More coughing. "That's the stuff, all right!" The test, I am told, is to survive an entire joint in there.

I find out later there's something of a tradition among the band of "burning 'em down," as they so colorfully put it. Regularly smoking the most potent grass known to mankind, they find it great

# Stress can rob you of vitamins. And zinc.

### What science tells us about stress and vitamins.

Stress is your body's reaction to any physical condition that places an unusual demand on it. When it upsets your nutritional balance, stress—whether due to physical overwork, fad dieting, alcohol, a severe infection or injury—may cause a vitamin depletion.




It's true that certain vitamins are stockpiled in the body for emergency use. But most of the water-soluble vitamins are not. If the extraordinary nutritional demands of stress are prolonged, a deficiency of these vitamins can develop.

### The importance of zinc during stress.

Zinc is an essential mineral found in human tissues. It is involved in dozens of the body's biochemical activities, including digestion, respiration, and the normal growth of bone and skin cells. Because zinc requirements have also been found to increase during various forms of stress, it has recently been concluded that there are times when your body may also need more zinc.

### Why doctors recommend STRESSTABS® 600 High Potency Stress Formula Vitamins with Zinc.

Supplementation of the water-soluble vitamins during stress is a well-accepted practice among the medical profession. And, for years, STRESSTABS has been the formula most often prescribed or recommended. Today, because of observed deficiencies of zinc during stress, more and more physicians are recommending the addition of zinc to traditional stress vitamin supplementation.

STRESSTABS® 600 with Zinc provides a high potency concentration of the water-soluble vitamins, plus zinc, and 45 IU of vitamin E.

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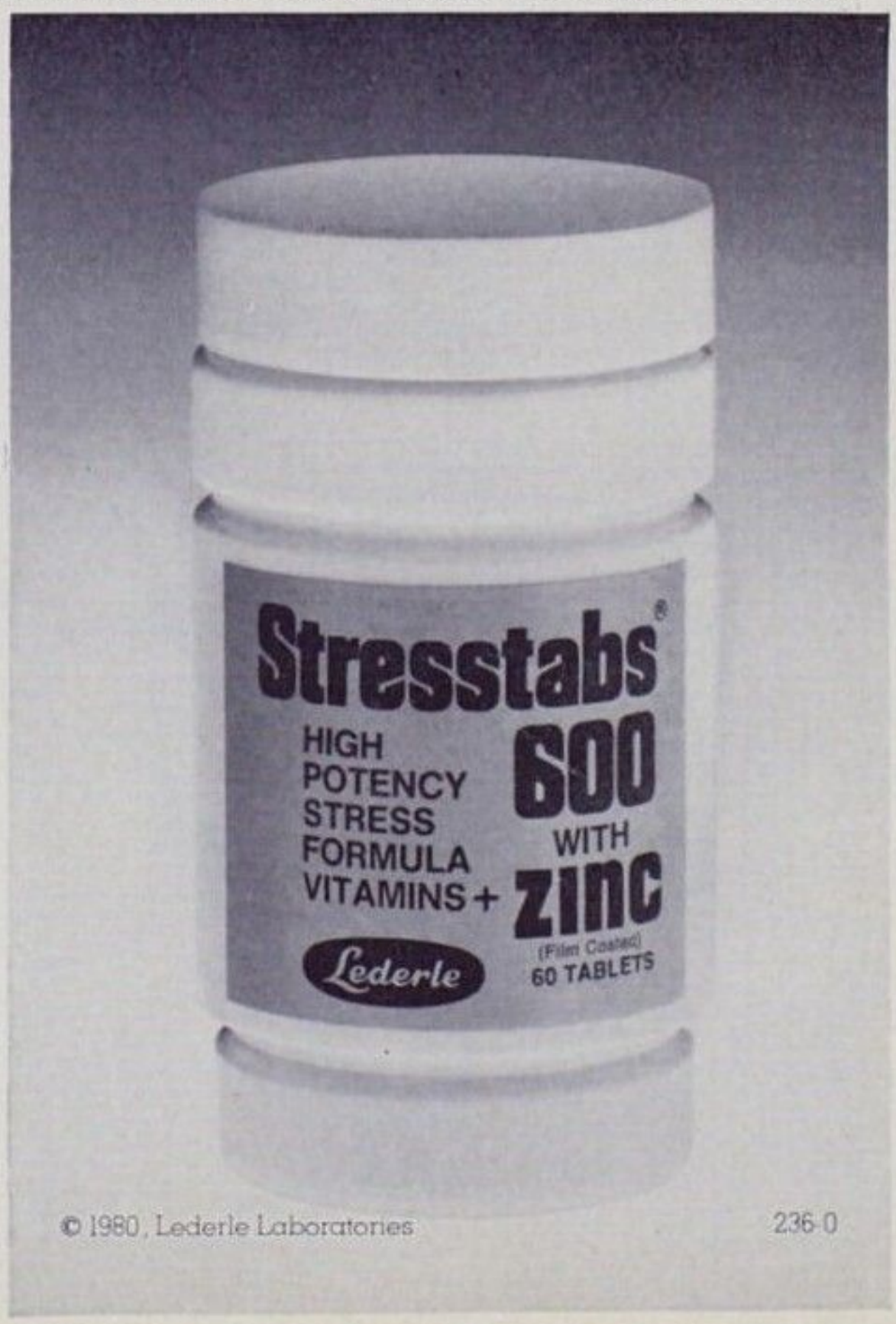


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fun to oversmoke visiting writers and photographers and the like until they can't remember their own names, much less ask dumb questions or take pictures or whatever. Willie, I am to learn, uses it as a way of ending interviews that in his estimation have gone overly long.

Bee knocks off the joint in nothing flat and emerges from the pillowcase red-eyed and grinning. Now it's my turn. The pillowcase goes over my head. "Don't open your eyes, is all," advises Bee regarding technique, "and just breathe like normal."

The smoke comes rolling in. Soon there's nothing to breathe *but* smoke. Hmmm. I'm beginning to feel like Fat Freddie trying out for the fire department. Now I can't resist opening my eyes. It's a climactic close-up from *The Towering Inferno*—vague, like diffused through smoke. Then my eyes close sympathetically as I'm racked by coughing. I flash first on Doc Holliday, followed by Hans Castorp and Wile E. Coyote.

"Hang in, you're almost there!"

No, I'm *already* there. I'm just not finished yet.

•

"*Night Life* . . . let's see . . . I was driving from my house in Pasadena, Texas, over to Houston, to a club called The Esquire Club. On the way over, I started the song. The idea, 'the night life ain't a good life, but it's my life,' came to me. I wrote half of it going over, and I finished it after I played the job and was driving back. The easiest place for me to write is in a car, moving."

It's a little later and I am marshaling my remaining wits to interview Willie. He's graciously responding to whatever I manage to ask.

"Why ain't the night life a good life? Well, back then it wasn't. And from a religious standpoint, it's not the good life. The night life is beer joints and the women of the evening and the honest man blowing his hard-earned money in some beer joint on some dance-hall floozy. That's how the night life is thought of by a lot of people. Plus the fact that it *is* a hard life for a musician who works six nights a week, four hours a night, for just a little money. At the time, I think I was getting ten dollars a night, six nights a week. But now the night life is a great life."

What do you like best about it?

"The fact that we're moving. And we get to play to a new audience every night. We get to see new places. We get to ride up and down the highways in a nice bus—where there's no phones. It's very private out here, like being on a ship or a sailboat. And you have to get your bus legs out here, just like you have to get your sea legs on a ship. Once you get them, you can dance up and down the aisle like everybody else."

•

It's sometime after one A.M., and there's a card game in progress at the diner-booth table up front. Grady Martin and Willie sit across from Bee and Chris Ethridge, with B.C. and Johnny Gimble kibitzing from the couch. Everybody's still coming down from the concert buzz, an understandable high brought on by prolonged mass love and attention—a two-and-a-half-hour dose.

Grady leans against the window and rests his cards on his Buddha belly, frowning down at them through his salt-and-pepper beard. Like Willie, he's been around for what you would call ever. He played on Elvis' sessions in the Fifties and is responsible for those hot licks on Brenda Lee's early hits. After years as a top Nashville session man, he decided about a year ago to hit the road again with Willie. In Willie's estimation, he's the greatest guitar player going. Nightly, when it's Grady's turn for a long lead, Willie will stop in his tracks and simply watch, his face suffused with a rapt look of pleasure tinged with awe. It's not misplaced. Grady may look like a crusty, slightly grumpy good ol' boy, but there's lyrical liquid mercury in his fingers, a fast, fluid style that loses no punch by being melodic.

Studying his own cards directly across from Grady is Chris, the other bass player. To people like me, he, too, is something of a legend. At 32 or so, he's been on the road over half his life. He was, for a time, one of the Byrds, and then, along with Gram Parsons, an important part of The Flying Burrito Brothers. He joined Willie a few years ago, when Bee decided to call it quits for a time; and then when Bee *un*decided, Willie found himself with two bass players and wisely chose to keep both, giving the band a complex bottom unrivaled in country or rock.

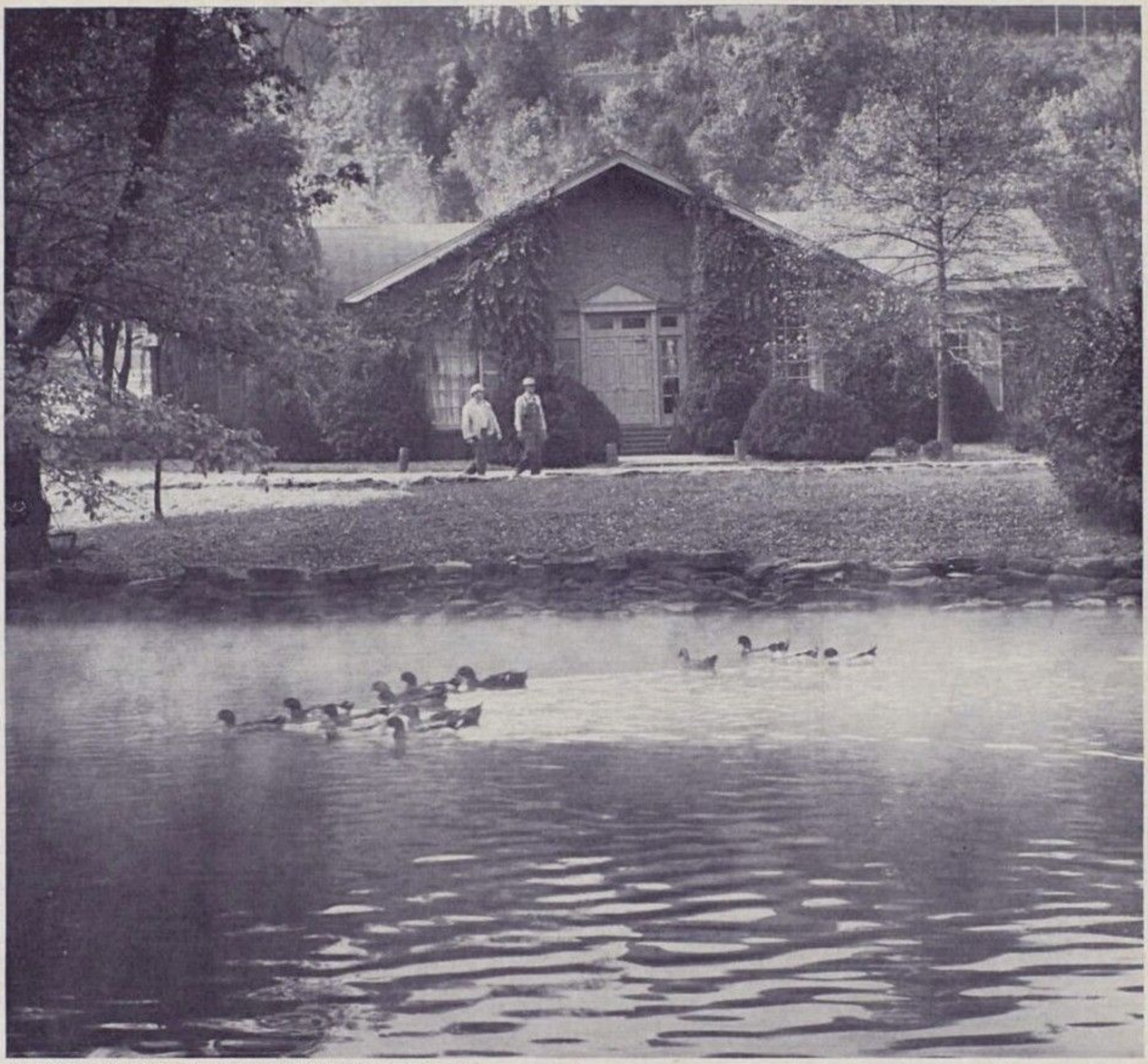
Presently sitting right next to Chris, Bee also examines *his* cards intently—so intently, in fact, that he fails to notice that the eyes of the other players repeatedly flash above and behind his head, where Snake, the road manager, is signaling to all what Bee holds. Too bad for Bee; he's bluffing. The others fight to avoid cracking up as he makes raise after confident raise. Snake's boyish grin gets wider with each one.

Snake is a lank six-footer with a little beer paunch and straight brown hair dropping longish from a crown starting toward bald. His background includes time in the Marines, a few days of which he spent as part of the would-be Bay of Pigs invasion. Snake wasn't always his name. At birth, in Baltimore in the early Forties, he was named something he thought was drab and ordinary. He became Mr. T. Snake—just plain Snake to his friends—some years ago in Nashville, when a fellow promotion guy suggested he move on up from the ho-hum everyday to something memorable.

Bee finally realizes he's being had and launches into vivid protest, cut short by Gimble, who'd disappeared in back some minutes before and is now making a dramatic re-entrance wearing crispy-clean blue-flannel pajamas. Look on the back of practically any Nashville album you own and you'll find Gimble listed as one of the fiddle players. Like Grady, he's seen 50 come and go. With his silvery hair and carriage on the portly side, he reminds you of a *decent* W. C. Fields—one who's never had a mean thought nor taken a drink. He's here in his clean blue jammies to wish us all a good night before he retires to one of the berths.

By four A.M., practically everybody

*"Tell me again how this will help the economy."*



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, drop us a line. We'd like to get to know you.

# WE NEVER DREAMED OF THE DAY that we'd be adding on to the main office in Jack Daniel's Hollow.

Reagor Motlow built the front three rooms in 1952 and everyone wondered what he'd do with the space. Since then, we've added a little to the left of it and some to the right. And recently we've put several newer rooms out back. Occasionally, good friends inquire as to how we've grown to such size. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe they have their answer.

CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop. Inc., Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352

*Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.*

has crashed—Grady right in the spot where he was playing cards—and only Snake is still awake, sitting up front with Allen, the driver, shooting the shit about this and that. I'm just behind them, settled to the point of growing roots in one of the easy chairs. Technically speaking, I guess I am also awake, albeit too far swacked on dread killer weed to move or speak technically. Finally, even Snake peels off and heads for a berth, pausing to slip the Bud from Grady's sleeping grasp and drop it into the trash can already overflowing with crumpled Bar-B-Q chips bags, shredded Chips Ahoy sacks and squashed Marlboro boxes among the beer cans.

I may be turning into Silly Putty, but I can't pass up a little time in Snake's vacated shotgun seat. On atavistic will alone, I manage to launch myself forward and flop down beside the driver. Allen is very cordial, telling me how much more he likes driving for Willie than other bands he hauls around.

It's great stuff from a unique point of view, but I'm afraid I'm too road-zonked to pay proper attention—the passing scenery has me hooked. The rain has stopped, but the bus still sizzles over wet pavement, its headlights tunneling into the mountain of darkness outside. We're on an empty two-lane blacktop. Kudzu covers the road cuts on both sides, devouring all it touches—fences, bushes, trees, even telephone poles—in bites slow and green. The blip, blip, blip of the white line is a sad, plaintive appeal in some ancient language. OK, I admit it. I am practically in heaven. Whatever the road disease is, I've got it, too.

•

From the outside, approaching along the road, Willie's ranch looks like a minimum-security work farm. The property line starts where a high stone fence with barbed wire strung along the top begins. You follow it a while before turning in and stopping before a serious gate across the long driveway. Then you announce yourself to a stone pillar with an all-weather mike built into it, while a closed-circuit TV camera checks you out and relays what it sees to a monitor in the house a quarter mile away. If you pass inspection, the gate seems to open of its own accord, and you are driving toward the inner sanctum.

The house is sprawling Texas modern. It's back on a rise above a little stream dammed to form a pond fringed by willows, a swing rope hanging from a tall branch of one, pure idyllic Andy Hardy. Parked in the open garage is a sleek gray Mercedes.

It is mid-June and we are in Austin for the first Willie Nelson Distance Classic, a 10,000-kilometer race over hill and dale in the general vicinity of the Pedernales Country Club and Golf Course—which, among much else in Austin and environs, Willie owns.

I think Willie's much-publicized fondness for running is connected to his fondness for buses. During most of his waking hours, somebody or other wants a piece of him—an autograph, an interview, just one more song. The bus is one refuge from phones and loving fans, and running is another, a socially acceptable way to steal a little time alone in the hallowed name of health. He averages between five and ten miles a day, and while his legs might belong to a college halfback, it's a credit to the night life, the munchies in particular, that he still manages to maintain a slight roll around the waist in spite of the distance.

Willie comes out to say hi wearing his running gear, his hair this morning in a single plaited braid, curling around his neck onto his chest like a friendly pet copperhead. He directs us through a door leading into an enclosed porch dominated by a pool table.

He is cordial and soft-spoken, offering coffee and a prerace joint and maybe a quick game of pool if anybody's interested. It's barely seven A.M., but in this world there is apparently no time too early or too late for a joint, even if we are about to run over six miles.

We share a joint while Willie and I split two quick inept games of eight ball. A lifetime each of bar pool hasn't improved either of us. He takes the tie breaker when I plop the eight into the corner on the break.

Then we all pile into his Mercedes to go to the race. Willie drives. As we get close to his country club, we see that the main drive is clogged by a slowly crawling line of cars, vans and pickups full of people on their way to the race. Willie has a flash. We turn around and head off over a road roughly paralleling the club grounds, in search of a semihidden short cut. But it's too well hidden. We drive back to the clogged main entranceway and Willie has another flash. This is, after all, *his* country club.

He executes a flanking maneuver and we're suddenly tearing along the grassy margin next to the drive. People's faces instantly transform from outrage to radiant recognition as they see that this gray outlaw Mercedes speeding by is being piloted by Willie himself. Then we're off overland. Drive 'em, cowboy! The Mercedes bucks down a hill and then up a long, bumpy fairway, flying between sand traps and flat, manicured greens.

We come to rest next to a Cyclone fence enclosing another in Willie's collection of houses, this one modest by Texas standards but nice enough to relax in after 18 holes and a swim in the near-Olympic-sized pool kept full and shimmering in the sun below the clubhouse.

The race is scheduled to start in a few minutes from a spot about 50 yards away. Most of the 1000-plus entrants are already there. Everywhere you look, people dance obscure private ballets of stretching exercises to stay loose in the cool air. But as word of Willie's arrival spreads, increasing numbers abandon their warm-ups in favor of fandom, and Willie is gently mobbed by admirers. I go over to pay my five dollars at the sign-up table and am awarded number 692—which proves to be prophetic.

The race begins, and the first couple of miles are cake. Into the third mile, I catch up to Willie and hold a few yards behind. He's going along at a pace so slow and easy that nearly everyone is inexorably passing him—which is to say, slow and easy enough so that anybody who feels like it can say hi or fall into stride with him for a while—to which Willie again and again graciously responds, that beatific look clicking in as his smoky eyes lock for an instant onto those he's just encountered. Most just want to be, however briefly, in the *presence*, so they can tell their grandchildren how they once went running with Willie Nelson.

I pick up my pace and pass him. But a mile later, my heart is quaking like a palsied dog. If my forehead weren't exploding, I'd probably be enjoying the scenery, pretty rolling hills and a lake at the bottom of rocky bluffs in the distance. But it is now all uphill and my legs have turned to jelly. I'm wheezing, gulping air, constellations of blood-red stars pinwheeling before me.

I come collapsing across the finish line in 1:04 or so. Seconds later, there's Willie, topping the last hill, chugging along at the same pace he was doing when last I saw him three and a half miles before. A lesson there, certainly. He hits the finish line behind a TV news team jogging backward before him to record the event on video tape. He stops off to one side, sweating like crazy, red bandanna soaked black, chest heaving deeply, trying to catch his breath. The TV sportscaster asks how he feels.

"Fine," answers Willie, breathing heavily but recovering quickly. "I ran the whole way, anyhow."

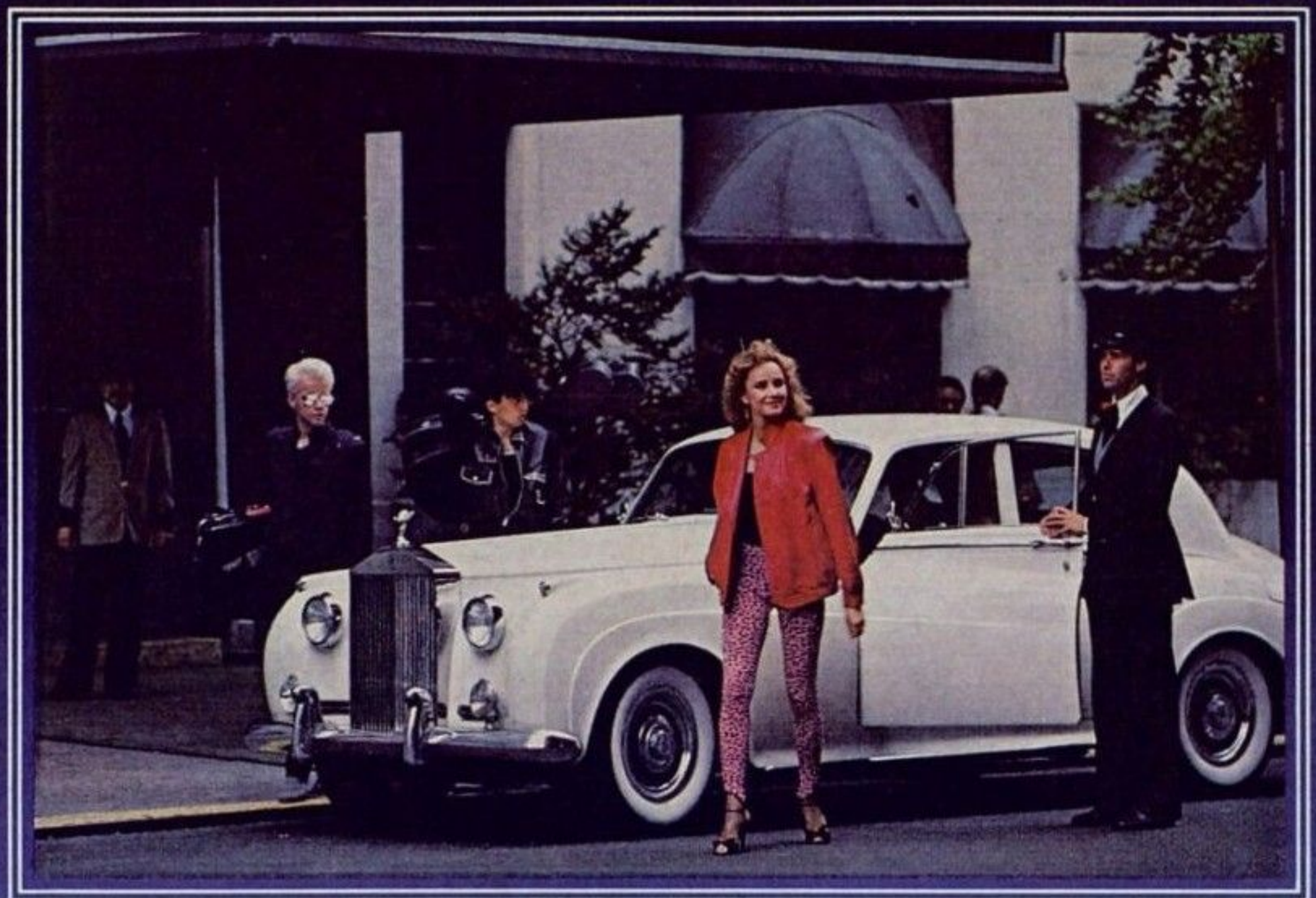
His personal manager, Mark Rothbaum, hands him a fresh-opened can of Lone Star. He accepts it and salutes the camera's eye with it before tilting the can and drinking half of it down in two gulps.

Now the sportscaster wants to know what he thinks of his time—1:14:27.

"It's OK," says Willie. "I wasn't racin' against anybody—except Father Time, maybe."

•

After nearly three hours of fans and interviews, we drive back to the ranch, where I am to steal yet another hour of his life with questions. When we get there, he disappears as if by magic—reappearing half an hour later ready to



# "Bring around the Nova, Peter. It has a Jensen."

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When it comes to car audio, some people are impressed with lights they can see or buttons they can touch. But if it's the sounds you hear that matter most, you'll appreciate the Jensen Quadrax® four-way speaker system.

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JENSEN
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# When it's the sound that moves you.

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go. He sits at the oak table, rolling a joint, while I fire away. I figure that after all this interviewing, I can at least ask about something interesting. So I ask about sex: Was there a period when he was freely sampling the offerings while he was on the road?

"Yeah, this is a problem—it's been a problem all my life. Whenever I was looking for companionship, it usually was there. I didn't have to go looking for it. But there was a period of time when I wasn't playing music somewhere, and then it wasn't that easy to go out and score a girl. So you find yourself going out and sitting in them joints around town.

"Of course, there's a lot of people who like it that way. Just one-night stands is all they're looking for. Most musicians who travel around from town to town and country to country will do that. They enjoy that type of relationship, as opposed to any long-term relationships, which they've always had bad experiences with. So what happens is, a guy turns 60 and he's had a wild, hot life. But all of a sudden, there's nobody around anymore. That's one of the big problems."

Do you think of yourself as a romantic?

"Probably so."

Is that a word that means something to you?

"I take it to be associated with the word love. And I seem always to be involved with love one way or another."

Do you find sex as important now as when you were 20? Has its meaning changed for you at all?

"I may be more appreciative of it these days than maybe I was when I was 17 or 20 or 25. I think a good woman, from whatever way you consider her—mental, spiritual, sexual or whatever—is always more appreciated, the older you get. I think the same thing applies to women. They appreciate a good man, the older they get."

•

Houston. Every few hundred yards along the freeway, triangular signs advise me to DRIVE FRIENDLY. One, on a long pole beyond the road, says only INTERIORS in blue neon against a moons-of-Jupiter-peach evening sky. TOTALLY NUDE GIRLS!! This in a trumpeting sideshow type face, like they're some newly discovered freak species on display at the carnival, a dog-faced boy or the world's smallest horse. Another simply asks, FAT?

It's September, and I'm here because Willie & Family are performing a benefit for Jimmy Carter on Saturday night.

I drive to their downtown hotel about three or so in the afternoon and am just walking toward the entrance when who comes driving up in a weathered, late-model sedan, waving as he turns in to the hotel, but Chris—with Bee, Snake and Grady in the car with him. They've driven here together from Dallas, five hours away, all jammed into one rental car, when all of them could afford to charter separate Learjets if they felt like it. They really *do* like hanging out together.

They look a little glazed as they get out and stretch, and there's a problem: They've lost the trunk key. They're in the lobby, checking in and discussing the situation, when out in front, a sleek black limo glides to a stop. From it steps drummer Paul English, a friend of Willie's now for 25 years, wearing his regular gear—black shirt, spear-pointed red cowboy boots with shiny, pointed cleats over the toes, black slacks and a black cowboy hat alive with medallions. All that and his black salt-and-pepper Mephistopheles beard and mustache make him look generally like what you'd suspect people around Nashville think of as the Devil.

He comes in clutching a small, bulging black-leather kit bag and embraces the guys in turn, California touchy-feely having arrived even this far.

"You got a knife?" Snake asks, getting back to the trunk problem. Paul shakes his head. Snake inquires generally, "Anybody got a knife?" Nobody does. But moments later, Chris has somehow come up with a long-handled screwdriver. We gather around the trunk to watch him go at it. He digs at the lock cylinder and quickly pops it like a champagne cork. A little more digging around in the resulting hole pops the trunk lid, too. It's a good thing these guys are gainfully employed. They grab their luggage and head for their rooms, leaving the traumatized rented Chevy to the doorman.

•

The gig tonight is in yet another sports dome, this one holding about 20,000 people. One end is sliced off by the stage, which is alive with roadies as we walk in. Snake and Jody encounter and embrace several.

"How ya doin', Jody?"

"OK. Keepin' between the ditches. . . ."

There's been much general lamenting all day about the competition for crowds tonight in Houston. The best guess is that they won't fill the place, a circumstance rare as hen's teeth for Willie & Family. Not only is there the Oilers-Chiefs game to contend with, they're also up against the final climactic game in the Astros-Phillies play-off series, which *everyone* in Houston will be watching on TV exactly when they're onstage. Worst of all, Carter is about as popular in these parts as snake bite, so they'd be in trouble even without the competing football and baseball.

As it turns out, they were right. The place is half empty. But nobody seems to mind. They're all out of their seats screaming at the sound of the first note. It's Willie's usual crowd, which is to say, every manner and age of person you can imagine. In watching a dozen concerts over a six-month period, I've been continually amazed at the *range* of Willie's followers, from blue-haired little old ladies to kids under ten goofing in the aisles, and everything in between. He simply appeals to everybody who can stand anything remotely like country music—though through the 40 or more songs he sings bits and snatches of every night, you will hear blues and jazz and western-swing influences as well. Willie's magic is never better than when live. Not one of his many records, not even *Willie & Family Live* (one I've played daily for over eight months now), quite captures the sound and the spirit. His group can all play their asses off—this very much including Willie himself, whose guitar playing goes generally unmentioned but which is bluesy and muscular and fast when need be, so good that Grady told me in all seriousness he thinks Willie is one of the best.

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In all my months of chasing Willie, one scene sticks out. It was after the show that night in Austin, the concert Willie and the guys put on following the 10,000-kilometer run at Willie's country club.

It was a packed hometown crowd at the Austin Opry House, chiefly cowboys and cowgals by the look of them. On this hot, muggy night, their collective body heat was too much for the air conditioning, even though it was cranked up to ice age. The stripped-down, utilitarian bar near the stage did land-office business in draught beer and surprisingly good margaritas. I dropped into a seat with a margarita in each hand and was quickly lost in the music, closing my eyes and drifting away, just like you're supposed to on the good stuff. Then, suddenly, it was two hours later and everybody was filing out.

I went prowling through the backstage area to see what, if anything, was happening. But everybody had gone. I wandered through the empty backstage rooms into a long, unpainted cinder-block hallway, lit by a succession of harsh unshaded light bulbs on the ceiling. Every few feet on the gray-concrete floor, there were crimson smears. A trail of blood. Not a lot of it, probably just a cut bare foot hobbling toward the parking lot, but blood nonetheless. My eyes involuntarily followed this bright path forward. And there at the end of it, by complete coincidence, was Willie, ol' Saint Willie. After everybody else had headed home or for the nearest party, there he was, bending over a bit, the better to chat with a midget couple who were standing there before him holding hands, craning their necks to get a better look at his face.

*"Harriet? You'll never guess who's here!"*

# SANE LORRAINE

(continued from page 139)

someone is depressed, I go bananas. I was an Air Force brat. I lived in 22 states. I've been the girl next door to more people than I can count. When you move that much, you learn to go full tilt with people. You may not see them tomorrow." That attitude is expressed in a variety of tiny gestures. To get her guests in the spirit, she will buy them Kings T-shirts or pennants. In the bar after the game, she makes sure that everyone sitting at her table has been introduced. Complete strangers get a touch of Lorraine's spirit. The license-plate frame on her car proclaims: SIT ON A HAPPY FACE. It's all part of the campaign to establish her own character. For all her energy and eccentricity, Lorraine is a serious, competent woman. She worked her way through three and a half years of college in New Mexico before moving to Los Angeles. She landed a job with an insurance office in Westwood, earned her casualty and fire license and, within a year, was running the office. She subsequently changed jobs and started working as a teller at a savings and loan, where Daina House (Miss January 1976) saw her and suggested that she try out for Playmate. A year later, Lorraine showed up at Playboy Studio West. The results are in front of your eyes. She also took a part-time job with West Coast Photography Editor Marilyn Grabowski, checked out the world of Playboy and made her move. In November, she became the newest member of The Singing Playmates. Onstage she is animated and sexy, with moves that would knock your socks off. It is immediately obvious that she is having fun. "There's only one problem with my life right now. Hockey and music don't mix. The day after a home game, my throat is so hoarse from screaming that I sound like Darth Vader. If the season doesn't end soon, I could be in real trouble." We are sure she can work it out. As she drives us back to the city, Lorraine punches the buttons on the car radio, finally settling on a country station. The sound of Eddie Rabbitt's *I Love a Rainy Night* fills the car and Lorraine begins to sing along. "I love this tune. Listen to the lyrics. 'I love a rainy night/it's such a beautiful sight/I love the feel of Lorraine on my face/I love the taste of Lorraine on my lips.'" Right. Insane Lorraine strikes again.

*"Shall we send it, or do you wish to seduce her here?"*

# GIRLS OF KOKOMO

(continued from page 159)

anything he can help you with."

There's been a mistake, thought Chan. They're confusing me with somebody else. He explained patiently that he was a photographer for PLAYBOY in town for a little photo uncoverage of Kokomo's finest.

"Yes, we know," replied the caller. "And if there's anything we can do to make your job easier, please don't hesitate to give us a call."

David thanked him and hung up the phone, stunned. He walked to the window of his room and stared out at Highway 31 and the town beyond. Kokomo, he mused, is a *very* unusual place.

That was just the beginning. When Chan's phone stopped ringing, he had made photo dates with upwards of 150 Kokomo belles. There are about 50,000 people in the whole city, 90,000 if you count surrounding Howard County. David buzzed the Chicago office and reported that he had struck gold.

But why, you may ask, Kokomo? Why should the men's magazine of record, the magazine that brought you the women of Washington, the girls of the Southwest Conference, the women of the military, bring you the girls of Kokomo? Jeff Cohen, the Associate Photo Editor and impossible dreamer who makes these projects happen, explains: "Among other reasons, Ronald Reagan, during his campaign in Florida, said that Kokomo epitomized every small town in the country. That its problems—unemployment, inflation, its dependence on a few sources of income—were shared by many towns its size. My curiosity went beyond the bad news to the good things in Kokomo—which are typical, I suspect, of the good things in other small towns."

Actually, there are two Kokomos: the old and the new. The new Kokomo is, quite frankly, an abomination. It sprang up along Highway 31 in central Indiana as a conglomeration of shopping malls, motels and fast-food restaurants. Every one you can think of is there: Long John Silver's, McDonald's, Burger Chef, Burger King, Steak 'n Shake and Taco Bell. It gives the impression that everyone who isn't eating in a fast-food place is working in one.

The old Kokomo is much more pleasant. Quiet streets, old-time architecture, friendly people. When we were there in the fall, we saw children playing in piles of leaves in Rockwellian innocence. Old-timers chatted in barbershops. Cars were parked diagonally around the courthouse square. The calm was rare, the charm undeniable.

Somewhere between the old and the new is the future of Kokomo. Named for a Miami Indian chief, Ko Ko Mo, the town has had a rather surprising history.

It was the home of the legendary Elwood Haynes. Haynes was an inventor. Stellite alloy and stainless steel were two of his best. But he is remembered most in Kokomo for being the maker of America's first commercially successful gasoline-powered automobile. That was in 1893. By 1923, production at the Haynes Automobile Company had hit a record 40 cars a day. You could have had one of your own for only $2500.

Nearly 60 years later, Kokomo is still in the same business. Unfortunately, business is none too good. The two largest employers in town are Delco Electronics, which makes, among other things, auto radios, and Chrysler Corporation, which, by the time you read this, may or may not be making anything.

Thus, the flagging economy has hit Kokomo harder than most places. Some of the slack has been taken up by an expanding Cabot Corporation and Penn-Dixie Steel Corporation, but no one denies that the times are, indeed, hard. People are deserting the center-city shopping area for the malls, and some of the youngest are leaving the city altogether to find work elsewhere.

The spirit of those who remain, however, has not diminished. They are boosters of the first order. The City of Firsts, as it is known—besides Haynes's inventions, Kokomo nurtured such breakthroughs as the first pneumatic rubber tire, the first carburetor and the first mechanical corn picker—is fighting back. An aggressive campaign for enticing new industry is under way, under the guidance of Mayor Daily. He's got a lot to work with. A picturesque setting, three colleges, nearly 300 acres of parks, five banks, a symphony orchestra, two hospitals, a legitimate theater and a whole raft of cultural and entertainment facilities.

A city's greatest resource, of course, is its people. We, naturally, were concerned mainly with the distaff population and, in that, Kokomo is second to none. We found enough beauty there to more than satisfy PLAYBOY's most critical reader. The girls of Kokomo range from pretty to dazzling. They are bright, charming and open in a way you just don't see in the big city.

In the end, it was a delightful foray into Middle America.

Take a walk through Highland Park, at the city's center, and you get a clue as to what makes Kokomo such a special place. There, preserved for the ages, is what is probably the world's largest sycamore stump; not 50 yards away is Old Ben, the world's largest steer, 6'4" at the forequarters, stuffed for eternity. The flora and fauna of Kokomo. A bigheart-ed little city with a sense of pride, a sense of accomplishment, a sense of history and one hell of a good sense of humor.

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# WHY DO MEN RAPE?

(continued from page 172)

*"Rapists are frequently brutal in their sexual attack, but some manage grotesque parodies of tenderness."*

she closes the door. The guy goes to the next door. 'Does Elaine live here?' This woman has no chain and she opens the door and says, 'Well, there was an Elaine who lived here a couple of years ago, but she moved out. I don't know where you'd find her.' The guy says, 'Well, did she know a guy named John?' He strikes up a conversation. Then, 'It's a hot day. Could I ask you for a drink of water?' She says, 'Sure,' and she goes to the kitchen for a glass of water and the door's open."

"We begin to suspect," Selkin wrote a few years ago in a monograph on rape, "that women with a strong desire for service, with a need to help others, may be particularly susceptible to the intimidation of a rape scene. In the extreme, women have been known to offer food and drink to strangers at their doors, provide them with a telephone, bathroom facilities, and even lend them articles of personal clothing belonging to a husband or a son."

Notice: "A strong desire for service" is a quality women have been traditionally trained to show, and is therefore behavior a rapist can expect to find and to exploit.

Testing a woman for vulnerability continues until she is isolated. Selkin: "The guy at the apartment, having got in the door, checks the place out. On the way to get the glass of water, he looks in the bedroom to see if there's a man there. He looks in the living room to see if there's a dog. If he hasn't checked the bathroom yet, the next thing he says is, 'Can I use your bathroom for a moment?' The victim says, 'Sure.' Nobody in the bathroom. She's isolated."

Targeted, tested, isolated, the victim still has to be intimidated. Up to that point, Selkin emphasizes, *the rapist hasn't broken any law.* "He hasn't committed a crime until he threatens the victim. That's a criminal statement. If it's followed by sexual contact, it's first-degree rape. If it's not followed by sexual contact, then it's menacing, and menacing and rape are felony crimes."

Along the way, proceeding through those stages, the victim may find it possible to escape. "The girl who's walking down the street near the capitol building should tell the guys to fuck off. Screaming and running away are the two most successful methods I know for warding off attack. Rapists tend to run away when victims scream. They're frightened. The key to a victim's defense against attack is that the defense should be vigorous and loud. But once the victim's isolated and cut off from help, I don't know what I'd recommend, because then the assailant's level of security goes way up."

Intimidation takes many forms. Verbal threats are commonest. *Don't scream or I'll kill you. I've got a gun/knife/weapon. Do what I tell you and you won't get hurt.* Or the rapist robs the victim, testing her willingness to submit to him. But he alternates threatening with cajoling, the stick with the carrot. *If you do what I tell you, you won't get hurt. It's OK. Take it easy. You'll be all right.*

Negotiation, Selkin wrote in his monograph, also occurs at this stage. "Some victims will allow themselves to be intimidated for sexual intercourse but will balk at taking part in deviant acts. Of course, once the victim has acceded to the initial intimidation, her bargaining power has been effectively destroyed and a determined assailant will do whatever he wants with her." (The victim whose story I listened to in court balked not at rape nor at praising her rapist's sexual prowess but at swearing—a fragile bargain but the only one she could make, and one she struck to help restore her sense of dignity and remembered with pride at her rapist's trial.)

In Selkin's view, the intimidation stage is a rape's crucial fulcrum, the point at which the attack may sometimes be turned aside. A victim may decide to cooperate, or she may refuse to cooperate, or she may become so terrified she is unable to function. If she cooperates, the rapist will proceed to the sexual stage, acting out whatever scenario of fantasies he commits rape to release. The rapist I observed in court apparently imagined himself a lover, indicating he wanted to excite the victim by masturbating her, changing positions, asking her if she liked sex and liked him. Forensic psychiatrist John M. MacDonald, in his standard police text on rape, quotes a convicted rapist who describes a similar scenario:

> I had a complete fantasy life that involved my being stronger than all men, irresistible to all women, a doer of great things. I had no sensitive contact with either men or women, men were something to beat at all cost, women were something to screw if at all possible. . . .
>
> I had fantasies about the woman I was raping, how she felt physically, where she had been in life, some resentment that she'd done things in life without me. I had a longing to do things in general with people. Sometimes I'd verbalize these fantasies if the woman was quite submissive; otherwise, I'd just take the trip within myself.

If, instead of cooperating, the victim gives way to hysteria—or successfully imitates it—the rapist will work harder to calm her down, but Selkin's studies indicate that rapists who can't successfully calm their victims usually break off their attack and leave the scene.

The crucial and controversial figure at this stage of a rape is the victim who resists. The National Crime Survey study found that "when a woman did something to defend herself, she increased the chances that the rape attack would not be completed; however, she also increased the likelihood that she would receive additional (nonrape) injuries." The injuries were most often "minor additional injuries such as bruises, cuts and scratches." Selkin advocates resistance if the victim sees any chance of getting away—not by fighting but by screaming and running. He's unsure what to advocate if the victim is isolated, but he writes that "the resistive victim, contrary to popular belief, is not likely to be killed." Rapist-murderers are different personality types from rapists—they're far more disordered—but they share with many rapists a staged approach to their crimes, targeting, testing, isolating and intimidating their victims and calming them down before they proceed to sexual assault and violence. "The weight of clinical evidence," Selkin says carefully, "is that the rape-murder victim sets out to cooperate with her assailant." Furthermore, rape-murder apparently accounts for fewer than one percent of known rapes, though, as elsewhere in criminal statistics, the numbers aren't reliable.

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None of this is meant to imply that any rape victim is culpable for her behavior. Victims may be service-oriented; they may choose to cooperate with their assailants rather than risk resisting. They are nevertheless victims, not cooperators: threatened, violated, criminally deprived of their basic human right to the safety and sanctity of their person. That right is one that police, courts and juries have not always honored, demanding signs of struggle and injury to determine if a rape charge is convincing. But it is a right honored by law: Threats are legally as determining in first-degree rape as physical assault.

Rapists are frequently brutal in their sexual attack, but some of them, caught up in fantasy, manage grotesque parodies of tenderness. MacDonald quotes one such offender:

> I'd be kissing her, sucking on her breasts as I opened her legs, telling

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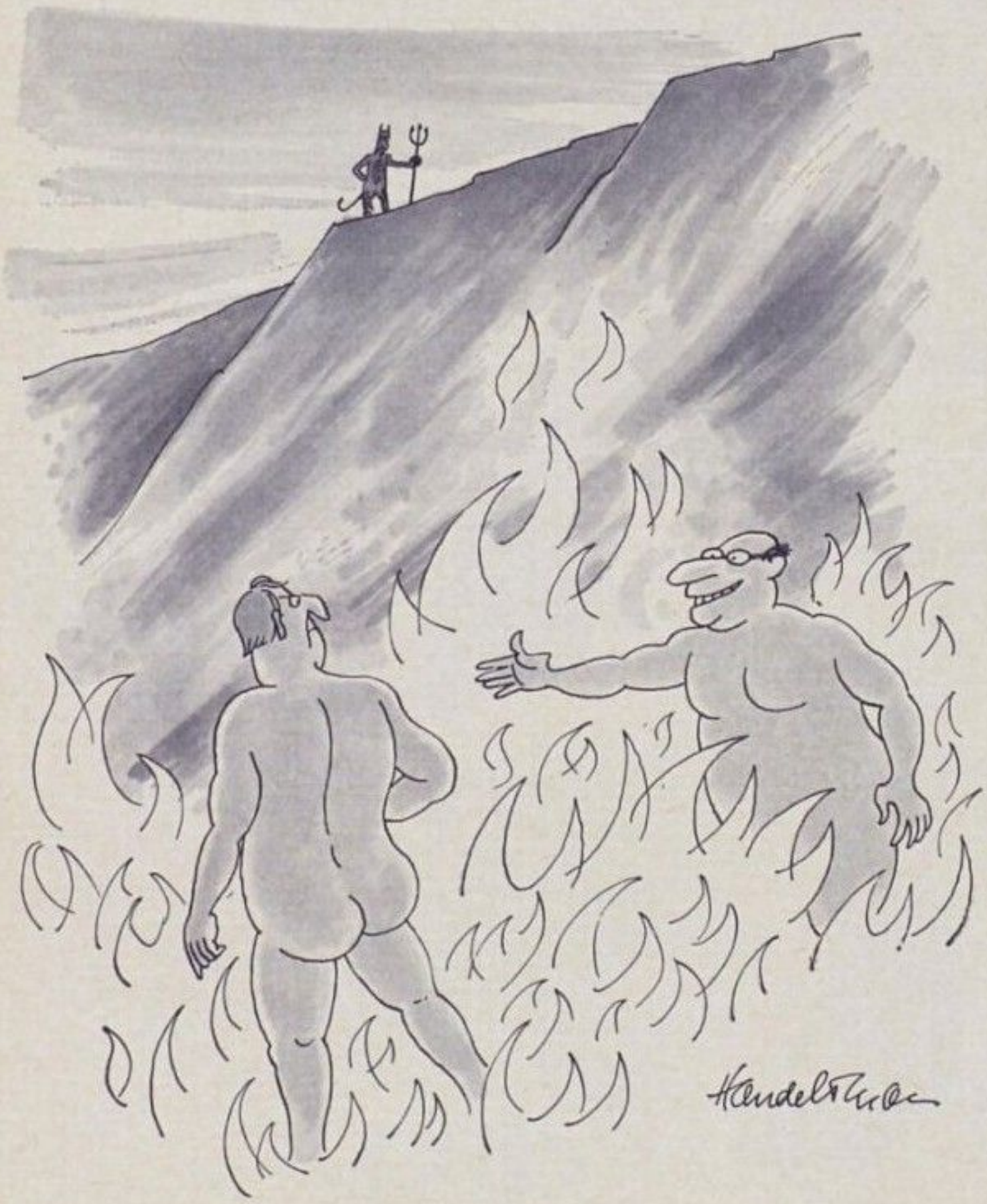
her, "You're beautiful, you're warm, you're soft," kissing her stomach. I'd put a leg in each arm, with my face over her vagina, warning her a last time to lay still and keep her blindfold on, holding a leg firmly in each arm. I'd begin to brush her pubic hair and inner thighs with my face and lips; gradually I would kiss her vagina directly. I'd do this for maybe five to ten minutes. I'd tell her to respond, to let herself go. I thought that this appealed to the women, that they would like it.

A small percentage of offenders use condoms or promise their victims they'll practice *coitus interruptus* to protect them from pregnancy. Some ask for kisses and caresses. Some talk at length with their victims before assaulting them. One victim, remembering her peculiar assailant, told MacDonald:

> He said that he'd never had sex before, that he wasn't too good at it and would I help him? He asked me my age, if I ever loved anyone and if I had a boyfriend. He said he was 34 and he wondered what I'd be doing 14 years from now, when I was his age. He supposed I'd be married and have two darling children. He asked if I was religious and what church I belonged to, and he said he was a Catholic and had sinned.

Brutal or grotesquely tender, a rapist usually initiates a termination stage after he has raped, attempting in various ways to prevent the victim from calling for help until he can get away. Terminations are usually consistent, part of a rapist's identifiable M.O. He may tell his victim to count to 100, hide outside her door, crash back in if she stops counting and threaten her again, tell her to start over, then leave for good. The rapist I observed on trial directed his victim to the bathtub to wash away his semen, which could serve as evidence (he forgot the sheets), to cover his getaway with the noise of running water and to make it unlikely that the victim would immediately follow him out. Other rapists apologize for raping and beg their victims not to turn them in, sometimes promising to seek psychiatric help. Others threaten to return and kill their victims or to send their buddies if they're caught. The point of all these strategies is to confuse the victim and escape.



*"Oh, come on, Mr. Watkins, let bygones be bygones. I'm not with the IRS anymore."*

Selkin distinguishes among various types of rapists in assessing their degrees of dangerousness and their potential for rehabilitation. "The people who come to your attention in a treatment setting," he says, "are not the same offenders who do long sentences in the penitentiary. The guy in the penitentiary gets there because he's done repeated crimes, shown little remorse, doesn't have a wife and five kids who'll go on welfare if he's sent up. He's committed collateral crimes. He has a long record of burglaries, theft, and so on, along with the rapes. He doesn't make self-help efforts. I don't find the term psychopath particularly useful, but with these guys, you're almost forced to use it. They'll usually tell you it's a bum rap, they were seduced, they weren't really responsible for what they did. That makes them hard to work with, because accepting responsibility for their actions is critical.

"Then there's another type. He's committed maybe five or 15 rapes, but he's been arrested only once or twice before, and he walks in and says, 'Well, it was like living in another world.' Or, 'Yes, I did it. I don't know why I did it. I'm disturbed by it. It was a part of me that I don't understand. It was almost like watching a movie.' If he's not so heavily into drugs or alcohol that he can be considered addicted, then he can usually be helped. He's confused. He's split. He wants to know who he is. He wants to put himself back together. He can usually be treated with some success, given the right setting."

Most psychologists who work with rapists believe, obviously, that they are psychologically disordered—damaged by childhood experiences that twist them to behave in socially forbidden ways. The experiences mentioned are abuse, poverty, difficulties with female figures within the family and broken homes. Convicted rapists do share these experiences with other convicted criminals, but so do many other men who neither rape nor commit other crimes. In fact, they're commonplaces of lower-class, inner-city childhood. The psychological model is shaky. At its worst, it becomes a circular argument: Rapists must be sick because rape is sick behavior. But colleagues of Alfred Kinsey at the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University conducted a monumental study of convicted sex offenders in the Forties and

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"Sure there are more powerful sports cars around but who needs them on the highway or in downtown Indianapolis. My Scirocco is plenty of car for me. All in all, it's a winner. And that's important.

"Because nobody ever remembers who finished second."

J.R., we couldn't have said it better ourselves.

# VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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the Fifties and seemed to say that rapists aren't much different from other criminals—nor, for that matter, from many ordinary, law-abiding men.

Feminist historian Susan Brownmiller examined the Kinsey and other studies in her 1975 book *Against Our Will* and proposed an alternative way of looking at rapists. She argued that men rape women not because they are psychologically disturbed but because they have the biological equipment with which to do so. "The typical American rapist," she wrote, "might be the boy next door. Especially if the boy happens to be about 19 years of age and the neighborhood you live in happens to fit the socioeconomic description of lower class or bears the appellation of 'ghetto.' That is what the statistics show."

Brownmiller describes the "typical" rapist much as I described him earlier, but she emphasizes the large number of pair and gang rapes that some major studies reveal. She recalls the fact, seen over and over in history, of rape in war, rape perpetrated by young men officially healthy enough mentally and physically to be soldiers, rape usually carried out by groups of men, as it usually was, for example, in Bangladesh and Vietnam. And she concludes:

> Rape is a dull, blunt, ugly act committed by punk kids, their cousins and older brothers, not by charming, witty, unscrupulous, heroic, sensual rakes, or by timid souls deprived of a "normal" sexual outlet, or by *Supermenschen* possessed of uncontrollable lust. And yet, on the shoulders of these unthinking, predictable, insensitive, violence-prone young men, there rests an age-old burden that amounts to a historic mission: the perpetuation of male domination over women by force. . . . That *some* men rape provides a sufficient threat to keep all women in a constant state of intimidation.

Brownmiller studied statistics and history; Selkin and his colleagues study cases and men. Both their rape-offender models, the feminist and the psychological, fit some of the known facts, but neither is an adequate theory by itself.

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Brownmiller's discussion of group rape is one clue to further lines of examination. She emphasizes that one result of group rape is to strengthen the bonds among the males involved. Groups have leaders, and some leaders lead their groups in rape. In effect, they supply their followers with women in barter for loyalty and isolate their followers from the straight world by encouraging them to break the law. Brownmiller borrows a term from anthropologist Lionel Tiger to identify this process: She calls it male bonding. It's common to many social species besides Homo sapiens. It confers decided reproductive advantages on groups of males who practice it, merging their separate strengths and resources into a single powerful unit; groups of males, particularly adolescent males, practice it in our society as certainly as groups of low-dominance male langur monkeys do. Teenagers—some teenagers—form gangs, and mark and defend territories, and sometimes bind themselves closer by raping unprotected females who stray within range.

Selkin's description of the stages of rape could be another inspired clue to rape's hidden origins. Until the moment of sexual assault, the stages of a rape are identical with the stages of a predatory hunt. Students of wolf behavior describe remarkably similar patterns. "I think wolves kill the way paleolithic hunters killed," writes naturalist Barry H. Lopez, "by paying close attention to the movement of game herds and by selecting individual animals on the basis of various cues." Vulnerable prey animals, Lopez notes, "apparently 'announce' their condition to wolves by subtleties of stance, peculiarity of gait, rank breath or more obvious signs of visible infection." Finding a vulnerable animal, the wolf pack isolates it. Along the way, there is communication between predator and victim. "The killing," says Lopez, "is by


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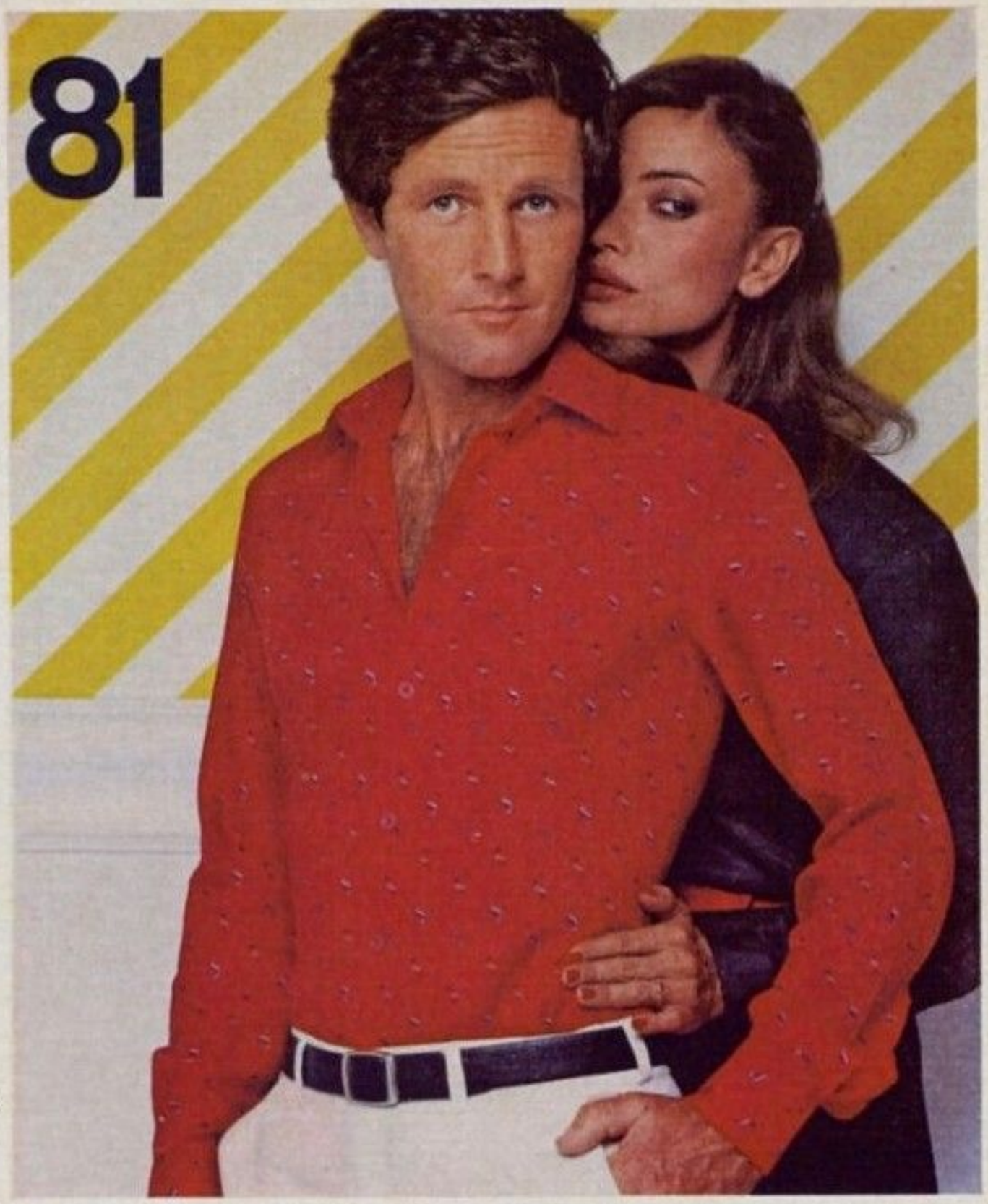

The Roland effect.
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Diplomat Shops/Todds Men's Wear/Benhill Men's Shops
Ullman & Emanuel/Abraham and Straus/Lansky Bros.

mutual agreement." But even when a victim is surrounded, sufficient resistance on its part will usually drive the wolves away. "When a wolf 'asks' for an animal's life, he is opening a formal conversation that can take any number of turns, including 'no' and 'yes.'" Wolves don't use their hunting patterns for sexual assault, as rapists do, but behavioral patterns borrowed from one setting for use in another are a commonplace of the animal world—and the human. Adapting hunting behavior to raping—stalking victims as group or solitary predators stalk their prey—increases the rapist's chances of success.

What about rape itself? If men who rape aren't much different from other men, why do they rape when others don't?

Rape isn't exclusive to advanced Western societies. Men have raped, as Brownmiller's detailed historical research makes clear, throughout human history. They have raped in "primitive" societies and in "sophisticated" societies, in the modern world and the ancient, and rape has always been a special privilege of conquerors in war. Furthermore, rape is only selectively disapproved. Laws against it, like laws against murder, have been enforced most vigorously *within* societies rather than *between* them: Men may kill in war officially and rape in war unofficially, and through most of the human past, men could kill or rape individuals in subordinate cultures (Indians, blacks, Jews, Vietnamese) with less risk of punishment than they could kill or rape their own. In short, rape may be minority behavior, but it's also pervasive. It's common to almost all human societies, whatever their complexity and whatever their values, and it reaches back in time to mankind's dim beginnings. For women, it has been (and still is) a universal and perpetual scourge; in that, Brownmiller is bitterly right.

Whenever a pattern of behavior, even a minority pattern, appears to be more or less universal in a species, biologists find strong reason to suspect that it is genetically based—that it has evolved because it increases an individual's chances of reproducing. Rape *may* be a pattern of behavior that is evolutionarily adaptive, a strategy genetically available to low-dominance males that increases their chances of reproducing by making more females available to them than they would otherwise acquire.

Rape doesn't look like successful behavior. To begin with, not many men rape. With the small minority who do, fewer than half of their reported rapes culminate in ejaculation and a much smaller number result in pregnancies. If, by raping, a rapist improves his chances of reproducing, he doesn't improve them much. The question is, how much improvement is necessary for the behavior to be advantageous and therefore to be passed on?

Looking for an answer to that question, I visited a leading biologist, Edward O. Wilson, in his laboratory at Harvard University. Wilson's specialty is social insects; he is also a theoretical biologist and spokesman for the new and controversial discipline of sociobiology. Sociobiology is the study of the biological basis of all aspects of social behavior. In 1975, Wilson published its standard text, drawing together information from hundreds of studies in such diverse fields as population biology, ecology, sociology, anthropology, neurophysiology and zoology. "For the moment," he wrote in *Sociobiology*, in a characteristically unsentimental passage, "suffice it to note that what is good [genetically] for the individual can be destructive to the family; what preserves the family can be harsh on both the individual and the tribe to which its family belongs: what promotes the tribe can weaken the family and destroy the individual; and so on upward through the permutations of levels of organization." The book was hailed as a wonder for its treatment of social behavior in animals, but it was widely condemned for daring to suggest that what applied to animals might also apply to man. In fairness, it hardly proved its case—it

wasn't meant to, but rather was meant to establish a basis for further study—but it does *make* a case, and one strong enough to be considered seriously, and one that appears on immediate inspection to have application to the obscure origins of rape.

Wilson answered my question immediately: A behavior doesn't have to be successful often to survive natural selection. If it works for a small minority of a population some of the time, it can be genetically sustained along with other behaviors that work better for the majority.

We discussed reproductive strategies. "In Homo sapiens," Wilson said, "the female is the limiting resource. She can reproduce only at roughly 12-month intervals. She has the burden of gestation and early postnatal care. Given these limitations, the best way she can maximize her genetic fitness is by forming alliances with males, males she can commit to investing their time and energy to her care and that of her offspring, and allowing only them to inseminate her."

But, Wilson continued, from a genetic point of view, the male's perspective is different. "A virile young male can reproduce almost nightly. He may form an alliance with a female, but it's to his genetic advantage to be allied with more than one. About three fourths of human societies have practiced polygamy, usually in the form of marriages among one man and more than one woman. Fewer than one percent have been polyandrous. The rest have been monogamous, but everyone knows that's strictly on the books and sanctioned in the breach, rife with mistresses and affairs."

I described to Wilson the information about rape included in this report. He considered it and responded: "I think you're onto something very logical. It's a very worthwhile proposition that, ugly as it sounds, rape does, indeed, give genetic advantage. If the rapist can escape unpunished—and apparently most do—then he has put himself reproductively a little ahead of the game. Rape may very well have evolved as a behavior pattern, a way of extending sexual behavior into the realm of violence and the stalk. We really have to examine directly the dark side of human nature. We're talking about inherited predispositions in the form of learning rules, predispositions that make it very likely under a wide range of environments that you will develop one pattern of behavior, often quite complex, structured and predictable—rather than another. The hypothesis that rape is one of those patterns may be superior, fitting more of the facts than the hypothesis that rapists are simply psychopaths, mad dogs, wrong in the head. It's logical and it's possible."

One way to test the hypothesis, Wilson proposed, would be to see if the incidence of rape increases with the permissiveness of the circumstances—"which," he said, "is exactly what happens in war." Another way would be to find rape a prevalent behavior in societies organized differently from our own. It is—among African and South American tribes, for example, during border warfare and in intertribal raids.

Rape as a reproductive strategy of low-dominance males explains much about the act and its consequences. It explains why rapists are usually ordinary, marginal young men. It explains why male-dominant society has never quite put the screws to rapists—because one effect of tolerating rape is to force women back under the protection of men, perpetuating the system. Brownmiller and other feminists believe the cause of rape is a history-long, deliberate male conspiracy. Equally plausible is the possibility that the "conspiracy" is not deliberate but unconscious and biological, a cold balancing of reproductive opportunity and reproductive need. The feminist theory misses a crucial fact: Men willing to invest themselves in strong alliances with women—high-dominance males, better men—share with women an equal biological stake in reducing rape. Rape is not only not advantageous to the victim; it is also not advantageous to the man with whom she may be allied.

I did not track rape into the amoral twilight of evolutionary strategy to make an academic point. Knowing rape's origins can help society determine how better to deal with the crime.

To the extent that rapists are psychologically disordered, for example, they need to be securely committed to institutions for effective treatment. "We know, first of all," Abel told a PLAYBOY interviewer, "that these arousal patterns have been present for a number of years. Many of these fellows want to do something about that arousal pattern. They want to stop. But they don't have any mechanism for getting that treatment. Right now, there's no place for them to go. If you're a child molester or a rapist in this country, the only routes normally available for you are to turn yourself in and go to prison for ten years. We need to provide interventions right now for those people who have those problems. And we need to do research to establish what develops those patterns."

Money discovers a similar impasse: "You cannot get money for sexual research. Senator Proxmire spoiled all that. If the Government funding agencies were getting ready to help out on honest-to-God studies on human sexuality, then he ruined all that. They're frightened to allow their names to be associated with sex research. So are the private foundations. I was talking with one of the administrators of the National Institute of Mental Health about five years ago and he showed me a computer printout of how much research funding was going out to projects that had anything at all to do with sex. We're putting some money into it, he said. In fact, we're putting in $13,000,000. But listen to this. Of that total of $13,000,000, $8,000,000 was put into grants for the prevention of rape. Every rape study, all the money that's been given for rape, has always been given to projects that are going to stop it and punish the men who did it. There's no money to try to understand why it happens and what its origins are in the development of the persons concerned. But if we want to know what makes a teenager a rapist, then we've got to find out how he developed as a little boy. They're teenage kids who wake up with a wet dream one night when they're 13 and realize they're rapists and it terrifies them and we're so cruel we won't let them talk about it to anybody."

Similarly, to the extent that rape depends for its virulent contagion on distortions of cultural values—on a male chauvinism that reduces women to victims, on a puerile *machismo* that reduces women to objects of pleasure—then such distortions need to be reshaped throughout our institutions of society, education, politics and religion. The feminist movement has been a necessary, healthy move in that direction, one strongly deserving of committed public support.

And if, as it appears, rape carries at its diseased heart a small pressure of genetic advantage; if rape is, among other things, an automatic, unconscious reproductive strategy of low-dominance males—of biological cowards—then women and better men must ally themselves to prevent its success.

Women can work to make themselves less vulnerable, can learn to regard their personal space as their own and to react fiercely to protect it. Men and women can work together within their communities to make sure that rapes are reported, investigated and prosecuted, so that rapists feel the full force of the law as they now so shamefully do not. No society, no community can claim to offer its citizens equal protection under the law so long as a crime as heinous and sex-specific as rape goes largely unpunished, and those who suffer in that society or community are justified in judging it callous if not, in fact, active in complicity if it continues unchecked from year to year.

The most effective way to reduce rape for the long term is almost certainly by raising the social and economic status of women and the consciousness of men. By the ugly measure of rape statistics, America has a long way to go.

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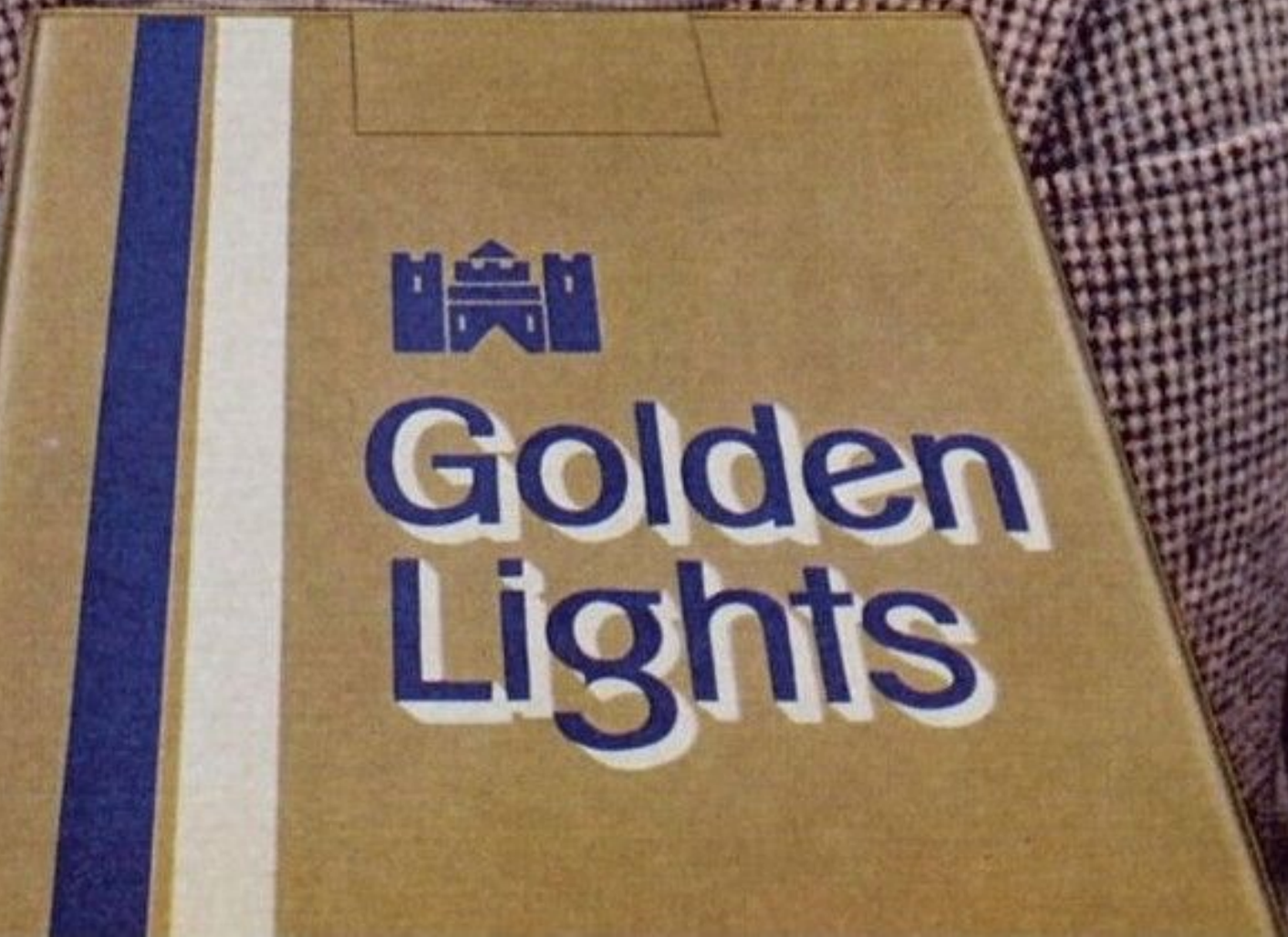


# OUTGUN THE I.R.S. (continued from page 154)

*"To get a handle on your return's audit potential, you must know what the averages are."*

taking—in terms of dollars—when you send in that aggressive return. Still, as a practical matter, there are a few things you would probably like to know, such as the different audit levels for the different income groups, the average deductions and the current IRS hot spots for this tax-filing season.

### DETERMINE YOUR AUDIT RISK

Each year, the IRS brass in Washington, D.C., decides how many returns filed in each area of the country will be audited. Because of the IRS' limited resources, it programs its computers to select those returns showing the highest possibility for change among the various income levels. That means each return filed is graded for its audit potential. Those with the highest grades are selected first. The computer, by the way, is responsible for 75 percent of the returns that are audited. The other 25 percent are picked in other ways, such as when an ex-spouse informs to the agency during a messy divorce, or a partnership dissolves with one member getting the shaft, or when someone is fired for incompetence.

If you make more than $50,000, your audit exposure is a bit less than 11 percent—on the average. Returns showing income between $15,000 and $50,000 have an audit risk of about three percent. From $10,000 to $15,000 is 2.25 percent. Frankly, I'll take those odds any day, knowing that even if I'm unlucky, I've already figured out the most I can lose. And I can live with that risk.

You may be able to use the odds to outsmart the IRS; but, at the same time, you must understand the way the operation is run. Here's one recent subtle change the IRS has made that affects this year's audit odds. Consider two taxpayers. The first is a teacher earning $25,000. The other is an advertising executive pulling down $125,000 in salary and commissions, who has also invested heavily in tax shelters generating $100,000 worth of paper losses. As a result, his adjusted gross income was only $25,000, the same as the teacher's.

For the past 25 years, both taxpayers would have been in the same income level for audit-selection purposes. Both would have adjusted gross incomes of $25,000 and an audit risk of about three percent.

No longer. The teacher's audit exposure is the same as ever, but the executive now stands a one-in-ten audit risk. The reason is that the IRS now scans each return for its total positive income and ignores all the tax-shelter losses for audit-classification purposes. It may be a subtle change, but it's an important one, in letting you know your audit odds.

There was another technique tax pros used for years to cut audit exposure. "Go out and do some consulting." That's what the experts used to advise their high-income clients. "The extra income will actually cut your chances of being audited."

A taxpayer earning $100,000 a year in wages could expect an audit one in ten times. On the other hand, another taxpayer earning $95,000 in salary and another $5000 in consulting or some other side-line endeavors stood only a four percent audit exposure. Why? Because the part-time consultant attached a Schedule C to his return reporting the outside income. And that schedule got his return classified as a business return rather than as a personal, individual one. As a business, he was considered small potatoes—a low-audit potential.

That's all changed. The IRS now classifies returns as business or personal based on the primary source of income.

### COMPARE YOUR RETURN WITH THE AVERAGES

Once the IRS—and you—determines your income level and whether your return is business or personal, go to the next step. Compare your deductions with those of others in the same income level. To get a handle on your return's audit potential, you must know what the averages are. Every year, the IRS publishes its statistics, which include estimates of the average exemptions, deductions and credits taken by taxpayers in the various income groups. And then it immediately says you can't rely on them, that you can take only what you're legitimately entitled to. Keep in mind that it's completely alien to the IRS way of thinking that you even need to know what the averages are.

I can tell you emphatically that those averages are very important. You need to know if you stand out from the crowd. (This is one instance when a high profile—individuality—is probably not a good idea.) It's also important that you find out if you've been missing some things that others have been taking.

On this page is a chart listing the averages for returns filed during 1979 for tax year 1978. Although these averages are a bit out of date, take a hard look at them. You can adjust them to take into account higher interest and real-estate-tax rates, but don't make the mistake of increasing the averages by 20 percent across the board to take into account the inflation rate. Traditionally, the averages increase only $10–$20 each year.

You should use these averages as a guide to assess your audit risk. If you find that you're solid on most of the items listed on your return, you might comfortably be aggressive on some of the others. On the other hand, you may want to tone down one or two areas if you find that you're way off base in five or six other places.

So much for your average personal

| | ADJUSTED GROSS INCOME (in thousands) | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 16–18 | 18–20 | 20–25 | 25–30 | 30–50 | 50–100 |
| MEDICAL EXPENSES | 657 | 656 | 561 | 498 | 502 | 667 |
| TAXES PAID other than Federal | 1530 | 1645 | 1875 | 2245 | 3007 | 5309 |
| INTEREST PAID | 2164 | 2148 | 2280 | 2455 | 2879 | 4585 |
| CHARITY | 508 | 567 | 570 | 643 | 868 | 1824 |
| MISCELLANEOUS Schedule A | 468 | 432 | 455 | 479 | 612 | 1135 |
| IRA | 1239 | 1197 | 1180 | 1341 | 1447 | 1634 |
| KEOUGH | 1325 | 1795 | 1752 | 2185 | 3287 | 5224 |
| RESIDENTIAL ENERGY CREDIT | 88 | 86 | 98 | 93 | 105 | 137 |

*"Actually, I don't have a legal problem. I have this fantasy about fucking a lady lawyer."*

itemized deductions. What about business-related expenses people are afraid to take because they're sure they'll be audited if they try to deduct them? There are three important points to keep in mind. First, you are being reasonably aggressive with your tax strategy. You have a basis for claiming your deductions, so go ahead and fill out your return. Second, remember how each item will appear on your return. Some schedules and forms are more prone to IRS questions than others. Third, get rid of your paranoia about the IRS and taxes. One or two business-related items aren't going to get you dragged into an IRS office, as long as the rest of your return is relatively clean. Here are a dozen of the more common business-type of deductions you can claim on your return and what you should know about them.

1. *Office in your home.* An IRS sore spot if ever there were one. This is actually a series of deductions that I'd just as soon urge some people to forget. It can be a problem for taxpayers and the IRS, and it may open up your return in later years when you sell your home. A deduction today could wind up costing you large amounts of tax later on.

2. *Travel and entertainment.* Commonly referred to as T&E among tax people. You travel. You probably entertain business clients as well. All T&E expenses should be tax-deductible. The key is in keeping accurate records. If you can prove what you spend on business-related travel and entertainment, then take your deductions. The IRS may not like it, but don't let that stop you. However, keep in mind that the burden is on you to prove the business tie-in on all your T&E.

3. *Consulting and free-lance business.* You may run it out of your house. Great. Everyone (except the IRS) likes initiative. The IRS would like everyone to be a wage earner subject to withholding. The trick here is to post a profit. The IRS is suspicious of losses. For example, if you report a $5000 consulting income and $4800 in expenses, the IRS computer probably won't trip you up.

4. *Conventions.* If they're associated with your business, great little vacation, they are yours, the courtesy of IRS. A major part of your expenses is tax-deductible, as long as you satisfy the IRS rules. It may not like your convention costs but will allow them grudgingly.

5. *First-class air fare.* There's not a thing wrong with going first class nor with a hotel suite rather than a small room, banquets instead of dinner in your room. The key is that your costs must be ordinary and necessary in your line of work to qualify for the deduction. There is no tax reason to avoid first-class treatment and first-class costs. The IRS may not like it, but that's tough.

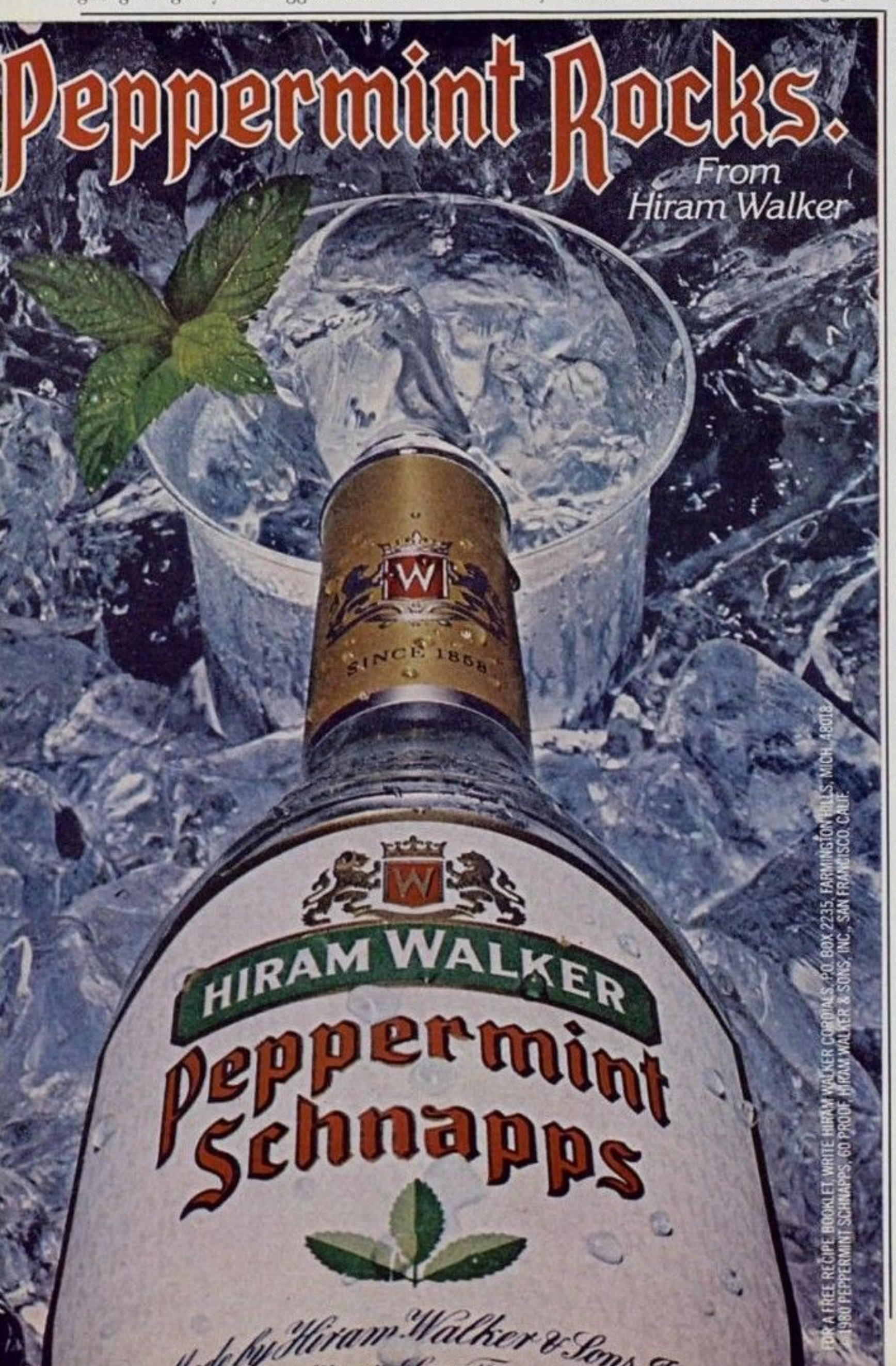
6. *Entertaining at home.* Records are the key. You're allowed to take home business guests and deduct the cost of their meals, drinks, presents, etc.; but you're going to need receipts. And you're going to have to show the business connection.

7. *Investment losses.* Let's face it. The IRS likes gains and frowns on losses. If you have an investment that's gone sour, sell out. Basically, if the sale is neat, you probably don't have much to worry about. Your proof is easy to come by, and the IRS knows it. If the losses involve interfamily dealings, or your own company, the IRS may be suspicious.

8. *Educational expenses.* If your deductions are minor relative to the rest of your return, you shouldn't have any problem with the IRS.

9. *Christmas gifts.* If they're for a business associate, they're deductible with little problem, as long as you keep the price below $25. More expensive gifts are OK, but your deductions can't be more than that amount. Gifts of a personal nature don't qualify for deduction. Any gift you receive from someone else is tax-free to you.

10. *Club dues and fees paid for business entertainment.* They have always been on the IRS' list of questionable items. If you use the club for business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more than half the time, that portion is tax-deductible. Go for it, though you should know that you may be asked to prove your business use.

11. *Business driving.* The IRS wants you to use its 1980, 20-cents-per-mile standard deduction for business driving. There are very few cases in which it isn't to your advantage to take the time to figure out your larger itemized deductions for driving. After all, it costs 30 to 40 cents per mile to keep a car on the road today. Still, this isn't a real IRS hot spot. Take business-driving expenses and feel comfortable about it.

12. *Unreimbursed employee business costs.* As long as those expenses don't add up to a substantial portion of your income, go right ahead and claim your unreimbursed business expenses. Go for whatever you can get. This is not a high-priority item with the IRS and it never has been.

Here's another way to compare yourself with others in your income group. Add up all your itemized deductions. Then divide that into your adjusted gross income. If you make $16,000–$20,000, your deductions should be about 25 percent of your adjusted gross income. In the $20,000–$25,000 bracket, it's 23 percent. $25,000–$30,000—21 percent; $30,000–$50,000—20 percent; $50,000–$100,000—19 percent. Don't let a couple of points either way bother you.

Another bench mark is to see how your tax bill compares with others after all the deductions, exemptions and credits are taken into account. Take your tax liability and divide it into your adjusted gross income. If you make $16,000–$20,000, it's about average to pay 12 percent in Federal income tax; $20,000–$25,000—13.5 percent; $25,000–$30,000—15 percent; $30,000–$50,000—16.7 percent; $50,000–$100,000—23 percent.

By the way, playing the normal or average game—staying within the limits—works only part of the time. With the computer rating your income and deduction items for audit potential, your over-all itemized deductions may be well within the normal range, though a single deduction may be excessive. That one may, in itself, be enough to trigger the computer. But don't let that stop you. Go for everything you're entitled to.

No one is perfect. Every year, we make the same kinds of errors we made the year before, the same dumb mistakes. And, believe me, the IRS is on the lookout for them. For 1979, those filing the so-called short form, 1040A, made mistakes in arithmetic 5.5 percent of the time. The error rate for the long form, 1040, was 7.3 percent. How does the IRS catch the errors? Each and every return filed is checked for math. If there's a mistake, the IRS simply adjusts it and sends a letter explaining what happened. No audit, just an explanation.

Probably the most common error besides math is underpayment of estimated tax. Again, the IRS computer is geared to check on anyone who owes the Government money at the end of the year. If you owe, the IRS will almost automatically assess a stiff, nondeductible, 12 percent underpayment penalty unless you can explain why it shouldn't. (Too bad you can't get the IRS to pay interest on amounts you overpay all year in excess withholding.)

Here are some of the other things that the IRS automatically checks before it even thinks about asking the computer to rate your return for audit. It checks to make sure you use the right tax table. If, for example, you indicate on the front of your return that you're single, you can't use the Married, Filing Jointly tax table. If you don't claim any dependents, you don't qualify for Head of Household rates.

It also checks to make sure you don't claim a partial dependency exemption. That's where you furnish 25 percent of your aging mother's support, so you try to claim 25 percent of her $1000 personal exemption. It's all or nothing. If you claim a medical-dental-expense deduction, don't forget the three percent limitation. If you do, you can count on the IRS computer to catch the error.

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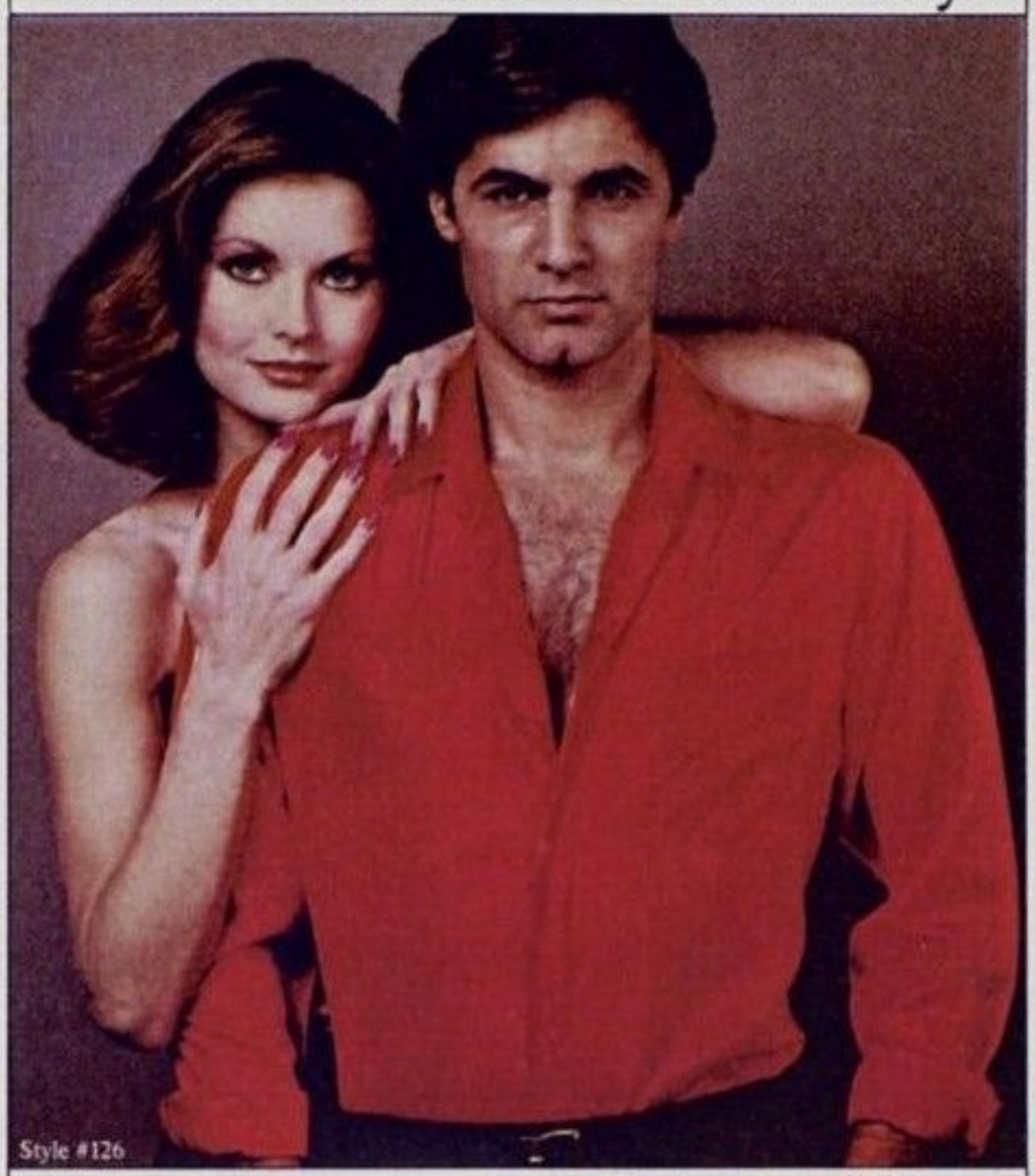


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and estimated-tax payments to the lowest legal limit. There's no reason for overwithholding, despite the fact that the IRS encourages it. It likes the fact that three out of four taxpayers have to ask it to refund their money, a refund averaging $600-plus per return.

Consider four reasons why no one should be overwithheld:

• You're relying on the U.S. Postal Service to deliver your refund check. That's some risk in itself. If it's lost in the mail, your money could be held up for months or even years.

• You're encouraging the IRS to keep up its scare campaign. How many times have you heard people say, "I'd rather get a refund than owe the IRS some money at the end of the year. You know, they can do terrible things to you if you owe them some tax. A refund is the safe way"? Nonsense! The best way is to break even or to owe a small amount.

• You're giving the IRS free use of your money. I've heard the heart of the arguments before: "I use my refund check to take my summer vacation, or as an enforced form of savings account." My point is that I don't think taxpayers can any longer afford to give up the use of their money by having the IRS withhold more tax than is necessary. On the average, the IRS is getting $50 a month more than it deserves for each taxpayer who is overwithheld. If you simply put your money into one of those high-interest-yielding money-market funds, you'll earn at least $30 extra interest a year. But, what's more important, you'll be able to use that $50 as you please.

• The IRS spends about $60,000,000 a year on research—two and a half percent of its budget—to get inside our heads. And it has resorted to psychological studies to find out why some taxpayers voluntarily comply with its rules and some are more reluctant. It wasn't long ago that the IRS commissioned "a two-year contract study with a private behavioral-research firm on methods for determining the range and relative importance of factors affecting taxpayer compliance with the tax laws." In other words, to find out why some taxpayers are afraid of the IRS and some aren't.

That was only one of at least 115 research studies being conducted at that time. An underground-economy staff was created deep inside the IRS to perform basic research using what it terms "secondary information sources to identify concentrations of unreported income," which sounds like informants and infiltrators. There is another study to determine how many taxpayers want to "defer adverse tax consequences" and why. I bet they'll find a lot of people who don't enjoy overpaying their taxes and would rather defer their tax bills as long as possible. A major research project has even been completed on the compliance characteristics of independent contractors, those highly productive people who work for themselves. As a result, the IRS has identified independent contractors as a hotbed of low voluntary compliance.

The IRS has identified a very important trait. It knows that a taxpayer due a refund is much less aggressive in the preparation of his or her tax return than a taxpayer who has to write a check to the Internal Revenue Service on April 15. If you owe, more than likely, you'll dig for everything you can reasonably expect to get. If you're due a refund, you'll probably let some reasonable deductions slide because they might trigger an audit, and the IRS has conditioned you to avoid that at all costs.

If, after completing your tax return, you find you're due a refund, take the following two steps. First, don't ever let the IRS apply your refund to next year's tax bill. Get your refund now. You may want to set aside something to cover what you feel the IRS may contest later on, but take your refund.

Then adjust your withholding exemptions and estimated-tax payments to put an end to your overwithholding habit. Read the instructions on the W-4 form available from your employer. You may be able to claim an exemption for each member of your family, plus additional exemptions for some of your itemized deductions. One word of caution: Don't claim more than nine withholding exemptions on the form—even if you're entitled to more. If you do, the IRS may try to label you a tax protester, and that's something you don't want.

### MAKE YOUR TAX PRO WORK FOR YOU

There's no question that one of the best ways to deal with the IRS is to hire a smart tax professional. You need someone on your side who can show you the best way to take advantage of the tax loopholes, while at the same time help you avoid the traps and pitfalls. If you try to face the IRS alone, you'll probably be outmatched. Remember, they're the professionals. They think about taxes—your taxes—all year long. You probably have neither the time nor the inclination to learn everything you should know about taxation. So, to even up the odds, get a tax consultant.

It should come as no surprise that the IRS has moved to cripple the effectiveness of your tax advisor. To a great extent, it has succeeded. Does every meeting with your advisor seem to get tougher? Does he get more cautious? Won't let you take anything you can't fully nail down? Decides more and more of the gray areas against you and in favor of the IRS? Does he seem to be fighting for the IRS and against you at every turn? And, all the while, charging you for his services? If that's how your man behaves, there's good reason.

The IRS has set up a problem-preparers program to exert tremendous pressure on tax advisors to prepare your return the "IRS" way. If it decides a preparer doesn't handle returns to its satisfaction—if it considers him one of the bad guys or just plain sloppy, it can and does retaliate. It can fine him. It can audit *all* his clients. It can make life miserable for him. It can effectively put him out of business. So what does the independent preparer do to defend himself? Human nature tells him to do

*"You're lovely when you're angry."*

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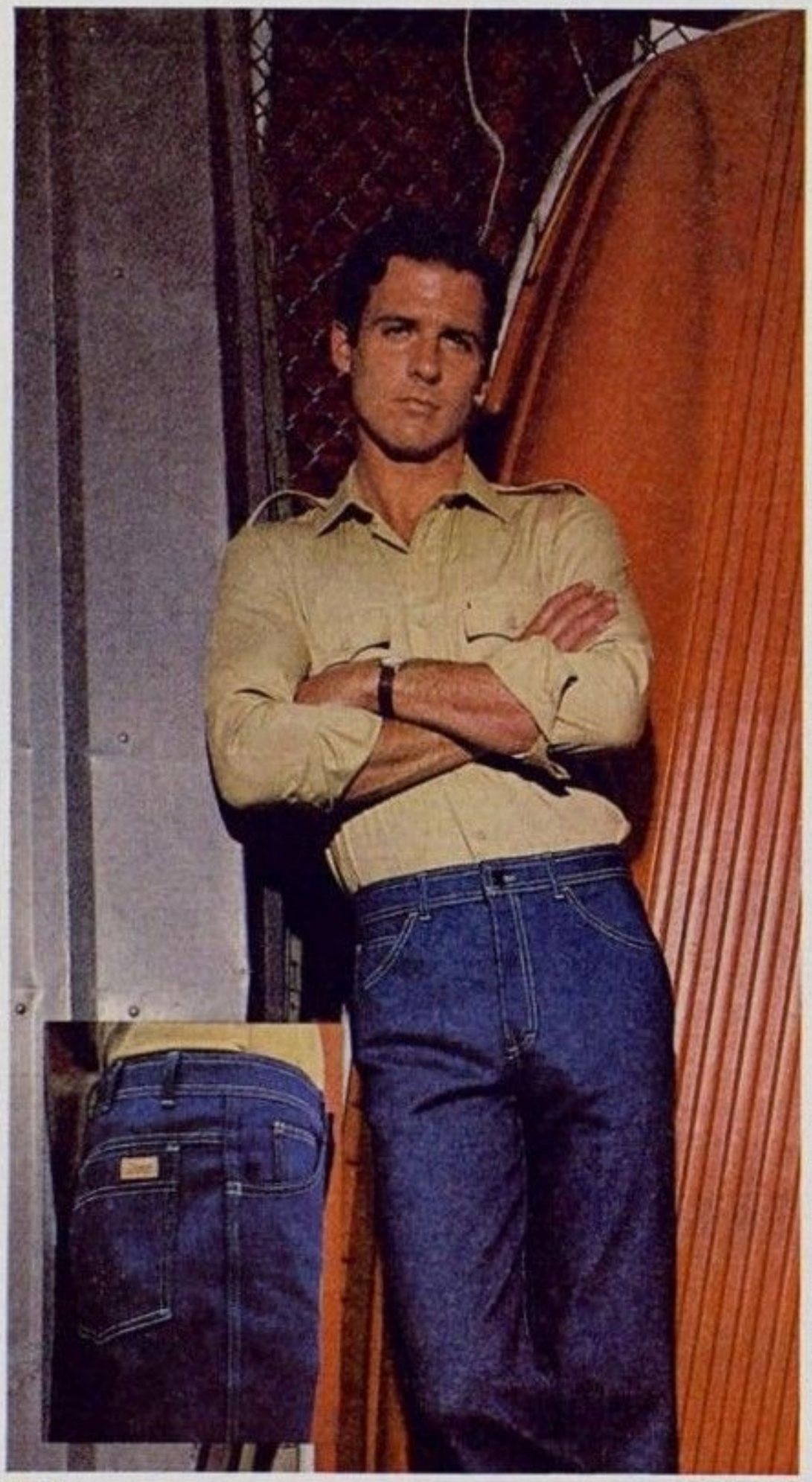

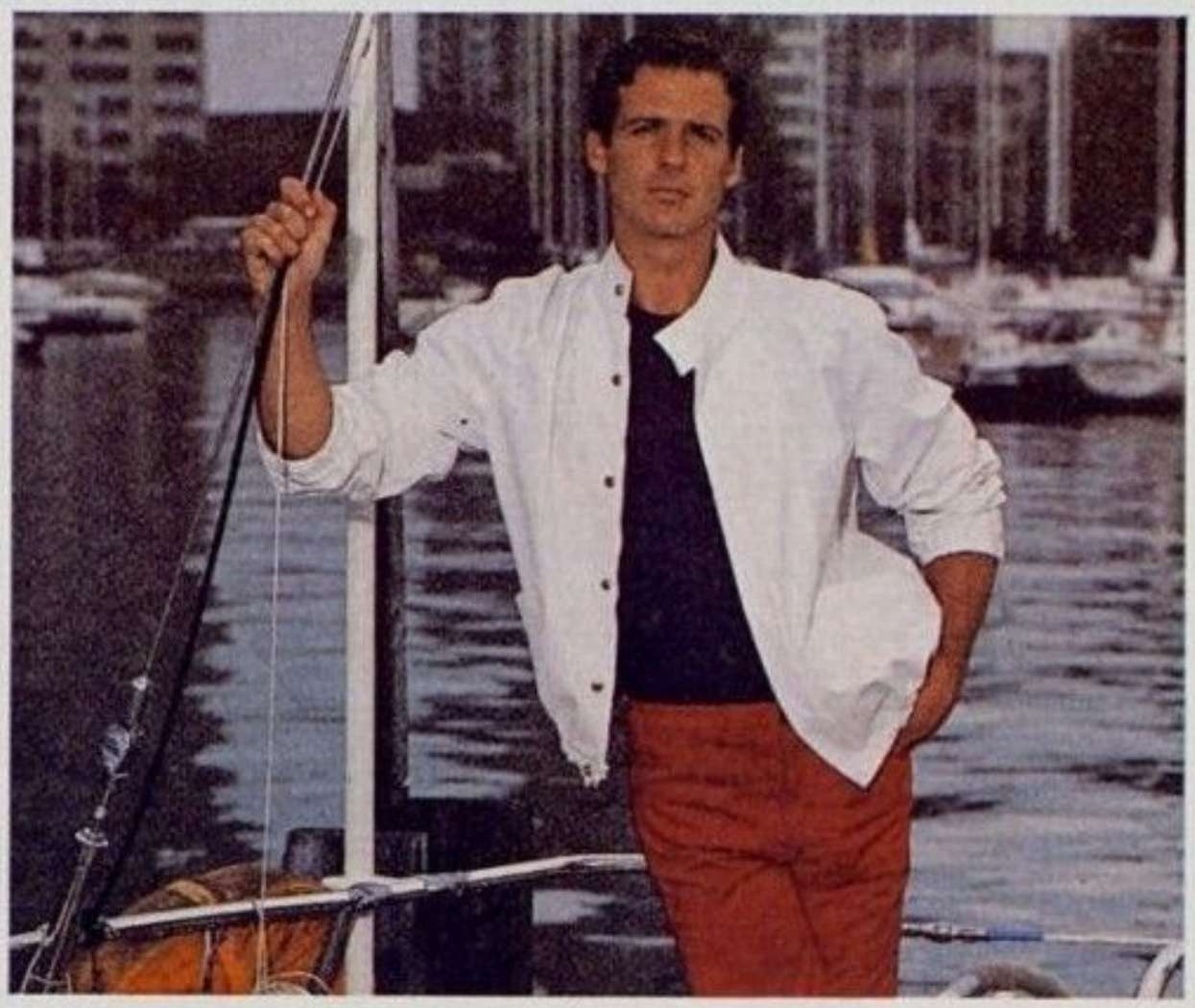

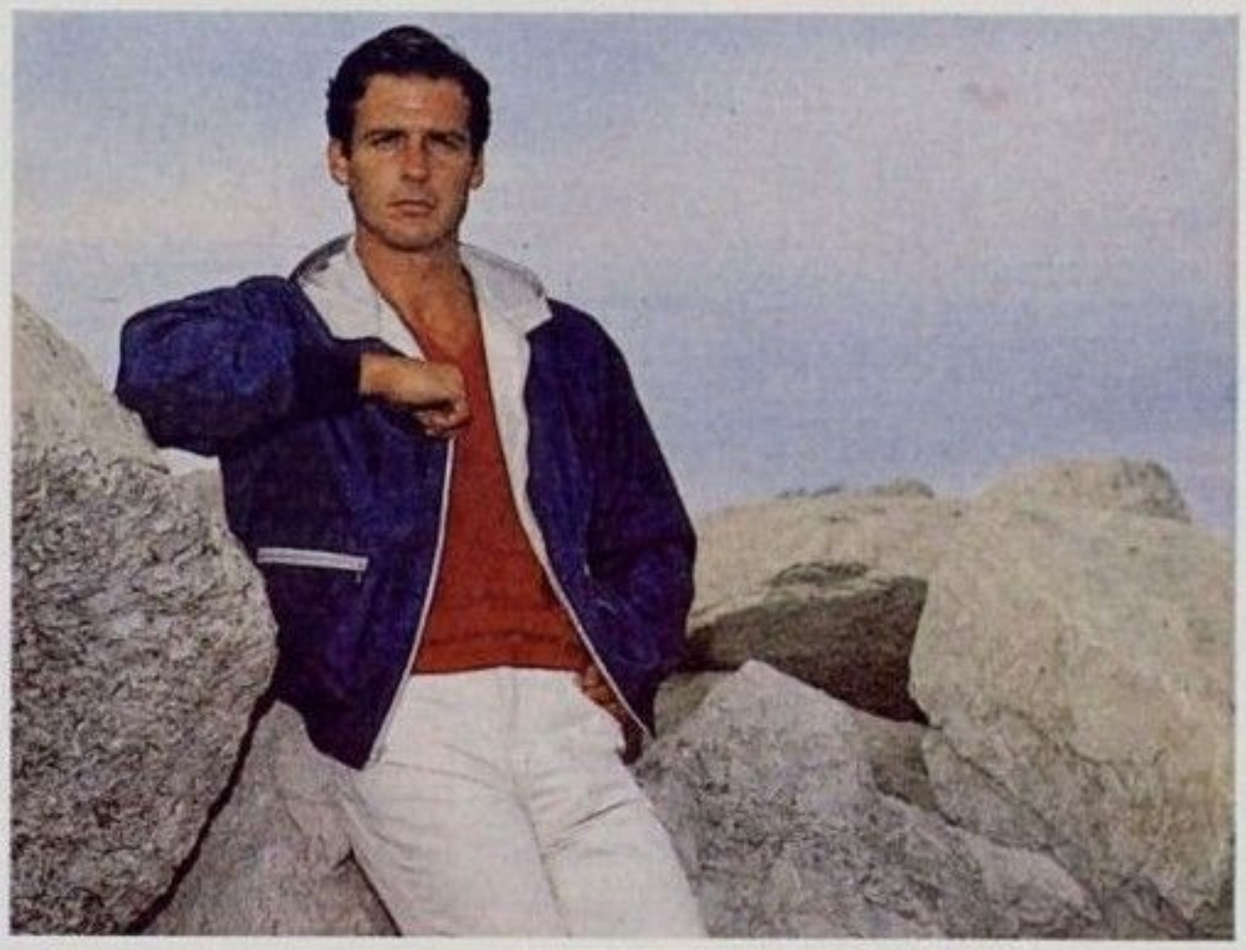

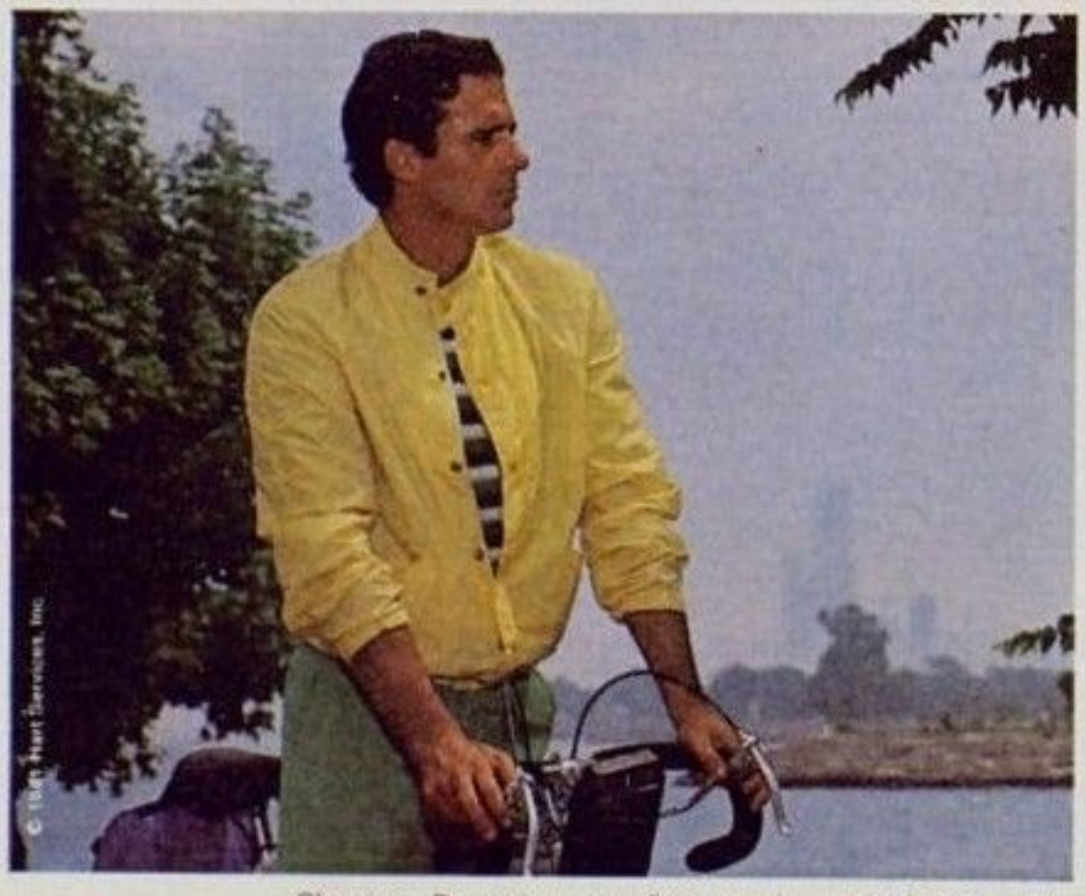

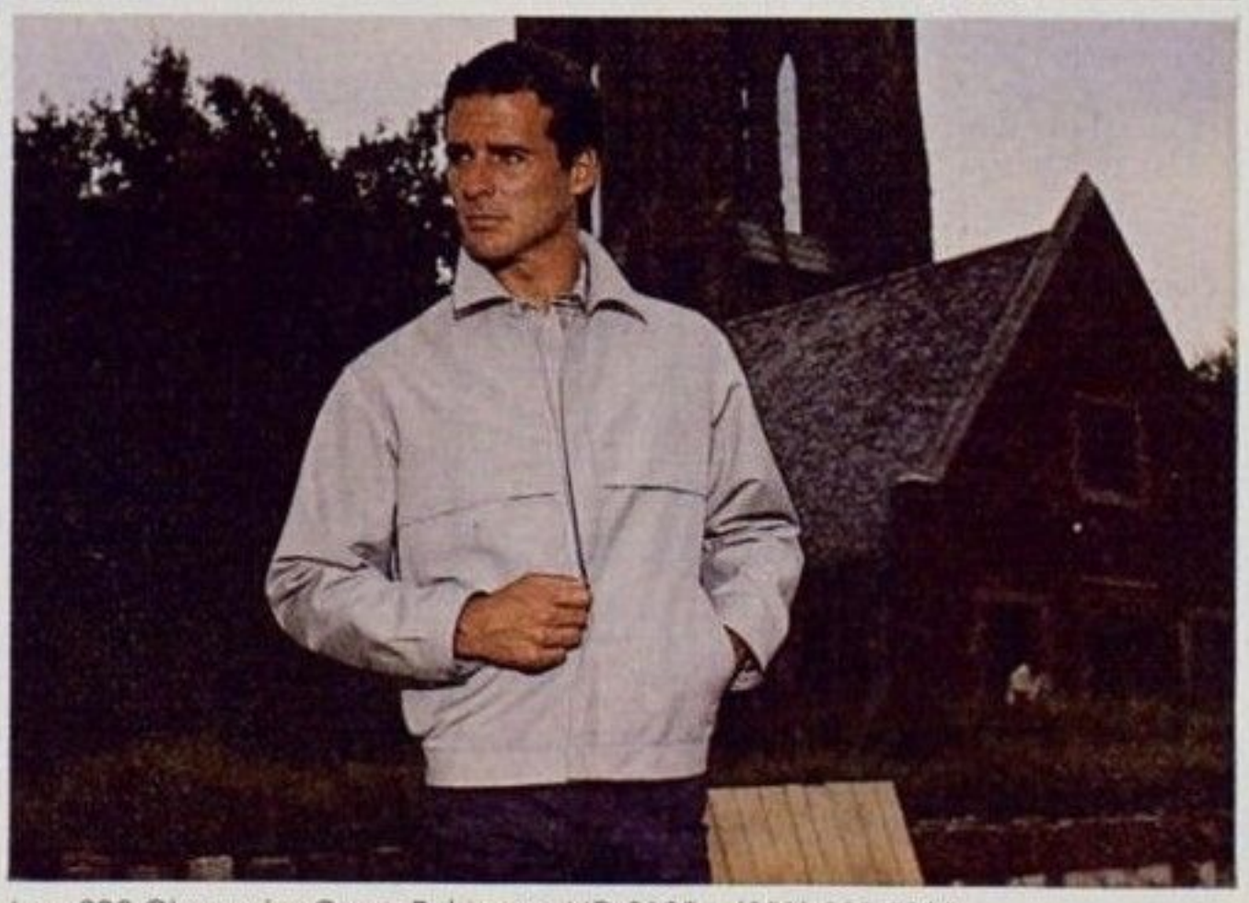

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it the easy, safe IRS way. And, as a result, your taxes suffer.

Find a tax professional who'll represent you, rather than the IRS. After all, you are signing the check. It may not be too late for this filing season. If you're not satisfied with your present preparer, file for an automatic two-month extension to get your return in, and then get some forceful representation during the 60 days between April 15 and June 15.

### KNOW THE HOT SPOTS

You and your tax pro have to understand what's important to the IRS today. It isn't concerned so much with the nickel-and-dime stuff. It's playing for much bigger stakes. Right now, the IRS feels it must continue to keep people in line—compliant with the IRS' way of thinking about their taxes. So it will come as no surprise that the IRS is actively fighting the underground economy. The published reports say more and more people are reverting to cash businesses to side-step the IRS. Otherwise law-abiding citizens are setting up phony churches just to call themselves ministers and avoid taxes. People are "dropping out" altogether. If the taxpaying public feels the underground economy is growing (and it is), the entire tax system could be in serious trouble. If you don't think your neighbors are paying their share of the tax burden, how much longer are you going to pay yours?

Don't get yourself classified as a tax protester. The IRS will go after protesters for as little as $25. Right now, it has ten classifications for those people. Unless you enjoy fighting the IRS, keep a low profile. There are too many legitimate ways to cut your tax bill without resorting to the tax-protest movement.

The IRS is shifting more and more of its crack auditors to investigate what it calls abusive tax shelters—ones that the IRS determines don't make much economic sense except for the fact that the investment will cut your tax bill. And, of course, the IRS doesn't think an investment that cuts taxes makes good sense.

The IRS is at war with tax-shelter schemes (those generating big losses and deductions for their investors). Nevertheless, the IRS has encountered all sorts of trouble in discouraging people from sinking money into shelters that don't stand up to IRS scrutiny. (It's important to note that the IRS feels its responsibility is to protect the Treasury's interest in your tax dollars.) It is now going after the lawyers who write the opinions endorsing the tax benefits that come from each particular investment setup.

Which ones specifically are of the most interest to the IRS right now? Commodity-futures straddles are the highest on its no-no list. It doesn't think very much of some gem and art shelters that have unrealistic values placed on the assets when you purchase them and lower values when you sell a year later. It doesn't like the Bible shelters, flower shelters or some of the lithograph shelters. The IRS is always interested in offshore tax havens and foreign tax shelters, probably because there is so little it can do to stop them.

Another IRS pressure point is the vacation home. Once again, the IRS wants people to know it doesn't like to allow tax breaks on that mountain or beach property. As a matter of fact, all those with rental property can find themselves in a tax mess simply because the IRS is taking an unrealistic, hardheaded stand on income-producing rental properties.

Self-employed people and consultants have been high on the IRS' trouble list for the past few years and will continue to be there until there is some form of withholding on the payments they receive for their work. Until then, the IRS will continue its crackdown on independent workers because it feels their earnings go unreported.

There's a special emphasis on dividend and interest income reporting. The IRS wants withholding on all income, but it's not going to get it. So it's doing its best to match as much of the dividend and interest information as it possibly can against your return. The rule of thumb is: If the company reports to the IRS on computer tapes, you'd better put it on your return.

Unreported income from securities sales bothers the IRS. It doesn't receive any records when you buy and/or sell securities. True, it finds out about the dividends, but not the sales. It's checking on ways to come up with the information but, so far, hasn't had much success. Still, it remains a hot spot.

There's more. The IRS wants to know if people are reporting the interest they earn on those coupons clipped from Government securities. It's checking to see if people report interest when cashing U.S. Savings Bonds (does anyone still have them?). It will go after the big fish if it can, but it's not above nailing a little old lady, particularly if it inspires attention for the IRS cause.

Knowing what the IRS thinks about you, about your taxes and about the trouble spots is one step forward in dealing effectively with your tax plight. Eliminating the unknown and reducing it to nothing more than a simple number is another. And seeing how you compare with others, along with understanding what to look for in a tax pro, should mean the understaffed, underfinanced, totally outnumbered IRS doesn't stand a chance to take more of your tax dollars than it has the right to extract. Go ahead. Pay what you owe. Then outsmart it when it asks for one dollar more.

## HOW TO SURVIVE AN AUDIT WITH YOUR ASSETS INTACT

You've just received that letter from the IRS. It wants to see you and your records for an audit. Don't panic. If you aren't afraid of the IRS, if you've salted away the money necessary to cover a "worst case" audit and if you think about your finances all year long rather than just during tax season, then you will win. It will also help to have read the following advice from Paul Strassels and Robert Wool's Random House book, *All You Need to Know About the I.R.S.: A Taxpayer's Guide, 1981 Edition.*

1. Dress the way you normally do for business.
2. Be on time.
3. You don't have to accept the auditor assigned to you.
4. Don't take into the audit more than you are asked for.
5. Try to act naturally.
6. Attitude is nearly everything.
7. In general, let your tax professional do the talking.
8. Whenever you are asked a technical question or something you and your tax professional haven't considered, refer it to the tax professional.
9. Don't be flip with the auditor.
10. Never volunteer information.
11. Don't be chatty.
12. Don't let the auditor draw you out.
13. Don't rush the auditor or allow him to rush you.
14. Don't plead that everyone else does it.
15. Don't try the paper-dumping ploy.
16. Don't walk in without records.
17. Don't use the audit as a political forum.
18. Don't try for sympathy.
19. Don't allow the auditor to go on a fishing trip.
20. Don't try to take the auditor to lunch.
21. Don't arrive with a stereotype of the auditor in mind.
22. Don't try to bribe the auditor.
23. Don't underestimate the skills of the auditor.

Spend your time and energy devising a plan to get yourself through the audit experience as quickly and as inexpensively as possible. Resolve yourself to the audit, but don't think of yourself as having lost. Not at all. You've been winning the tax game all along.

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# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*

### SOFT LANDING FOR THE ENTERPRISE

Trekkies may remember an episode of *Star Trek* called "The Gamesters of Triskelion," in which an Amazonian woman develops an interplanetary affection for Captain Kirk. Now Angelique Pettyjohn, a truly stellar attraction on the show, is selling two 19" x 24" posters depicting herself in—and out—of her Amazon costume. The clothed version is $7.50; the unclothed one is $17.50; or you can have both postpaid for only $22.50 sent to Angelique Pettyjohn, c/o Tri-Sun, Inc., P.O. Box 42117, Las Vegas, Nevada 80104. Angelique is full of enterprise.

### PREP TALK

For those of you whose friends are up to their asses in preppie alligator pullovers, somebody called The Button Man, who operates out of P.O. Box 591, Princeton, New Jersey 08544, is selling an anti-alligator button for $2 each, postpaid. Or, if that's not a strong enough statement, The Button Man is also offering NUKE THE PREPPIES T-shirts for only $6.95, postpaid. Wouldn't you know an antipreppie movement would begin at Princeton?

### MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

The next time your meandering takes you seven miles north of Kokomo to the town of Galveston, Indiana, drop by 218 East Griffith Street and check out the one, the only International Magician's Hall of Fame. On display are illusions created by prestidigitators of the past, including Houdini, Thurston and Blackstone—plus such contemporary town foolery as female escape artist Sunny Saylor's strait jacket and handcuffs. Since museum hours are sometimes tricky, reservations are advised (219-699-7515). If a white rabbit answers, hang up.

### FOR GRAPE NUTS ONLY

Well-heeled West Coast wine fanciers may wish to sign aboard a one-and-one-half-day VIP tour of the Northern California wine country. Greater Pacific Airways, 13440 Ventura Boulevard, Suite 211, Sherman Oaks, California 91423, is offering it for $325, round trip from Burbank. Transportation is aboard a twin-engine executive aircraft; the day is devoted to sipping in small exclusive wineries—and the night is spent in Frisco or Monterey. Drink up!

## SIDECAR SIDE-KICK

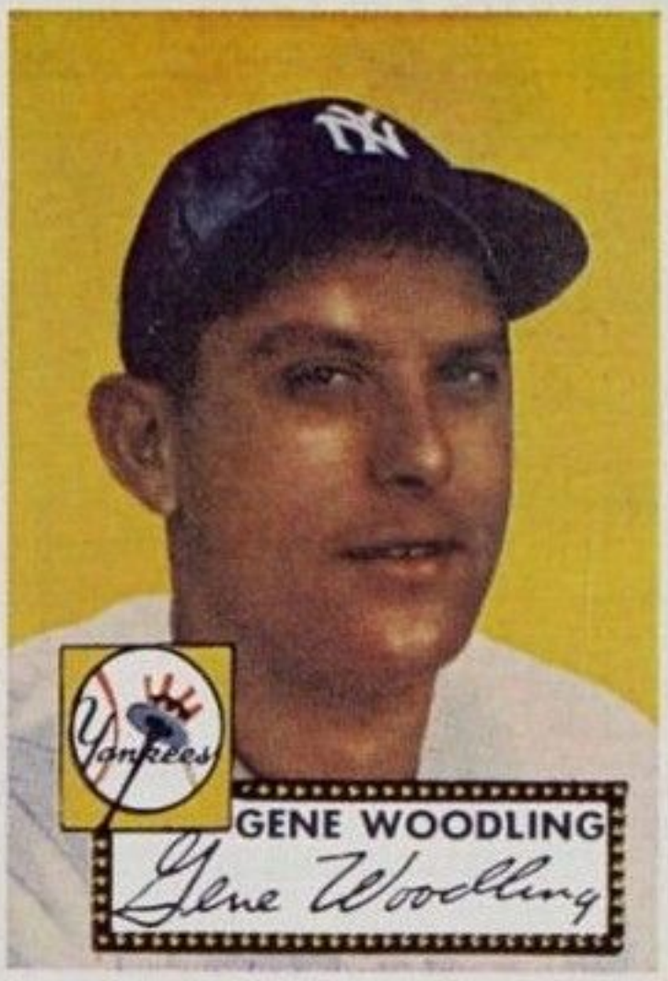
As World War Two history buffs already know, the sidecar motorcycle was as indispensable to the GI as C rations. Now sidecar cycles are roaring back from extinction: A firm called Sidecar Imports, Ltd., 490 Skokie Valley Highway, Highland Park, Illinois 60035, is selling English-made military-style Neval machines for about $4300. If you don't drive like Rommel, you'll get 55 miles per gallon on one. Save your money for long johns.

## BABY NEEDS NEW FLIPPERS

Rip Taylor would love this: A small store called The Works, at 67 East Oak Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611, is selling a 14″ x 22″ inflatable vinyl floating crap game (don't you wish *you'd* thought of it?) that sells for only $11.50, postpaid, including a pair of sinkable dice. Best of all, if you're playing for *really* high stakes, you and the other high rollers can paddle yourselves out beyond the six-mile limit and gamble for immoral porpoises.

## FRITSCH PITCH

Remember that shoe box full of wonderful bubble-gum baseball cards that you used to keep on your closet floor? And remember how your mother cleaned out your room while you were in college and tossed out a fortune in faded heroes? If you'd like to start up a new batter's box or even buy back some aging sluggers, contact Larry Fritsch, 735 Old Wausau Road, Stevens Point, Wisconsin 54481. Baseball has been very, very good to Fritsch; he owns more than 22,000,000 cards and publishes a mailer three or four times a year for one dollar that contains his pitch on what cards (both singles and complete sets) cost. Batter up!



## THE INDIAN SIGN

The Indian Arts and Crafts Board is a little-known office in the Department of the Interior that's devoted to helping American Indians from Alaska to Wyoming create and sell arts and crafts indigenous to their various tribes. To accomplish this, it publishes a biannual Source Directory listing 164 Indian-owned and -operated arts-and-crafts businesses offering everything from ceremonial masks and tomahawks to war bonnets. The directory—which is free—is obtained by writing to the Indian Arts and Crafts Board, Room 4004, U. S. Department of the Interior, Washington, D.C. 20240. Who says Uncle Sam doesn't give as well as take?

## FLARE FLAIR

William Powell could have rubbed two sticks together and still looked suave lighting a lady's cigarette. But chances are the lighter he flicked back in those Thirties flicks was a Dunhill, and today it's the type of object that really lights a fire in the eyes of flame seekers who belong to The International Wristwatch and Cigarette Lighter Club. The club's headquarters is the Gordon Gallery, 832 Lexington Avenue, New York City 10021—a store that specializes in antique lighters, vintage cigarette cases, great old wrist watches and other handsome, expensive baubles. Drop by—or write—and they'll clue you in on how you can join the club.

## ZUCKERMAN UNBOUND *(continued from page 127)*

*"No tax shelters? In your bracket? Uncle Sam should get down on his knees and kiss your ass."*

I don't." "You would if you accepted the charges. You'd know everything then," said Rochelle, turning throaty, "for only a dollar. After, you could deduct it." "I'd rather bank it." She liked that. "I don't blame you. You know how to accumulate it, Mr. Zuckerman. I'll bet the IRS doesn't take it from you like they do from me." "They take what they can get." "But what about tax shelters? Are you, by any chance, on to Macadamia nuts?" "No." "How about cattle?" "Rochelle, I can't help the Rollmops King or the Italian or Melanie, and much as I'd like to, I can't help you. I don't know anything about these shelters." "No shelters? In your bracket? You must be paying seventy cents back on your top dollar. What do you do, take 'em to the cleaners on entertainment?" "My entertaining is a grave disappointment to my accountant." "What *do* you do, then? No shelters, no entertainment, and on top of your ordinary tax, Johnson's surcharge. Pardon my saying it, but if this is really so, Mr. Zuckerman, Uncle Sam should get down on his knees and kiss your ass."

More or less what the investment specialist had told him earlier that day. He was a trim, tall, cultivated gentleman not much older than Zuckerman, who had a painting by Picasso hanging on his office wall. Mary Schevitz, sparring partner and wife to Zuckerman's agent, André, and would-be mother to André's clientele, had been hoping that Bill Wallace would influence Nathan by talking to him about money in his Brahmin accent. Wallace, too, had written a best-selling book, a witty attack on the securities establishment by a card-carrying Racquet Club member. According to Mary, a copy of Wallace's exposé, *Profits Without Honor*, could do wonders for the conscience pangs of those well-heeled Jewish investors who liked to consider themselves skeptical of the system.

You couldn't put anything over on Mary, not even on upper Park Avenue was she out of touch with the lower depths. Her mother had been an Irish washerwoman in the Bronx—*the* Irish washerwoman, to hear her tell it—and she had Zuckerman pegged as someone whose secret desire was to make it big with the genteel WASPs. That Zuckerman's in-laws were genteel WASPs, by washerwoman standards, was only the beginning. "You think," Mary told him, "that if you pretend not to care about money, nobody will mistake you for a Newark Yid." "I'm afraid there are other distinguishing features." "Don't cloud the issue with Jewish jokes. You know what I mean. A kike."

The Brahmin investment counselor couldn't have been more charming, Zuckerman couldn't have been more Brahmin and the Blue Period Picasso couldn't have cared less: Hear no money, see no money, think no money. The painting's theme of tragic suffering absolutely purified the air. Mary had a point. You couldn't imagine they were talking about what people begged for, lied for, murdered for, or even just worked for, nine to five. It was as though they were talking about nothing.

"André says you're more conservative in financial affairs than in your fiction."

Although Zuckerman was not so well dressed as the investment counselor, he was, for the occasion, no less soft-spoken. "In the books, I've got nothing to lose."

"No, no. You're just a sensible man, behaving as any sensible man would. You know nothing about money, you know you know nothing about money, and, understandably, you're reluctant to act."

For the next hour, as though it were opening day at the Harvard Business School, Wallace told Zuckerman about the fundamentals of capital investment and what happens to money when it is left too long in a shoe.

When Zuckerman got up to go, Wallace said mildly, "If you should ever want any help. . . ." An afterthought.

"I will, indeed. . . ."

They shook hands to signify that they understood not only each other but how to bend the world their way. It wasn't like this in Zuckerman's study.

"It may not seem so to look at me, but I'm familiar by now with the sort of goals artists set for themselves. I've tried to help out several of you people over the years."

Self-effacement. "You people" were three of the biggest names in American painting.

Wallace smiled. "None of them knew anything about stocks and bonds, but today they're all financially secure. So will their heirs be tomorrow. And not just from selling pictures. They no more want to worry about peddling than you do. Why should you? You should get on with your work, totally indifferent to the market place, and for as long as the work requires. 'When I think that I have gathered my fruit, I shall not refuse to sell it, nor shall I forfeit hand clapping if it is good. In the meantime, I do not wish to fleece the public. That's all there is to it.' Flaubert."

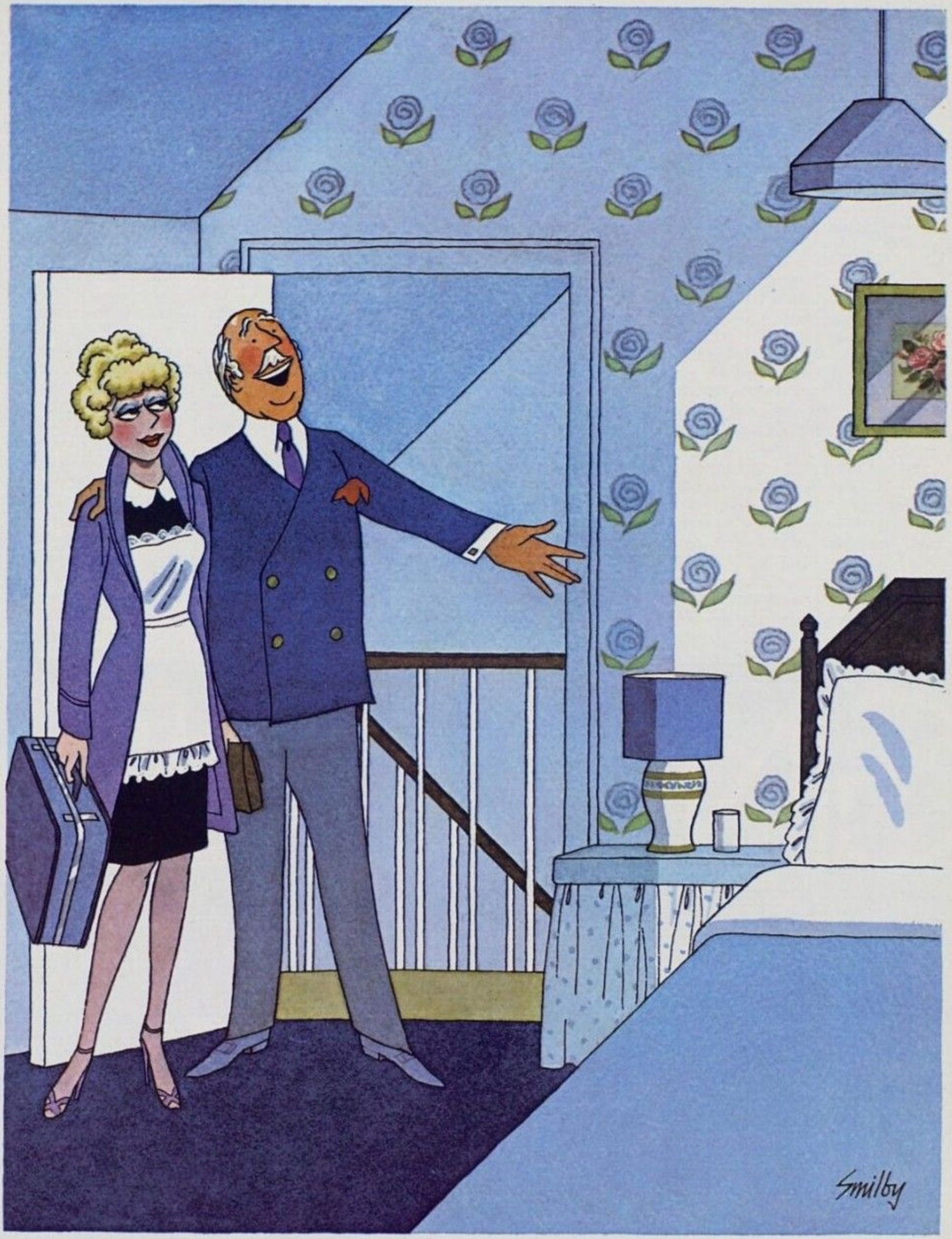
Not bad. Especially if the Schevitzes hadn't tipped Wallace off beforehand to the millionaire's soft spot.

"If we begin swapping great quotations disavowing everything but the integrity of my singularly pure vocation," said Zuckerman, "we'll be here till midnight tomorrow. Let me go home and talk it over with the shoe."

Of course, the one he wanted to talk it over with was Laura. There was everything to talk over with Laura, but her good sense he had lost, just when his was being challenged as never before. If he had consulted first with levelheaded Laura about leaving her, he might never have left. If they had sat down in his study, each with a yellow pad and a pencil, they could have laid out together in their usual orderly and practical way the utterly predictable consequences of starting life anew on the eve of the publication of *Carnovsky*. But he had left for the new life because, among other things, he could not bear to sit down anymore with a pad and a pencil to lay things out in their usual way.

It was more than two months since the movers had carried away from the downtown Bank Street floor-through his typewriter, his worktable, his orthopedic typing chair and four file cabinets crammed with abandoned manuscripts, forgotten journals, reading notes, news clippings and with hefty folders of correspondence dating back to college. They also carried away, by their estimate, nearly half a ton of books. While fair-minded Laura insisted that Nathan take with him half of everything they had accumulated together—down to towels, silverware and blankets—he insisted on taking nothing but the furnishings from his study. They were both in tears and holding hands while the issue was debated.

Carrying his books from one life into the next was nothing new to Zuckerman. He had left his family for Chicago in 1949, carrying in his suitcase the annotated works of Thomas Wolfe and Roget's *Thesaurus*. Four years later, age 20, he left Chicago with five cartons of the classics, bought secondhand out of his spending money, to be stored in his parents' attic while he served two years in the Army. In 1960, when he was divorced from Betsy, there were 30 cartons to be packed from shelves no longer his; in 1965, when he had been divorced from Virginia, there were just under 60 to cart away; in 1969, he left Bank Street with 81 boxes of books. To house them, new shelves 12 feet high had been built to his specifications along three walls of his new study; but although two months had passed, and although books were




*"This will be your room, Suzette—now*
*I'll show you where you'll sleep."*

generally the first possession to find their proper place in his home, they remained this time in their boxes. Half a million pages untouched, unturned. The only book that seemed to exist was his own. And whenever he tried to forget it, someone reminded him.

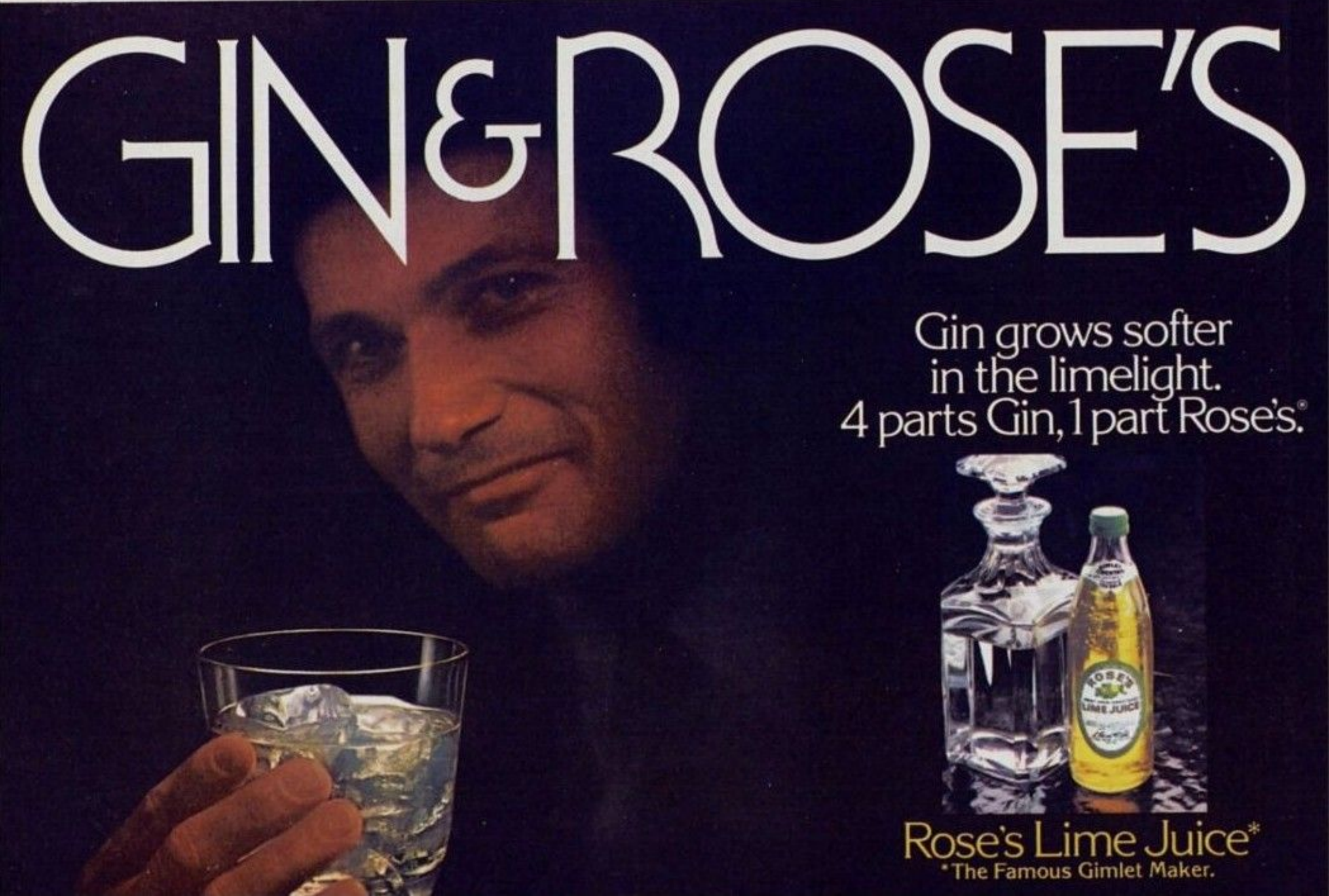
Zuckerman had contracted for the carpentry, bought a color TV and an Oriental rug, all on the day he moved uptown. He was determined, despite the farewell tears, to be determined. But the Oriental rug constituted his first and his last stab at "decor." Purchases since had fallen way off: a pot, a pan, a dish, a towel for the dish, a shower curtain, a canvas chair, a Parsons table, a garbage pail—one thing at a time, and only when it became a necessity. After weeks on the fold-up cot from his old study, after weeks of wondering if leaving Laura hadn't been a terrible mistake, he gathered his strength and bought a real bed. At Bloomingdale's, while he stretched out on his back to see which brand was the firmest—while word traveled round the floor that Carnovsky, in person, could be seen trying out mattresses for God only knew who else or how many—Zuckerman told himself, Never mind, nothing lost, this hasn't changed a thing: If the day ever comes for the movers to truck the books back downtown, they'll take the new double bed, too. Laura and he could use it to replace the one on which they had been sleeping together, or not sleeping together, for nearly three years.

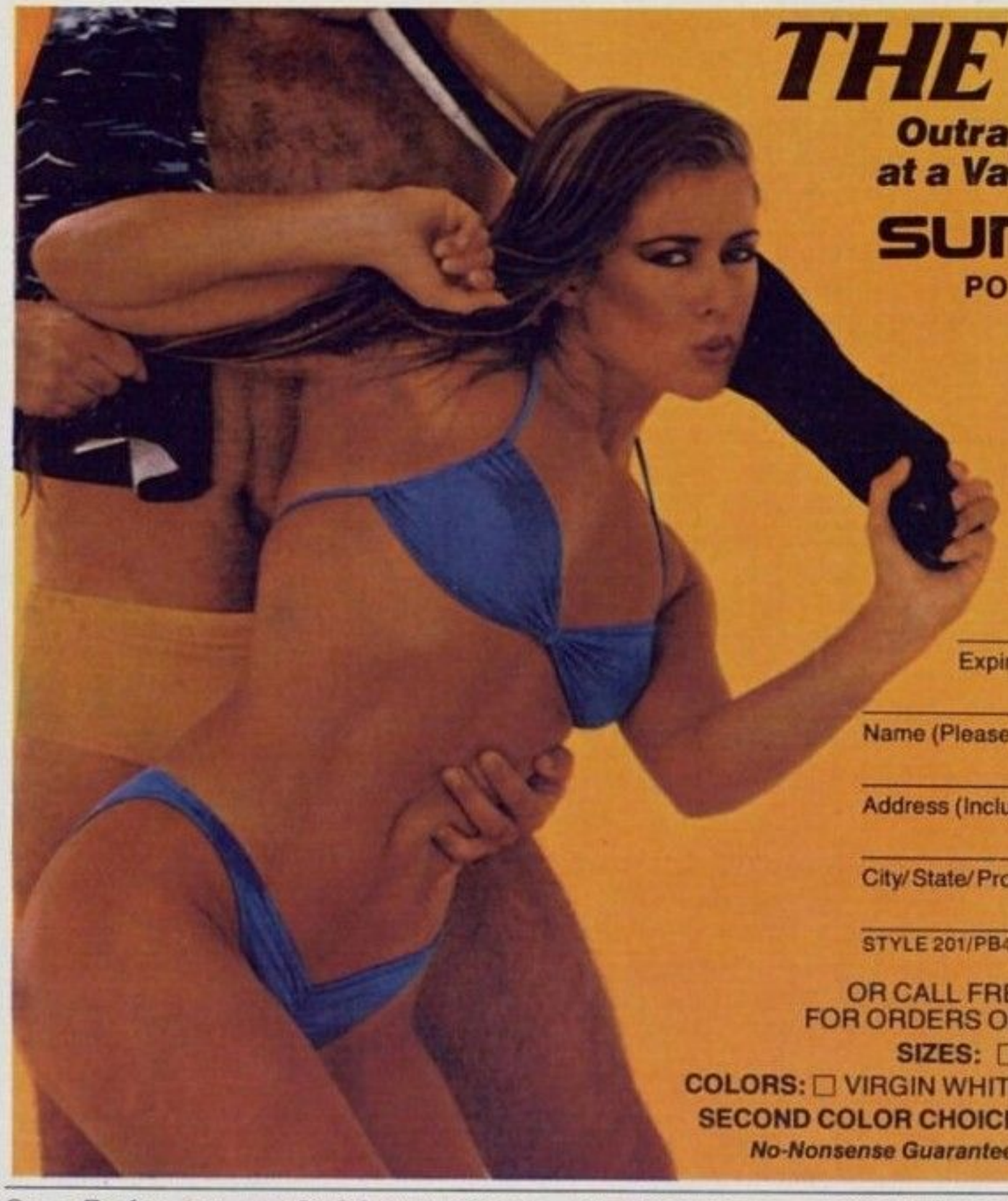
Oh, how Laura was loved and admired! Heartbroken mothers, thwarted fathers, desperate girlfriends, all regularly sent her presents out of gratitude for the support she was giving their dear ones hiding in Canada from the draft. The homemade preserves, she and Zuckerman ate at breakfast; the boxes of chocolate, she circulated among the neighborhood children; the touching items of knitted apparel, she took to the Quakers who ran the Peace and Reconciliation Thrift Shop on Macdougal Street. And the cards sent with the presents, the moving, anguished notes and letters, she kept as cherished memorabilia in her files.

How could you *not* love generous, devoted, thoughtful, kindhearted Laura? How could *he* not? Yet during their last months together in the Bank Street floor-through, virtually all they had left in common was the rented Xerox machine at the foot of their tub in the big tiled bathroom.

Laura's law office was in the parlor at the front of the apartment, his study in the spare room on the quiet courtyard at the back. During an ordinary productive day, he sometimes had to wait his turn at the bathroom door while Laura rushed to photocopy pages going out in the next mail. If Zuckerman had to copy something especially long, he would try to hold off until she took her late-night bath, so they could chat together while the pages dropped. One afternoon they even had intercourse on the bath mat beside the Xerox machine, but that was back when it was first installed. To be running into each other during the course of the day, manuscript pages in hand, was still something of a novelty then; many things were a novelty then. But by their last year, they hardly even had intercourse in bed. Laura's face was as sweet as ever, her breasts were as full as ever, and who could question that her heart was in the right place? Who could question her virtue, her rectitude, her purpose? But by the third year, he had come to wonder whether Laura's purpose wasn't the shield behind which he was still hiding his own, even from himself.

Although looking after her war resisters, deserters and conscientious objectors kept her working days, nights and weekends, she managed nonetheless to note in her calendar book the birthday of every child living on Bank Street, and would slip a little card into the family mailbox on the morning of the event: "From Laura and Nathan Z." The same for their friends, whose anniversaries and birthdays she also recorded there, along with the dates she was to fly to Toronto or appear at the courthouse in Foley Square.





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Once Zuckerman watched her negotiate the length of a crowded subway car to point out to a straphanger that his billfold was protruding from his back pocket—protruding, Zuckerman observed, because he was a drunk in rags and most likely had found it in somebody's leavings or lifted it off another drunk. Although Laura wore not a trace of make-up, although her only adornment was a tiny enamel dove pinned to her trench coat, the drunk seemed to take her for a sassy prostitute on the prowl and, clutching at his trousers, he told her to piss off. Zuckerman said afterward that maybe he'd had a point. Surely she could leave the drunks to the Salvation Army. They argued about her do-goodism. Zuckerman suggested there might be limits. "Why?" asked Laura flatly. This was in January, just three months before the publication of *Carnovsky*.

The following week, with nothing to keep him locked behind the study door where usually he spent his days complicating life for himself on paper, he packed a suitcase and began again to complicate his life in the world. With his page proofs and his suitcase, he moved into a hotel. His feeling for Laura was dead. Writing this book had finished it off. Or maybe finishing the book had given him time to look up at last and see what had died; that was the way it usually worked with his wives. The woman's too good for you, he told himself, reading page proofs on the bed in his hotel room. She is the reputable face that you turn toward the reputable, the face you have been turning toward them all your life. It isn't even Laura's virtue that bores you to tears—it's the reputable, responsible, drearily virtuous face that's your own. It should bore you. It is a goddamn disgrace. Coldhearted betrayer of the most intimate confessions, cutthroat caricaturist of your own loving parents, graphic reporter of encounters with women to whom you have been deeply bound by trust, by sex, by love—no, the virtue racket ill becomes you. It is simply weakness—childish, shame-ridden, indefensible weakness—that condemns you to prove about yourself a point that you only subvert by everything that enlivens your writing, *so stop trying to prove it.* Hers is the cause of righteousness, yours the art of depiction. It really shouldn't take half a lifetime for someone with your brains to figure out the difference.

In March, he moved into the new apartment in the East 80s, thereby separating himself by much of Manhattan from Laura's missionary zeal and moral reputation.

•

The mail.

He had decided that it would be better to end than to begin the day with his mail if he were ever going to get back to work; best to ignore the mail completely if he were ever going to get back to work. But how much more could he ignore, dismiss or try to elude, before he became one with the stiffs at the undertakers down the street?

The phone! Laura! He had left three messages in three days and heard nothing. But he was sure it was Laura, it had to be Laura, she was no less lonely or lost than he was. Yet, to be on the safe side, he waited for the service to pick up before quietly lifting the receiver.

Rochelle had to ask the caller several times to make himself more intelligible. Zuckerman, silently listening, couldn't understand him, either. The Italian in pursuit of his interview? The Rollmops King still hungry for his commercial? A man trying to speak like an animal or an animal trying to speak like a man? Hard to tell.

"Again, *please*," said Rochelle.

In touch with Zuckerman. Urgent. Put him on.

Rochelle asked him to leave a name and number.

Put him on.

Again she asked for a name and the connection was broken.

Zuckerman spoke up. "Hello, I'm on the line. What was that all about?"

"Oh, hello, Mr. Zuckerman."

"What *was* that? Do you have any idea?"

"It could just be a pervert, Mr. Zuckerman. I wouldn't worry."

She worked nights, she should know. "Don't you think it was somebody trying to disguise his voice?"

"Could be. Or on drugs. I wouldn't worry, Mr. Zuckerman."

The mail.

Eleven letters tonight—one from André's West Coast office and ten (still pretty much the daily average) forwarded to him in a large envelope from his publisher. Of these, six were addressed to Nathan Zuckerman, three to Gilbert Carnovsky; one, sent in care of the publishing house, was addressed simply to "The Enemy of the Jews" and had been forwarded to him unopened. They were awfully smart in the mail room.

The only letters at all tempting were those marked PHOTO DO NOT BEND, and there was none in this batch. He had received five so far, the most intriguing still the first, from a young New Jersey secretary who had enclosed a color snapshot of herself, reclining in black underwear on her back lawn in Livingston, reading a novel by John Updike. An overturned tricycle in the corner of the picture seemed to belie the single status she claimed for herself in the attached *curriculum vitae*. However, investigation with his compact *Oxford English Dictionary* magnifying glass revealed no sign on the body that it had borne a child, or the least little care in the world. Could it be that the owner of the tricycle had just happened to be pedaling by and dismounted in haste when summoned to snap the picture? Zuckerman studied the photograph on and off for the better part of a morning before forwarding it to Massachusetts, along with a note asking if Updike would be good enough to reroute photographs of Zuckerman readers mistakenly sent to him.

From André's office, a column clipped out of *Variety*, initialed by the West Coast secretary, whose admiration for his work led her to send Zuckerman items from the show-business press that he might otherwise miss. The latest was underlined in red. "Independent Bob 'Sleepy' Lagoon paid close to a million for Nathan Zuckerman's unfinished sequel to the smasheroo. . . ."

Oh, did he? What sequel? Who is Lagoon? Friend of Paté and Gibraltar? Why does she send me this stuff?

"Unfinished sequel——"

Oh, throw it away, laugh it off, you keep ducking when you should be smiling.

Dear Gilbert Carnovsky:

Forget about satisfaction. The question is not is Carnovsky happy, or even, does Carnovsky have the right to happiness? The question to ask yourself is this: Have I achieved all that could be done by me? A man must live independent of the barometer of happiness, or fail. A man must. . . .

Dear Mr. Zuckerman:

*Il faut laver son linge sale en famille!*

Dear Mr. Zuckerman:

This letter is written in memory of those who suffered the horror of the Concentration Camps. . . .

Dear Mr. Zuckerman:

It is hardly possible to write of Jews with more bile and contempt and hatred. . . .

The phone.

He reached for it this time without thinking—the way he used to get on the bus and go out for his dinner and walk by himself through the park. "Lorelei!" he cried into the receiver. As if that would summon her forth, and all their wonderful Bank Street boredom. His life back under control. His reputable face toward the world.

"Don't hang up, Zuckerman. Don't hang up unless you're looking for bad trouble."

The character he'd overheard with Rochelle. The hoarse, high-pitched voice, with the vaguely imbecilic intonation. Sounded like some large barking animal, yes, like some up-and-coming seal who had broken into human speech. It was the speech, supposedly, of the thickheaded.

"I have an important message for you, Zuckerman. You better listen carefully."

"Who is this?"

"I want some of the money."

"Which money?"

"Come off it. You're Nathan Zuckerman, Zuckerman. Your money."

"Look, this isn't entertaining, whoever you are. You can get in trouble like this, you know, even if the imitation is meant to be humorous. What is it you're supposed to be, some punch-drunk palooka or Marlon Brando?" It was all getting much too ridiculous. Hang up. Say nothing more and hang up.

But he couldn't—not after he heard the voice say, "Your mother lives at 1167 Silver Crescent Drive in Miami Beach. She lives in a condominium across the hall from your old cousin Essie and her husband, Mr. Metz, the bridge player. They live in 402, your mother lives in 401. A cleaning woman named Olivia comes in on Tuesdays. Friday nights, your mother has dinner with Essie and her crowd at the Century Beach. Sunday mornings, she goes to the temple to help with the bazaar. Thursday afternoons, there is her club. They sit by the pool and play canasta: Bea Wirth, Sylvia Adlerstein, Lily Sobol, Lily's sister-in-law Flora and your mother. Otherwise, she is visiting your old man in the nursing home. If you don't want her to disappear, you'll listen to what I have to say, and you won't waste time with cracks about my voice. This happens to be the voice that I was born with. Not everybody is perfect like you."

"Who is this?"

"I'm a fan. I admit it, despite the insults. I'm an admirer, Zuckerman. I'm somebody who has been following your

*"Then it's agreed . . . you believe in me and I'll believe in you."*

career for years now. I've been waiting for a long time for you to hit it big with the public. I knew it would happen one day. It had to. You have a real talent. You make things come alive for people. Though, frankly, I don't think this is your best book."

"Oh, don't you?"

"Go ahead, put me down, but the depth isn't there. Flash, yes; depth, no. This is something you had to write to make a new beginning. So it's incomplete, it's raw, it's pyrotechnics. But I understand that. I even admire it. To try things a new way is the only way to grow. I see you growing enormously as a writer, if you don't lose your guts."

"And you'll grow with me, is that the idea?"

The mirthless laugh of the stage villain. "Haw. Haw. Haw."

Zuckerman hung up. Should have as soon as he heard who it was and was not. More of what he simply must become inured to. Trivial, meaningless, only to be expected—he hadn't, after all, written *Tom Swift*. Yes, Rochelle had the right idea. "Only some pervert, Mr. Zuckerman. I wouldn't worry."

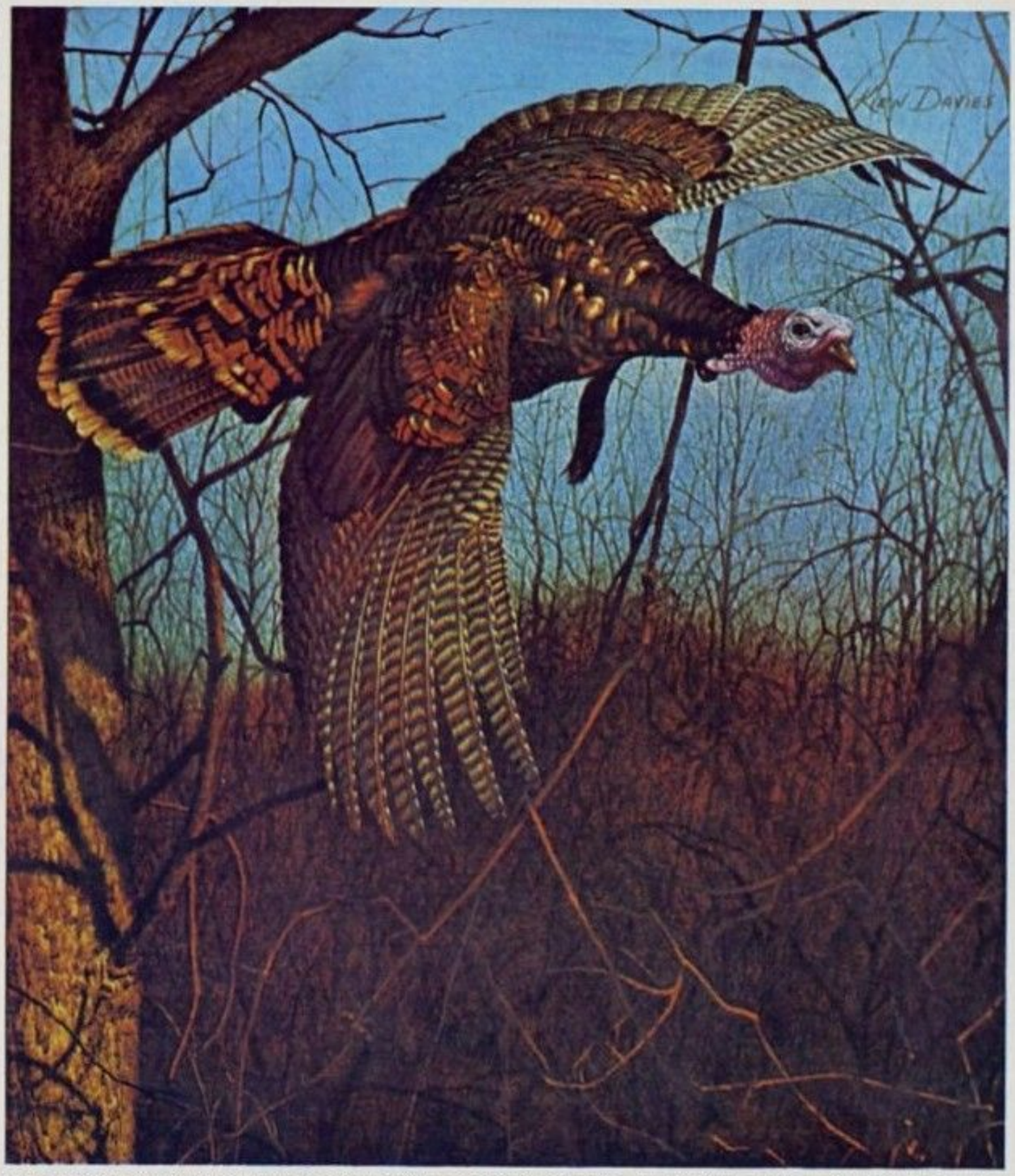
Yet he wondered if he shouldn't dial the police. What *was* worrying was all that his caller had said about his mother in Florida. But since the *Life* cover story and the attention she subsequently got from the Miami papers, details on Nathan Zuckerman's mother were not so hard to come by, really, if you happened to be looking. She had herself successfully resisted all the determined efforts to flatter, beguile and bully her into an "exclusive" interview; it was lonely Flora Sobol, Lily's recently widowed sister-in-law, who'd been unable to hold out against the onslaught. Although afterward Flora insisted she had spoken with the newspaperwoman for only a few minutes on the phone, a half-page article had nonetheless appeared in the weekend amusement section of the *Miami Herald*, under the title "I PLAY CANASTA WITH CARNOVSKY'S MOTHER." Accompanying the article, a picture of lonely, pretty, aging Flora and her two Pekingese.

•

Some six weeks before publication—when he could begin to see the size of the success that was coming, and had intimations that the *Hallelujah Chorus* might not be entirely a pleasure from beginning to end—Zuckerman had flown down to Miami to prepare his mother for the reporters. As a result of what he told her over dinner, she was unable to get to sleep that night and had to cross the hall to Essie's apartment finally and ask if she could come in for a tranquilizer and a serious talk.

*I am very proud of my son and that's all I have to say. Thank you so much and goodbye.*

This was the line that she might be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wisest to take when the journalists began phoning her. Of course, if she didn't mind the personal publicity, if she *wanted* her name in the papers——

"Darling, it's me you're talking to, not Elizabeth Taylor."

Whereupon, over their seafood dinner, he pretended that he was a newspaper reporter who had nothing better to do than call her up to ask about Nathan's toilet training. She, in turn, had to pretend that some such thing was going to be happening every day once his new novel appeared in the bookstores.

" 'But what about being Carnovsky's mother? Let's face it, Mrs. Zuckerman, this is who you are now.' "

" 'I have two fine sons I'm very proud of.' "

"That's good, Ma. If you want to put it that way, that's all right. Though you don't even have to say that much, if you don't want to. You can just laugh, if you like."

"In his face?"

"No, no, no need to insult anyone. That wouldn't be a good idea, either. I mean just lightly laugh it off. Or say nothing at all. Silence is fine, and most effective."

"All right."

" 'Mrs. Zuckerman?' "

" 'Yes?' "

" 'The whole world wants to know. They've read in your boy's book all about Gilbert Carnovsky and his mother, and now they want to know from you, how does it feel to be so famous?' "

" 'I couldn't tell you. Thank you for your interest in my son.' "

"Ma, good enough. But the point I'm making is that you can say goodbye any time. They never quit, these people, so all you have to do is say goodbye and hang up."

" 'Goodbye.' "

" 'But wait a minute, not yet, please, Mrs. Zuckerman! I've got to come back with this assignment. I've got a new baby, a new house, I have bills to pay—a story about Nathan could mean a big raise.' "

" 'Oh, I'm sure you'll get one anyway.' "

"Mother, that is excellent. Keep going."

" 'Thank you for calling. Goodbye.' "

" 'Mrs. Zuckerman, just two minutes off the record?' "

" 'Thank you, goodbye.' "

" '*One* minute. One *line*. Won't you please, Mrs. Z., one little line for my article about your remarkable son?' "

" 'Goodbye, goodbye now.' "

"Ma, the truth is you don't even have to keep saying goodbye. That's hard for a courteous person to understand. But by this time, you could go ahead and hang up without feeling that you've slighted anyone."

Over dessert he put her through it again, just to be sure she was ready. Any wonder that by midnight she needed a Valium?

He knew nothing about how disturbing a visit it had been until his last trip to Miami just three weeks ago. First they went to visit his father in the nursing home. Dr. Zuckerman could not really speak comprehensibly since the last stroke—just half-formed words and truncated syllables—and there were times when he didn't know at first who she was. He looked at her and moved his mouth to say "Molly," the name of his dead sister. That you could no longer tell just how much of anything he knew was what made her daily visits such hell. Nonetheless, she seemed that day to be looking better than she had in years, if not quite the curly-headed young madonna cuddling her somber first-born son in the 1935 seaside photograph framed on his father's bed table, certainly not so done in as to frighten you about *her* health. Ever since the trial of caring for his father had begun for her four years back—four years during which he wouldn't let her out of his sight—she had been looking far less like the energetic and indomitable mother from whom Nathan had inherited the lively burnish of his eyes (and the mild comedy of his profile) than like his gaunt, silent, defeated grandmother, the spectral widow of the tyrannical shopkeeper, her father.

When they got home, she had to lie down on the sofa with a cold cloth on her forehead.

"You look better, though, Ma."

"It's easier with him there. I hate to say it, Nathan. But I'm just beginning to feel a little like myself." He had been in the nursing home now for some 12 weeks.

"Of course it's easier," said her son. "That was the idea."

"Today was not a good day for him. I'm sorry you saw him like this."

"That's all right."

"But he knew who you were, I'm sure."

Zuckerman wasn't so sure, but said, "I know he did."

"I only wish he knew how wonderful you're doing. All this success. But it's really too much, dear, to explain in his condition."

"And it's all right, too, if he doesn't know. The best thing is to let him rest comfortably."

Here she lowered the cloth over her eyes. She was beginning to weep and didn't want him to see.

"What is it, Ma?"

"It's that I'm so relieved, really, about you. I never told you, I kept it to myself, but the day you flew down to tell me all that was going to happen because of the book, I thought—well, I thought you were headed for a terrible fall. I thought maybe it was because you didn't have Daddy now as somebody who was always there behind you—that you didn't on your own know which way to turn. And then Mr. Metz"—the new husband of Dr. Zuckerman's old cousin Essie—"he said it sounded to him like 'delusions of grandeur.' He doesn't mean any harm, Mr. Metz—he goes every week to read Daddy 'The News in Review' from the Sunday paper. He's a wonderful man, but that was his opinion. And then Essie started in. She said that all his life, your daddy has had delusions of grandeur—that even when they were children together, he wasn't happy unless he was telling everybody how to live and butting in on what was none of his business. This is Essie, mind you, with that mouth she has on her. I said to her, 'Essie, let's leave your argument with Victor out of this. Since the man can't even talk anymore to make himself understood, maybe that should put a stop to it.' But what they said scared the daylights out of me, sweetheart. I thought, Maybe it's true—something in his make-up that he got from his father. But I should have known better. My big boy is nobody's fool. The way you are taking all this is just wonderful. People down here ask me, 'What is he like now, with his picture in all the papers?' And I tell them that you are somebody who never put on airs and never will."

"But, Ma, you mustn't let them get you down with this business about Carnovsky's mother."

All at once, she was like a child at whose bedside he was sitting, a child who'd been cruelly teased at school and had come home in tears, running a fever.

Smiling bravely, removing the cloth and showing him the burnish of his eyes in her head, she said, "I try not to."

"But it's hard."

"But sometimes it's hard, darling, I have to admit it. The newspapers I can deal with, thanks to you. You would be proud of me."

To the end of her sentence he silently affixed the word Papa. He had known her papa, and how he'd made her and her sisters toe the line. First the domineering father, then the domineering father-dominated husband. For parents Zuckerman could claim the world's most obedient daughter and son.

"Oh, you should hear me, Nathan. I'm courteous, of course, but I cut them dead, exactly the way you said. But with people I meet socially, it's different. People say to me—and right out, without a second thought—'I didn't know you were crazy like that, Selma.' I tell them I'm not. I tell them what you told me: that it's a story, that she is a character in a book. So they say, 'Why does he write a story like that, unless it's true?' And then, really, what can I say—that they'll believe?"

"Silence, Ma. Don't say anything."

"But you can't, Nathan. If you say

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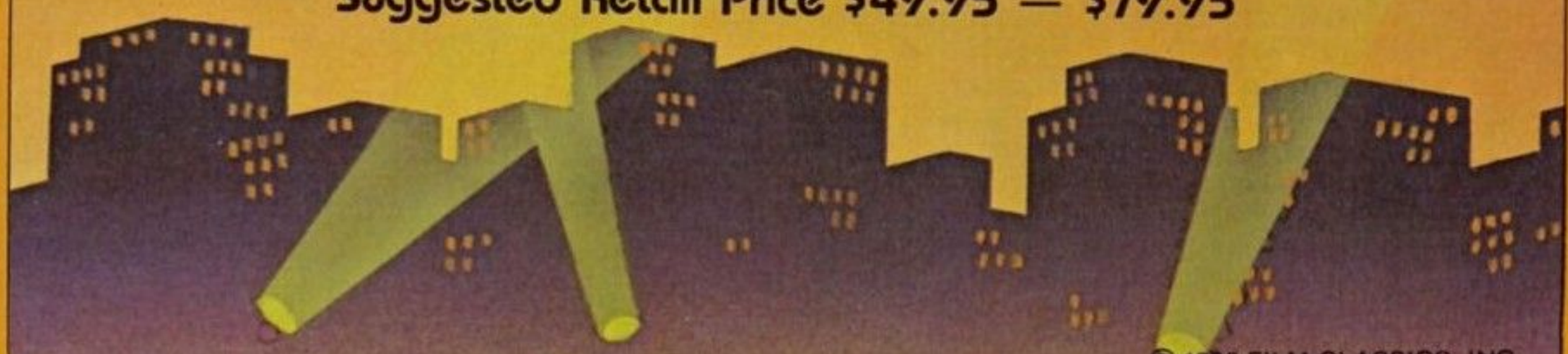

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nothing, it doesn't work. Then they're sure they're right."

"Then tell them your boy is a madman. Tell them you're not responsible for the things that come into his head. Tell them you're lucky he doesn't make up things even worse. That's not far from the truth. Mother, you know you are yourself and not Mrs. Carnovsky, and I know you are yourself and not Mrs. Carnovsky. You and I know that it was very nearly heaven thirty years ago."

"Oh, darling, is that true?"

"Absolutely."

"But that isn't what the book says. I mean, that isn't what people think, who read it. They think it even if they *don't* read it."

"There's nothing to do about what people think, except to pay as little attention as possible."

"At the pool, when I'm not there, they say you won't have anything to do with me. Can you believe that? They tell this to Essie. Some of them say you won't have anything to do with me, some of them say I won't have anything to do with you, and the others say I'm living on Easy Street because of all the money you send me. I'm supposed to have a Cadillac, courtesy of my millionaire son. What do you think of that? Essie tells them that I don't even drive, but that doesn't stop them. The Cadillac has a colored driver."

"Next they'll be saying he's your lover."

"I wouldn't be surprised if they say it already. They say everything. Every day I hear another story. Some I wouldn't even repeat. Thank God your father isn't able to hear them."

"Maybe Essie shouldn't pass on to you what people say. If you want, I'll tell her that."

"There was a discussion of your book at our Jewish Center."

"Was there?"

"Darling, Essie says it is already the main topic of discussion at every Jewish wedding, *bar mitzvah*, social club, women's club, sisterhood meeting and closing luncheon in America. I don't know the details about everywhere else, but at our center, it wound up a discussion of you. Essie and Mr. Metz went. I thought I was better off minding my own business at home. Somebody named Posner gave the lecture. Then there was the discussion. Do you know him, Nathan? Essie says he's a boy your age."

"I don't know him, no."

"Afterward, Essie went up and gave him a piece of her mind. You know Essie, when she gets going. She's driven Daddy crazy all his life, but she is your biggest defender. Of course, she's never read a book in her life, but that wouldn't stop Essie. She says you are just like her, and you were even when you wrote about her and Meema Chaya's will. You say what's on your mind and the hell with everybody else."

"That's Essie and me, Momma."

She smiled. "Always a joke." Whether or not the joke had eased her of her burden was something else. "Nathan, Mr. Metz's daughter was down here last week to see him, and she did the sweetest thing. She's a schoolteacher in Philadelphia, pretty as a picture, and she took me aside in the sweetest way to tell me that I shouldn't listen to what people say about the subject matter, that she and her husband think the book is beautifully written. And he is a lawyer. She told me that you are one of the most important living writers, not just in America but the entire world. What do you think of that?"

"It's very nice."

"Oh, I love you, my darling. You are my darling boy, and whatever you do is right. I only wish Daddy was well enough to enjoy all your fame."

"It might have distressed him some, you know."

"He always defended you, always."

"If so, it couldn't have been easy for him."

"But he defended you."

"Good."

"When you were beginning, he was unhappy about some of the things you wrote—involving Cousin Sidney and the friends he had. He wasn't used to it, so he made mistakes. I would never dare to say it to him or he would chop my head off, but I can say it to you: Your father was a doer, your father had a mission in life for which everybody loved and respected him, but sometimes, I know it, in his excitement to do right, he mistakenly did the wrong thing. But whether you realize it or not, you made him understand. This is true. Behind your back, he repeated the very words you used, even if with you he got upset sometimes and argued. That was just a habit. From being your father. But to other people, he was behind you like a wall until the day he got sick." He could hear her voice beginning to weaken again. "Of course, you know and I know, once he got into the wheelchair, he was unfortunately a different person."

"What is it, Ma?"

"Oh, just everything at once."

"You mean Laura?" He had finally told her—weeks after leaving Bank Street—that he and Laura were no longer together. He had waited until she was over the immediate shock of having a husband move into a nursing home from which he would never return to live with her. One thing at a time he had thought, though, as it turned out, to her it was still everything at once. Of course, it was just as well that his father wasn't in any shape to get the news; all of them, including Laura, agreed he needn't know, especially as, in the past, each time Zuckerman left a wife, his father brooded and suffered and grieved, and then, utterly cast down, got on the phone in the middle of the night to apologize to the "poor girl" for his son. There had been scenes about those calls, scenes that summoned up the worst of the son's adolescence.

"You're sure she's all right?" his mother asked.

"She's fine. She's got her work. You don't have to worry about Laura."

"And you'll get divorced, Nathan? Again?"

"Ma, I'm sorry for everyone that I'm compiling such a bad marital record. On dark days I, too, put myself down for not being an ideal member of my sex. But I just don't have the aptitude for a binding, sentimental attachment to one woman for life. I lose interest and I have to go. Maybe my aptitude is for changing partners—one lovely new woman every five years. Try to see it that way. They're all wonderful, beautiful, devoted girls, you know. There's that to be said for me. I don't bring anything home but the best."

"But I never said you had a bad record—oh, my darling, not me, never, never, never in a million years. You are my son and whatever you decide is right. However you live is right. As long as you know what you're doing."

"I do."

"And as long as you know that it is right."

"It is."

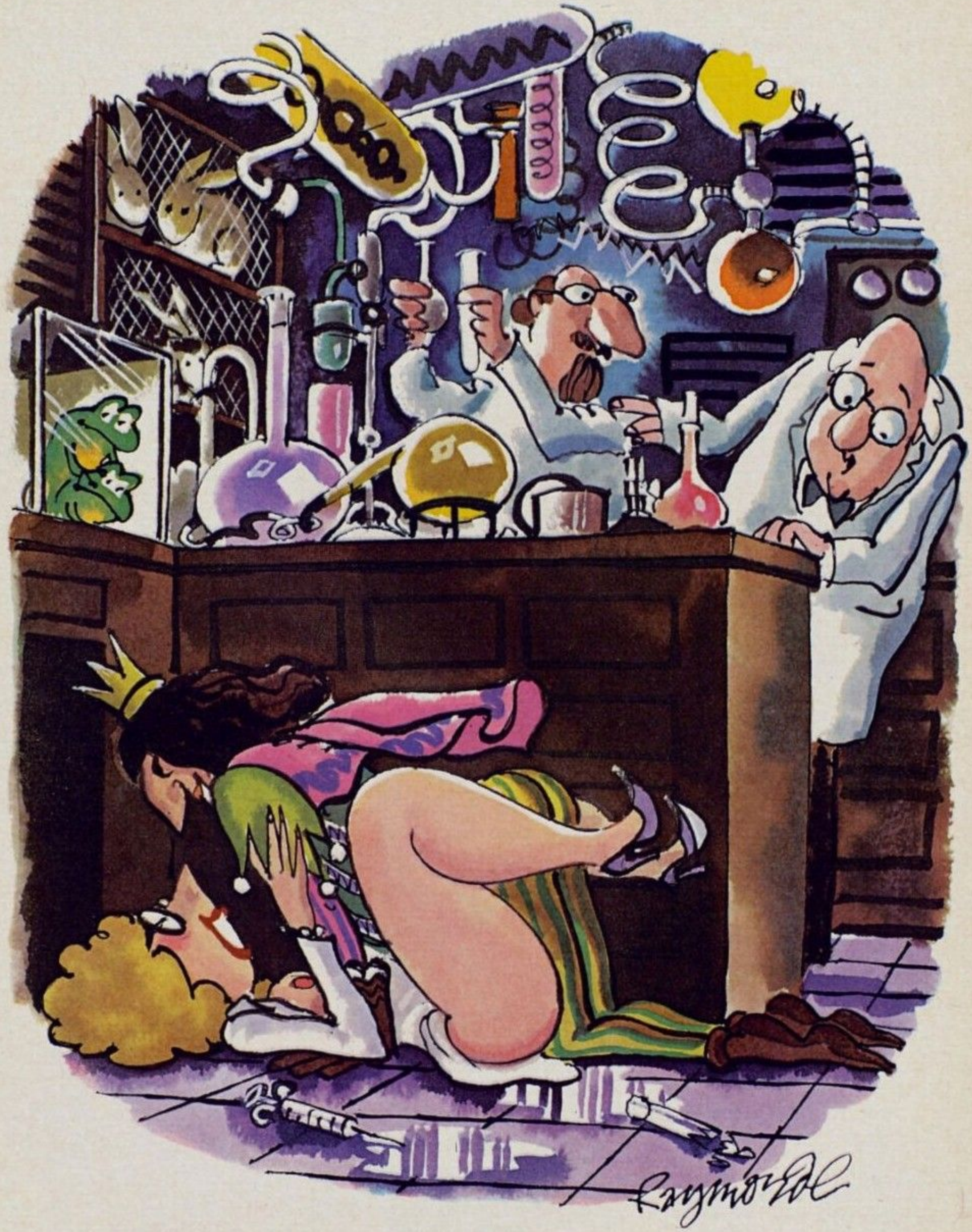
"Then we are behind you. We have been behind you from the very beginning. As Daddy always says, 'What is a family if they don't stick together?' "

Needless to say, he wasn't the best person to ask.

•

Dear Mr. Zuckerman:

I read my first erotic book seven years ago when I was 13. Then there was a lapse in sexy (and emotionally stimulating) reading as I had the real thing (seven years with the same *putz*). When that ended last winter it was back to books to forget, to remember, to escape. It was heavy for a while, so I read your book for a laugh. And now I feel as if I'm in love. Well, maybe not love but something as intense. Mr. Zuckerman (dare I call you Nathan?), you are just a definite up emotionally for me—as well as an excellent way to increase my vocabulary. Call me crazy (my friends call me Crazy Julia), call me a literary groupie, but you are truly getting through. You are as therapeutic as my shrink—and only $8.95 per session. In these times when a lot of what people communicate to each other is nothing but grief, guilt, hate, and the like, I thought I'd express my gratitude, appreciation and love for you, your great



*"It's Miss Smith—she seems to have done something remarkable with a frog!"*

wit, your fine mind and everything you stand for.

Oh, yes, and one last motive for writing you. Would you consider doing something as impulsive as accompanying me to Europe, say during semester break? I'm somewhat familiar with Switzerland (I have a secret numbered account in the largest Swiss bank) and would love to turn you on to some of the most surreal and moving experiences to be had in that country. We can visit the house in which Thomas Mann spent his last years. His widow and son still live there, in a town called Kilchberg in the canton of Zurich. We can visit the famous chocolate factories, the sound Swiss banking institutions, the mountains, the lakes, the waterfall at which Sherlock Holmes met his destiny—need I go on?

Not-so-crazy Julia
Numbered Acc't 776043

Dear Julia:

I am not so crazy either and will have to say no to your invitation. I'm sure you are a completely harmless person, but these are strange times, in America if not Switzerland. I wish I could be friendlier, since you sound friendly and affectionate yourself, not to mention playful and rich. But I'm afraid you'll have to go to the chocolate factories without me.

Yours,
Nathan Zuckerman
Bankers Trust 4863589

Dear Nathan,

I was so sad to leave without saying goodbye. But when Fate changes horses the rider is carried along.

But this was a real letter, from someone he knew. Signed "C." He found the envelope in his wastebasket. It had been mailed several days earlier in Havana.

Dear Nathan,

I was so sad to leave without saying goodbye. But when Fate changes horses the rider is carried along. And so I am here. Mary had always wanted us to meet, and I shall always feel that my life has been enriched by the moment—however brief—of knowing you.

Vague memories, nothing but memories.

C.

"Vague memories, nothing but memories" was Yeats. "Fate changes horses" was Byron. Otherwise, he thought uncharitably, it looked to be the form letter. Even the intimate "C." That stood for Caesara O'Shea, keeper of the screen's softest, most inviting lilt, of a languishing air so sad and so seductive that a Warner Bros. wit had accounted for the box-office magic thus: "All the sorrow of her race and then those splendid tits." Two weeks earlier, Caesara had come to New York from her home in Connemara, and on the phone, Zuckerman had been summoned by his agent to be her dinner partner. More *Carnovsky* booty. She had asked specifically for him.

"You'll know most of the people," said André.

"And Caesara you should know," Mary told him. "It's about time."

"Why?" asked Zuckerman.

"Oh, Nathan," said Mary, "don't look down your nose because she's a sex symbol to the hordes. So are you to the hordes, in case you haven't heard."

"Don't be intimidated by the beauty," said André. "Or the press. Everybody gets nasty or shy, and she's nobody to be afraid of. She's a very unassuming, gentle and intelligent woman. When she's in Ireland, all she does is cook and garden and sit at night and read in front of the fire. In New York, she's content to walk in the park or just go out to a movie."

"And she's had terrible luck with men," said Mary, "men I'd like to murder, really. Listen to me about you and women, Nathan, because you're as bad as she is. I've watched you mismated three times now. You married the fey elfin dancer you could crush with one finger, you had the neurotic society girl betraying her class and, as far as I could tell, this last one was actually a certified public saint. Frankly, how you picked that mother superior I'll never know. But then, there's a little mother superior in you, too, isn't there? Or, maybe that's part of the act. Keeping the Kike at Bay. More Goyish than the Puritan Fathers."

"Right to the heart of my mystery. Can't fool Mary."

"I don't think you fool yourself. For God's sake, come out from behind all that disgusting highbrow disapproval of the fallen people having fun. What's the sense of it after that book? You've thrown all that professor shit precisely where it belongs—now enjoy a real man's life. And this time with a certified *woman*. Do you really not know what you're getting in Caesara O'Shea? Aside from the most beautiful thing in creation? Dignity, Nathan. Bravery. Strength. Poetry. My God, it's the very heart of Ireland you're getting!"

"Mary, I read the movie magazines, too. From the sound of it, her grandfather cut the turf to warm the hut of Mary Magdalene. I may be a comedown from all that."

"Nathan," said André, "I promise you, she'll be as unsure of herself as you are."

"Who isn't," replied Zuckerman, "aside from Mary and Muhammad Ali?"

"He means," said Mary, "that you can be yourself with her."

"And who's that?"

"You'll come up with something," André assured him.

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Her gown was a spectacular composition of flame-colored veils and painted wooden beads and cockatoo feathers; her hair hung in a heavy black braid down her back; and her eyes were her eyes. Serving herself the haddock mousse at dinner, she dropped a bit on the floor, making it easier for him to look directly into the celebrated Irish eyes and say things that made sense. Easier until he realized that maybe that was why she'd dropped it. Every time he turned her way, there was that face from those movies.

Not until after dinner, when they were able to move away from the other guests, and from the presumptuous intimacy of place cards inches apart, could they manage to speak intimately. It lasted only five minutes but did not lack for fervor on either side. They had both read Ellmann's biography of Joyce and, from the sound of it, had never dared to confess the depths of their admiration for the book to anyone before; from the hushed tones, you might have thought that to do so was a criminal offense. Zuckerman revealed that he had once met Professor Ellmann up at Yale. They had actually met at a literary ceremony in New York where each had been awarded a prize, but he didn't want to appear to be trying to impress, given how hard he was trying.

His meeting Ellmann did the trick. He couldn't have come off better had it been Joyce himself. Zuckerman's temples were damp with perspiration, and Caesara had two hands drawn emotionally to her breasts. It was then that he asked if he could see her home later. She whispered yes, twice, mistily, then sailed in her veils across the room—she didn't want to appear oblivious to all the other guests she had been utterly oblivious to. So she put it.

Unsure of herself? A case could be made against that.

On the street, while Zuckerman waved to attract a cab a block away, a limousine pulled up. "Take me home in this?" Caesara asked.

Curled down beside him in the back seat, she explained that she could call day or night from Ireland and Mary was there to buck her up and tell her whom to hate and revile. He said he got much the same service in New York. She told him about all that the Schevitzes had done for her three children and he told her about convalescing at their Southampton guesthouse after having nearly died of a burst appendix. He knew it sounded as though he had almost died of wounds incurred at Byron's side during the struggle for Greek independence, but talking to Caesara O'Shea in the velvety back seat of a dark limousine, you began yourself to sound a little like

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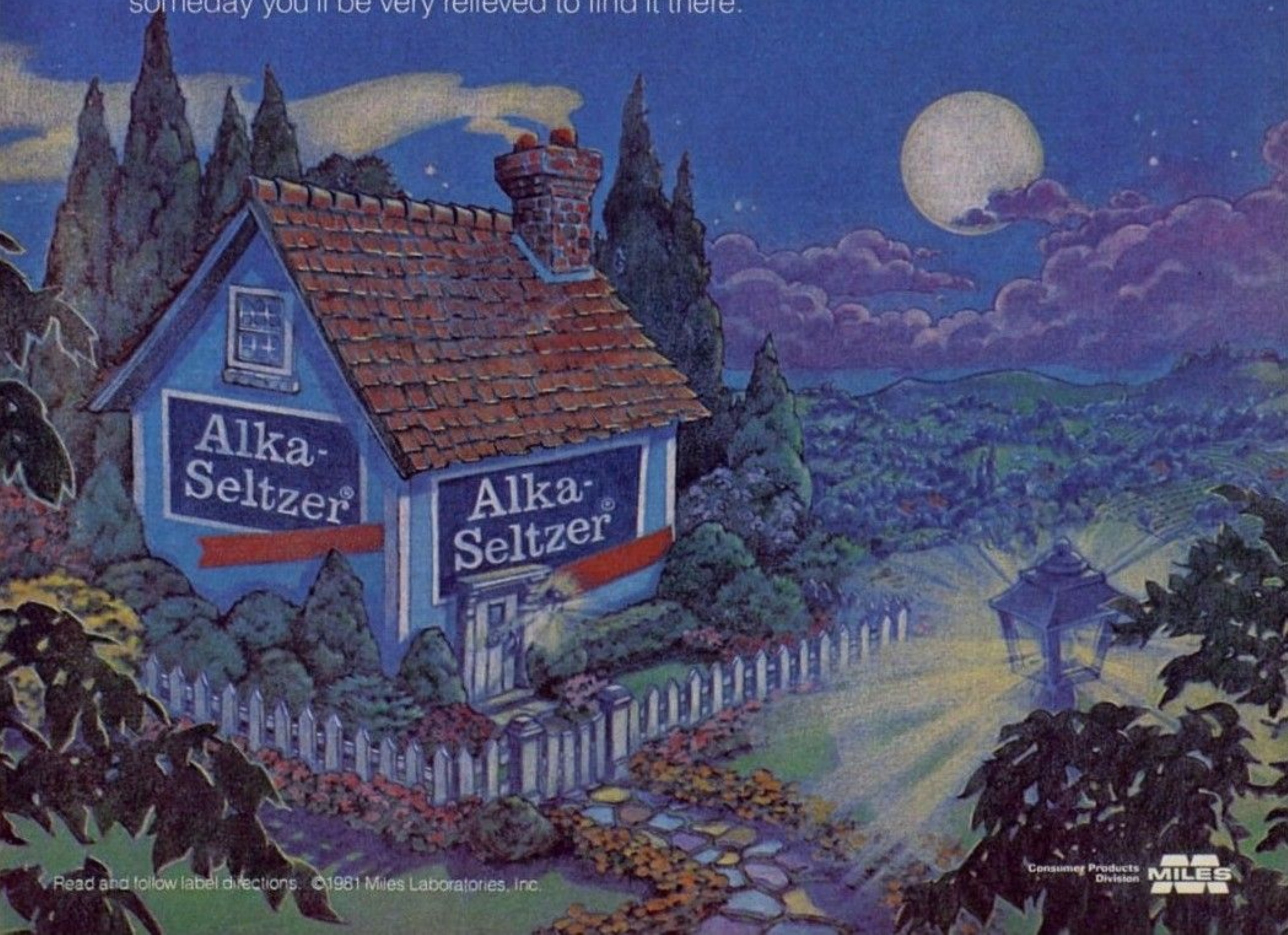


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Caesara O'Shea in the velvety back seat of a dark limousine. Appendicitis as a passionate, poetic drama. He heard himself being awfully sensitive about the "slant of light" on the Southampton beach during his convalescent morning walks. On and on about the slant of light, when, according to an item in that day's paper, a certain scene in his book was considered responsible for a 50 percent increase in the sale of black-silk underwear at smart New York department stores.

"You'll come up with something," André had said. And this was it: the slant of light and my operation.

He asked whom she was named for, if anyone. Who was Caesara the First?

In the softest voice imaginable, she told him. "For a Hebrew woman, the niece of Noah. She sought refuge in Ireland from the universal flood. My people," she said, her white hand to her white throat, "were the first to be interred there. The first of the Irish ghosts."

"You believe in ghosts?" And why not? What better question to ask? How the movement should respond if Nixon mines Haiphong harbor? Haven't you been over that enough with Laura? Just look at her.

"Let's say the ghosts believe in me," she replied.

"I can understand why they would," said Zuckerman. And why not? Fun was fun. A real man's life.

Still, he made no attempt to embrace her, neither while she was curled girlishly in the back seat, feeding him her gentle, harmless, hypnotic blarney, nor when she stood nobly before him at the doorway of the Pierre, a woman nearly his height, with her black braid and her heavy gold earrings and her gown of veils and beads and feathers, looking in all like the pagan goddess they made the sacrifices for in a movie of hers he'd seen at college. Perhaps he might have drawn her to him, had he not noticed, on entering the car, a copy of *Carnovsky* lying on the seat beside the driver. The mustached young man must have been reading to pass the time while Miss O'Shea was at dinner. A hip Smilin' Jack in sunglasses and full livery, his nose in Zuckerman's book. No, he wasn't about to impersonate his own hungering hero for the entertainment of the fans.

Under the lights of the hotel portico, with Smilin' Jack watching sideways from the car, he settled for shaking her hand. Mustn't confuse the driver about the hypothetical nature of fiction. Important to have that straight for the seminars back at the garage.

Zuckerman felt precisely the high-

# It was a dancer before

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brow fool that Mary Schevitz had him down for. "After all you've been through," he heard himself tell her, "you must be a little suspicious of men."

With her free hand, she drew her silk shawl to her throat. "On the contrary," she assured him, "I admire men. I wish I could have been one."

"That seems an unlikely wish coming from you."

"If I were a man, I could have protected my mother. I could have stood up for her against my father. He drank whiskey and he beat her."

To which Zuckerman could only think to reply, "Good night, Caesara." He kissed her lightly. Staggering to see that face coming up at his. It was like kissing a billboard.

He watched her disappear into the hotel. If only he *were* Carnovsky. Instead, he would go home and write it all down. Instead of having Caesara, he would have his notes.

"Look——" he called, rushing after her into the lobby.

She turned and smiled. "I thought you were hurrying away to see Professor Ellmann."

"I have a proposal. Suppose we cut the crap, as best we can, and have a nightcap."

"Both would be nice."

"Where shall we try it?"

"Why not where all the writers go?"

"The New York Public Library? At this hour?"

She was close to him now, on his arm, heading back out the door to where the car was still waiting. The driver knew more than Zuckerman did about Zuckerman. Or about the lure of Miss O'Shea.

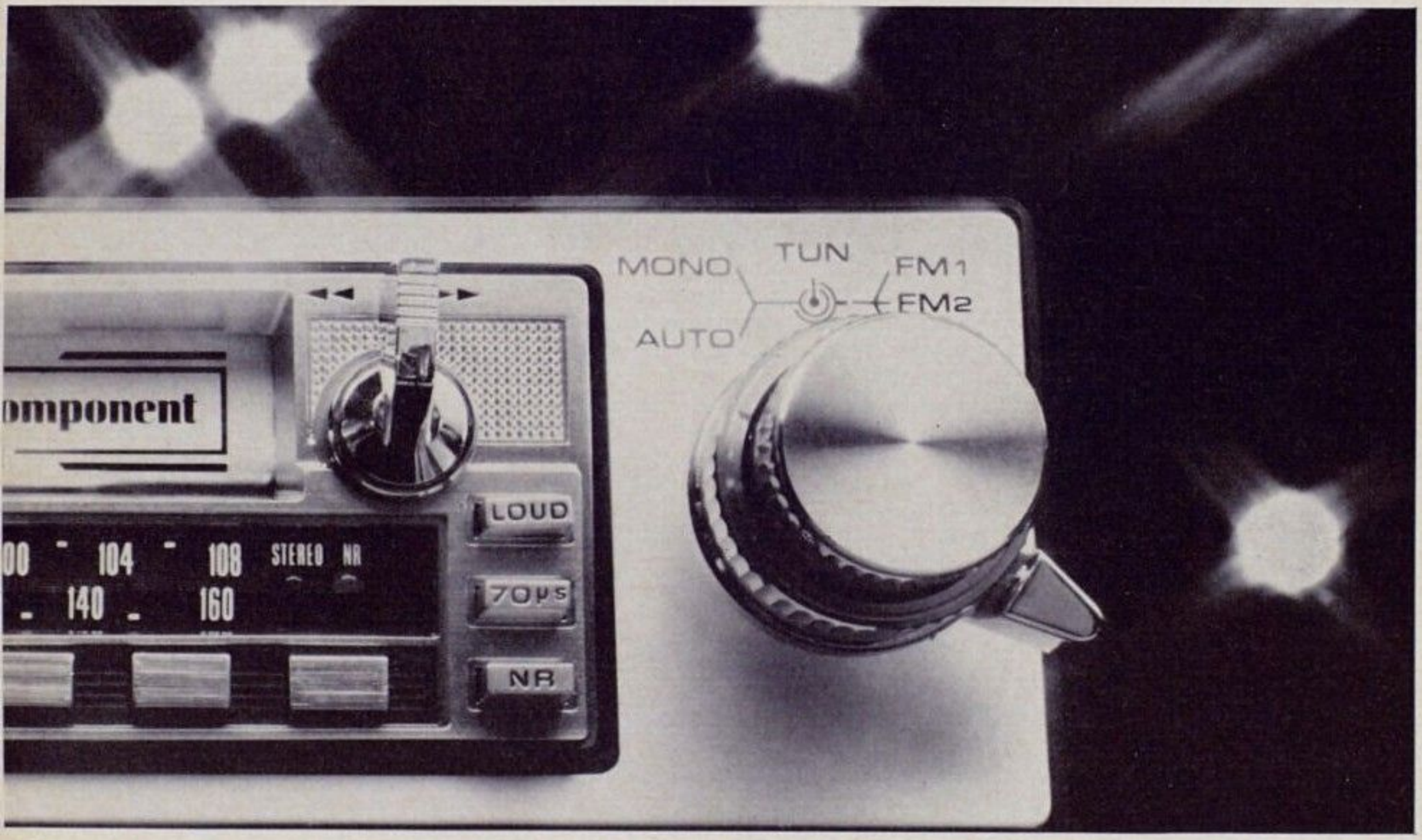
"No," she said, "that place they all love so on Second Avenue."

"Elaine's? Oh, I may not be the best person to show you Elaine's. The time I was there with my wife"—he had gone for dinner one evening with Laura, to see what it was all about—"we were seated as close to the lavatory as possible without actually having the hand-towel concession. You're better off going with Salinger when he gets to town."

"Salinger, Nathan, won't be seen anywhere but El Morocco."

Couples filled the doorway waiting to get in, customers were lined up four-deep at the bar waiting for a table, but this time the Zuckerman party was seated with a flourish of the manager's arms, and so far from the toilet that had he needed it in a hurry, he might have been at a serious disadvantage.

"Your star has risen," whispered Caesara. Everyone looked at her while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she pretended that they were still talking alone in the car. "People in line out on the street. You'd think it was a Sadean brothel," she said, "instead of just somewhere where they stir up the mud. How I hate these places."

"You do? Why did we come, then?"

"I thought it would be interesting watching you hate it, too."

"Hate this? To me it's a great night out."

"I see that by the grinding jaws."

"Sitting here with you," Zuckerman told her, "I can feel my face actually blurring out. I feel like the out-of-focus signpost in a news photo of a head-on collision. Does this happen wherever you go?"

"No, not in the rain in Connemara."

Although they hadn't yet ordered, a waiter arrived with champagne. It was from a smiling gentleman at a corner table.

"For you?" Zuckerman asked Caesara, "or me?" and meanwhile rose half out of his chair to acknowledge the generosity.

"Either way," said Caesara, "you'd better go over—they can turn on you if you don't."

Zuckerman crossed between the tables to shake his hand: a happy, heavy-set man, deeply tanned, who introduced the deeply tanned woman with him as his wife.

"Kind of you," said Zuckerman.

"My pleasure. I just want to tell you what a great job you've done with Miss O'Shea."

"Thank you."

"She only has to come on in that dress and she's got the room in the palm of her hand. She looks great. She's still got it. The tragic empress of sex. After all this time. You've done a wonderful job with her."

"Who?" asked Caesara, when Zuckerman returned.

"You."

"What were you talking about?"

"The great job I've done with you. I'm either your hairdresser or your agent."

The waiter uncorked the champagne and they raised their glasses to the corner table. "Now tell me, Nathan, who are the other famous people, aside from yourself? Who's that famous person?"

He knew she knew—everybody in the world knew—but they might as well start having a good time. It's why they were there instead of at the public library.

"That," he said, "is a novelist. The establishment roughneck."

"And the man drinking with him?"

"That's a tough journalist with a tender heart. The novelist's loyal second, O'Platitudo."

"Ah, I knew," said Caesara, with the lilt, "I knew there would be more to Zuckerman than nice manners and clean shoes. Go on, why don't you? Who is that with the hair and the bangles?"

"That is the *auteur*, the half-wits' intellectual. The guileless girl is his leading lady, the intellectuals' half-wit. That's the editor, the gentiles' Jew, and that man who is looking at you devouringly is the mayor of New York, the Jews' gentile."

"And I had better tell you," said Caesara, "in case he makes a scene, the man at the table behind him, looking furtively at you, is the father of my last child."

"Is it really?"

"I know him by the sinking of my stomach."

"Why? How is he looking at *you*?"

"He isn't. He won't. I was his 'woman.' I gave myself to him and he'll never forgive me for it. He's not merely a monster, he's a great moralist, too. Son of a sainted peasant mother who can't thank Jesus enough for all her suffering. I conceived a child by him and refused to allow him to acknowledge it. He waited outside the delivery room with a lawyer. He had papers demanding that the child bear his family's honored name. I would rather have strangled it in the crib. They had to call the police to get him to stop shouting and throw him out. All in the *Los Angeles Times*."

"I didn't recognize him with the heavy glasses and the banker's suit. The Latin life force."

She corrected him. "The Latin shit. The Latin devious lunatic and liar."

"How did you get involved with him?"

"How do I get involved with the devious lunatics and liars? I work with the he-men in the movies, that's how. Lonely on location, in some ghastly hotel, in some strange place where you can't speak the language—in this case, from my window the view was of two garbage cans and three rats crawling around. Then it starts to rain and you wait on call for days, and if the he-man wants to charm you and see that you have a good time, and if you don't want to sit reading in your room for sixteen hours a day, and if you want somebody to have dinner with in this ghastly provincial hotel. . . ."

"You could have gotten rid of the child."

"I could have. I could have gotten rid of three children by now. But I wasn't raised to get rid of children. I was raised to be their mother. Either that or a nun. Irish girls aren't raised for any of this."

"You seem to the world to do all right."

"So do you. This fame is a very crude thing, Nathan. You have to have more insolence than I do to pull it off. You have to be one of the great devious lunatics for that."

"You never like to see your face on all the posters?"

"When I was twenty, I did. You can't imagine all the pleasure I got at twenty just looking in the mirror. I used to look at myself and think that it wasn't possible that somebody should have such a perfect face."

"And now?"

"I'm a little tired of my face. I'm a little tired of what it seems to do to men."

"What is that?"

"Well, it gets them to interviewing me like this, doesn't it? They treat me like a sacred object. Everyone is terrified to lay a finger on me. Probably even the author of *Carnovsky*."

"But there must be those who can't wait to lay a finger on you just because you are a sacred object."

"True. And my children are their offspring. First they sleep with your image, and after they've had that, they sleep with your make-up girl. As soon as it gets through to them that your you isn't the world's you, it's a grave disappointment to the poor fellows. I understand. How often can you get a thrill out of deflowering the kneeling nineteen-year-old novice of that touching first film, when she's thirty-five and the mother of three? Oh, the truth is that I'm really not childish enough any longer. It was exciting at twenty, but I don't see much point to it now. Do you? I may have reached the end of my wonderful future. I don't even enjoy anymore observing the despicable absurdities. It was a bad idea, coming here. My bad idea. We should go. Unless you're enjoying yourself too much."

"Oh, being here has delighted me enough already."

"I should say hello to my child's father before we go. Shouldn't I?"

"I don't know how those things work."

"Do you think all present are waiting to see if I can do it?"

"I suppose it's the sort of thing some of them might wait up for."

The confidence so dazzling to him at the Schevitzes had all but disappeared; she looked less certain of herself now than any of the young models waiting out on the sidewalk with their boyfriends to get in and catch a glimpse of the likes of Caesara O'Shea. Still, she got up and walked across the restaurant to say hello to her child's father, while Zuckerman remained behind and sipped the champagne intended for her hairdresser. He admired that walk. Under the gaze of all those stargazers, it was a true dramatic achievement. He admired the whole savory mixture, sauce and stew: the self-satirizing blarney, the deep-rooted vanity, the level-headed hatred, the playfulness, the gameness, the recklessness, the cleverness. And the relentless beauty. And the charm. And the eyes. Yes, enough to keep a man on his toes and away from his work for a lifetime.

On the way out, he asked, "How was he?"

"Very cold. Very withdrawn. Very polite. He falls back on the perfidious

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courtliness. Out of his depth, it's either that or the cruelty. Besides, it's not only the new young mistress he's with; there's also Jessica, Our Sacred Virgin of Radcliffe College. Daughter of the first lucky masochist who made a film in his arms. The innocent child isn't supposed to know yet what a twisted, disgusting, maggoty creature Father is."

When they were back in the limousine, she drew herself up straight inside the flame-colored veils and looked out the window.

"How did you get into all this?" he asked as they drove along. "If you were raised to be a nun or a mother."

"'All this,' meaning what?" she said sharply. "Showbiz? Masochism? Whoredom? How did I get into all this? You sound like a man in bed with a prostitute."

"Another twisted, disgusting, maggoty creature."

"Oh, Nathan, I'm sorry." She gripped his arm and held it as though they had been together all their lives. "Oh, I got into all this as innocently as any girl could. Playing Anne Frank at the Gate Theater. I was nineteen years old. I had half of Dublin in tears."

"I didn't know that," said Zuckerman.

They were back at the Pierre. "Would you like to come up? Oh, of course you would," said Caesara. No false modesty about her magic but, on the other hand, no swagger, either: A fact was a fact. He followed her into the lobby, his face blurring out again as hers now caught the gaze of people leaving the hotel. He was thinking of Caesara starting at 19 as the enchanting Anne Frank, and of the photographs of film stars like the enchanting Caesara that Anne Frank pinned up beside that attic bed. That Anne Frank should come to him in this guise. That he should meet her at his agent's house, in a dress of veils and beads and cockatoo feathers. That he should take her to Elaine's to be gaped at. That she should invite him up to her penthouse suite. Yes, he thought, life has its own flippant ideas about how to handle serious fellows like Zuckerman. All you have to do is wait and it teaches you all there is to know about the art of comedy.

The first thing he saw in her drawing room was a high pile of brand-new books on the dresser; three were by him—paperback copies of *Higher Education*, *Mixed Emotions* and *Reversed Intentions*. Beside the books was a vase holding two dozen yellow roses. He wondered who they were from, and when she put down her shawl and went off to the bathroom, he sidled over to the dresser and read the card. "To my Irish rose, Love and love and love, F." When she came back into the room, he was in the wing chair that looked across the park to the towers on Central Park West, leafing through the book that had been open on the table beside the chair. It was by Sören Kierkegaard, of all people. Called *The Crisis in the Life of an Actress*.

"And what *is* the crisis in the life of an actress?" he asked her.

She made a sad face and dropped into the settee across from him. "Getting older."

"According to Kierkegaard or according to you?"

"Both of us." She reached across and he handed her the book. She flipped through to find the right page. "'When,'" she read, "'she'—the actress—'is only thirty years old, she is essentially passé.'"

"In Denmark, maybe, in 1850. I wouldn't take it to heart if I were you. Why are you reading this?"

He wondered if it had come from "F," along with the roses.

"Why shouldn't I?" asked Caesara.

"No reason. I suppose everybody should. What else have you underlined?"

"What everybody underlines," she said. "Everything that says 'me.'"

"May I see?" He leaned over to take the book back.

"Would you like a drink?" said Caesara.

"No, thanks. I'd like to see the book."

"You can look across the park from here all the way up to where Mike Nichols lives. That's his triplex where the lights are. Do you know him?"

"Caesara, everybody knows Mike Nichols," Zuckerman said. "Knowing Mike Nichols is considered nothing in this town. Come on, let me see the book. I never heard of it before."

"You're making fun of me," she said. "For leaving Kierkegaard out to impress you. But I also left your books out to impress you."

"Come on, let me see what interests you so much."

Finally, she passed it back to him. "Well, *I* want a drink," she said, and got up and poured herself some wine from

*"Damn it, Grogan, that's not the way they taught you at the academy!"*

an open bottle by the flowers. Lafite-Rothschild—also from F? "I should have known I was to be graded."

"'And she,'" Zuckerman read aloud, "'who as a woman is sensitive regarding her name—as only a woman is sensitive—she knows that her name is on everyone's lips, even when they wipe their mouths with their handkerchiefs!' Do you know that?"

"I know that, I know things even less enchanting than that, needless to say."

"Say it anyway."

"No need. Except it isn't quite what my mother had in mind when she took me down from Dublin in my Peter Pan collar to audition for my scholarship at RADA."

The phone rang, but she ignored it. F? Or G? Or H?

"'She knows that she is the subject of everyone's admiring conversation,'" Zuckerman read to her, "'including those who are in the utmost distress for something to chatter about. She lives on in this way year after year. That seems just splendid; it looks as though that would really be something. But if in a higher sense she had to live on the rich nourishment of their admiration, take encouragement from it, receive strength and inspiration for renewed exertions—and since even the most highly talented person, and particularly a woman, can become despondent in a weak moment for want of some expression of genuine appreciation—at such a time she will really feel what she has doubtless realized often enough, just how fatuous all this is, and what a mistake it is to envy her this burdensome splendor.' The hardships," said Zuckerman, "of the idolized woman." He began turning pages again, looking for her markings.

"You're welcome to borrow it, Nathan. Of course, you're also welcome to stay here and just proceed right on through."

Zuckerman laughed. "And what will you do?"

"What I always do when I invite a man to my hotel room and he sits down and starts reading. I'll throw myself from the window."

"Your problem is this taste of yours, Caesara. If you just had Harold Robbins around, like the other actresses, it would be easier to pay attention to you."

"I thought I would impress you with my brains and instead it's Kierkegaard's brain you're impressed with."

"There's always that danger," he said.

This time, when the phone began ringing, she lifted the receiver, then quickly put it back down. Then she picked it up again and dialed the hotel operator. "Please, no more calls until noon. . . . Fine. I know. I *know*. I have the message. Please, I'd just appreciate it if you'd do as I say. I have all the messages, *thank you*."

"Would you like me to leave?" asked

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Zuckerman.

"Would you like to?"

"Of course not."

"OK," she said, "where are we? Oh. You tell me. What is the crisis in the life of a writer? What obstacles must *he* overcome in his relation to the public?"

"First, their indifference; then, when he's lucky, their attention. It's your profession having people look you over, but I can't get used to the gaping. I prefer my exhibitionism at several removes."

"Mary says you won't even go out of the house anymore."

"Tell Mary I never went out of the house much before. Look, I didn't go into this line of work so as to stir the masses to a frenzy."

"What, then?"

"What I set out to do? Oh, I was a good boy, too, in my Peter Pan collar, and believed everything Aristotle taught me about literature. Tragedy exhausts pity and fear by arousing those emotions to the utmost, and comedy promotes a carefree, lighthearted state of mind in the audience by showing them that it would be absurd to take seriously the action being imitated. Well, Aristotle let me down. He didn't mention anything about the theater of the ridiculous in which I am now a leading character—because of literature."

"Oh, it's not all ridiculous. It seems that way to you only because you're so intensity-afflicted."

"And whose epithet is that? Mary's?"

"No, mine. I've got the same disease."

"In that dress?"

"In this dress. Don't be fooled by the dress."

The phone began its ringing again.

"Seems like he's slipped past the guard," said Zuckerman and opened the book to pass the time while she decided whether or not to answer. *So now for the metamorphosis,* he read. *This actress was constituted by feminine youthfulness, though not in the usual sense of the term. What is normally called youthfulness falls prey to the years; for the grip of time may be most loving and careful, but it seizes everything finite just the same. But in this actress there has been an essential genius which corresponds to the very idea: feminine youthfulness. This is an idea, and an idea is something quite different——*

"Is the point you're making, reading in my little book, that you are nothing like the notorious character in your own? Or," she asked, once the phone had stopped ringing, "is it that I'm not desirable?"

"To the contrary," said Zuckerman. "Your allure is staggering and you can't imagine how depraved I am."

"Then borrow the book and read it at home."

•

He came down into the deserted lobby at close to four, carrying the Kierkegaard. The moment he stepped out of the revolving door, Caesara's limousine pulled up in front of the hotel, and there was Caesara's driver, the dude who'd been reading *Carnovsky,* saluting him through the open window. "Drop you somewhere, Mr. Zuckerman?"

This, too? Had he been instructed to wait until four? Or all night, if need be? Caesara had awakened Zuckerman and said, "I'd rather face the dawn alone, I think." "Painters coming early?" "No. But all the brushing of teeth and flushing of toilets is more than I'm ready for." Sweet surprise. First faint touch of the girl in the Peter Pan collar. He had to admit he was feeling swamped himself.

"Sure," he told her driver. "You can take me home."

"Hop in." But he didn't hop out to open the door as he did when Miss O'Shea was along. Well, thought Zuckerman, maybe he's finished the book.

They drove slowly up Madison, Zuckerman reading her Kierkegaard under the lamp in the soft back seat. . . . *She knows that her name is on everyone's lips, even when they wipe their mouths with their handkerchiefs!* He didn't know if it was just the excitement of a new woman, the thrill of all that unknownness—and of all that glamor—or if it could possibly be that in just eight hours he had fallen in love, but he devoured the paragraph as though she *had* inspired it. He couldn't believe his luck. And it didn't seem such a misfortune, either. "No, not entirely ridiculous. Much to be said for stirring the masses, if that's what stirred you, too. I'm not going to sneer at how I got here." To her, and silently, he said this, then wiped his mouth, a little stupefied. All from literature. Imagine that. He would not like to have to tell Dr. Leavis, but he didn't feel the least sacrilegious.

When they got to his house, the driver refused his ten dollars. "No, no, Mr. Z. My privilege." Then he took a business card from his billfold and handed it out the window. "If we can ever put your mind at ease, sir," and sped away while Zuckerman stepped under the streetlight to read the card:

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He read for the rest of the night—her book—and then, at nine, he phoned the hotel and was reminded that Miss O'Shea wasn't taking calls until noon. He left his name, wondering what he would do with himself and his exultation until they met at two for their walk through the park—she'd said it would be happiness enough just doing that. He couldn't look at *The Crisis in the Life of an Actress* again, or the two essays on drama that filled out the little volume. He'd been all through them twice already—the second time at six A.M., making notes in the journal he kept for his reading. He couldn't stop thinking about her, but that was an improvement over trying to take in what people were thinking, saying and writing about him—there is such a thing as self-satiation. "You would imagine," he said to the empty bookshelves when he came in, "that after wine at dinner, champagne at Elaine's and intercourse with Caesara, I could put the homework off until morning and get some rest." But at least sitting at his desk with a pen and a pad and a book, he had felt a little less goofy than lying in bed with her name on his lips like the rest of the fans. It didn't, of course, feel anything like a good night's work; he hadn't felt the excitement of working straight through the night since his last weeks finishing *Carnovsky.* Nor could he lay claim to some lively new idea about what book to write next. All lively new ideas were packed away like the volumes in the 81 cartons. But at least he'd been able to focus on something other than himself being stuffed to bursting at the trough of inanities. He was bursting now with her.

He called the Pierre, couldn't get through, and then didn't know what to do with himself. Begin to unpack the half ton of books, that's what! Bank Street is over! Laura is over! Uncarton all the boxed-in brains! Next uncarton your own!

Then he had an even better idea. André's tailor! Hold the books and buy a suit! For when we fly to Venice, for checking in at the Cipriani! (Caesara had allowed, as he was leaving, that the only hotel in the world where she truly enjoyed awakening in the morning was the Cipriani.)

In his wallet, he found André's tailor's card, his shirtmaker's card, his wine merchant's card and his Jaguar dealer's card; these had been ceremoniously presented to Zuckerman over lunch at the Oak Room the day André had completed the sale to Paramount of the film rights to *Carnovsky,* bringing Zuckerman's income for 1969 to just over $1,000,000 or approximately $985,000 more than he had previously earned in any year of his life. Placing André's cards in his wallet, Zuckerman had withdrawn a card he had prepared the night before for André and handed it across to him—a large index card on which he had typed a line from the letters of Henry James. *All this is far from being life as I*

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PROOF OF PURCHASE REQUIRED

*feel it, as I see it, as I know it, as I wish to know it.* But his agent was neither edified nor amused. "The world is yours, Nathan, don't hide from it behind Henry James. It's bad enough that that's what he hid behind. Go see Mr. White, tell him who sent you and get him to fit you out the way he does Governor Rockefeller. It's time to stop looking like some kid at Harvard and assume your role in history."

Well, at Mr. White's that morning—waiting for Caesara to get up—he ordered six suits. If you're in a sweat over one, why *not* six? But why in a sweat? He had the dough. All he needed now was the calling.

On which side did he dress? asked Mr. White. It took a moment to fathom the meaning, and then to realize that he didn't know. If *Carnovsky* was any indication, he had for 36 years given more thought than most to the fate of his genitals, but whither they inclined while he went about the day's uncarnal business, he had no idea.

"Neither, really," he said.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. White, and made a note.

On the new fly, he was to have buttons. As he remembered, it was a big day in a little boy's life when he was old enough to be trusted not to get himself caught in a zipper and so bid farewell to the buttoned-up fly. But when Mr. White, an Englishman of impeccable grooming and manners, wondered aloud if Mr. Zuckerman might not prefer to change to buttons, Zuckerman caught the tone and, mopping his face, replied, "Oh, absolutely." Whatever the governor has, he thought. And Dean Acheson. His picture also hung among the notables on Mr. White's paneled walls.

When the taking of the measurements was over, Mr. White and an elderly assistant helped Zuckerman back into his jacket without giving any sign that they were handling rags. Even the assistant was dressed for a board meeting of A.T.&T.

Here, as though retiring to the rare-book room at the Bodleian, the three turned to where the bolts of cloth were stored. Fabrics that would serve Mr. Zuckerman for the city and his club; for the country and his weekends; for the theater, for the opera, for dining out. Each was removed from its shelf by the assistant so that Mr. Zuckerman might appreciate the cloth between his fingers. In North America, he was told, with its extremes of climate, a dozen suits would be best to cover every contingency, but Mr. Zuckerman stuck at six. He was drenched already.

Then the linings. Lavender for the gray suit. Gold for the tan suit. A daring floral pattern for the country twill. . . . Then the styling. Two-piece or three-piece? Double-breasted or single-breasted? Two-button front or three-button front? Lapels this wide or this wide? Center vents or side vents? The inside coat pocket—one or two, and how deep? Back trouser pockets—button on the left or the right? And will you be wearing suspenders, sir?

Would he, at the Cipriani, for checking in?

They were attending to the styling of his trousers—Mr. White, most respectfully, making his case for a modest flare at the cuff of the twill—when Zuckerman saw that finally it was noon. Urgent phone call, he announced. "Of course, sir," and he was left to himself, amid the bolts of cloth, to dial the Pierre.

But she was gone. Checked out. Any message for Mr. Zuckerman? None. Had she received *his* message? She had. But where had she gone? The desk had no idea—though suddenly Zuckerman did. To move in with André and Mary! She'd left the hotel to shake the unwanted suitor. She had made her choice and it was him!

He was wrong. It was the other guy.

"*Nathan*," said Mary Schevitz. "I've been trying all morning to reach *you*."

"I'm at the tailor's, Mary, suiting up for every contingency. Where is she if she's not with you two?"

"Nathan, you must understand—she left in tears. I've never seen her so distraught. It killed *me*. She said, 'Nathan Zuckerman is the best thing that's happened to me in a year.' "

"So where is she, then? Why did she go?"

"She flew to Mexico City. She's flying from there to Havana. Nathan, dear, I didn't know anything. Nobody's known anything. It's the best-kept secret in the world. She only told me to try to explain to me how badly she felt about you."

"Told you what?"

"She's been having an affair. Since March. With Fidel Castro. Nathan, you mustn't tell anyone. She wants to end it with him, she knows there's no future there. She's sorry it ever began. But he's a man who won't take no for an answer."

"As the world knows."

"He had his UN ambassador phoning her every five minutes since she arrived. And this morning, the ambassador went to the hotel and insisted on taking her to breakfast. And then she called me to say she was going, that she had to. Oh, Nathan, I do feel responsible."

"Don't, Mary. Kennedy couldn't stop him, Johnson couldn't stop him, Nixon won't stop him. So how can you? Or I?"

"And you looked so charming together. Have you seen the *Post*?"

"I haven't been out of the fitting room."

"Well, it's in Leonard Lyons, about the two of you at Elaine's."

Later that day, his mother phoned to tell him that it had been on the air as well; in fact, she was phoning to find out if it could possibly be true that he had flown to Ireland, without even calling her to say goodbye.

"Of course I would have called," he assured her.

"Then you're not going."

"No."

"Bea Wirth phoned me just a minute ago to say that she heard it on the radio. Nathan Zuckerman is off to Ireland to stay at the palatial country estate of Caesara O'Shea. It was on Virginia Graham. I didn't even know she was a friend of yours."

"She's not, really."

"I didn't think so. She's so much older than you."

"She's not, but that isn't the point."

"She is, darling. Daddy and I saw her years ago already, playing a nun."

"Playing a novice. She was practically a child then."

"It never sounded from the papers as though she was a child."

"Well, maybe not."

"But everything is all right? You feel well?"

"I'm fine. How's Dad?"

"He's a little better. I'm not saying that just to make myself feel good, either. Mr. Metz has been going every afternoon now to read him the front page of the *Times*. He says Daddy seems to follow perfectly. He can tell by how angry he gets whenever he hears Nixon's name."

"Well, that's terrific, isn't it?"

"But you going away without calling—I told Bea it just couldn't be. Nathan wouldn't dream of going that far without telling me, in case, God forbid, I had to get hold of him about his father."

"That's true."

"But why did Virginia Graham say you did? And on TV?"

"Someone must have told her an untruth, Ma."

"They did? But why?"

•

Dear Mr. Zuckerman:

For a number of years I have been planning to film a series of half-hour television shows (in color) to be called, "A Day in the Life of. . . ." The format, which is no more than a carbon of the ancient Greek Tragedy, is a recitation of the hour-by-hour activities of a well-known person, and offers an intimate personal look at someone who, in the normal course of events, the audience would not see or meet. My company, Renown Productions, is fully financed and ready to embark upon its opening show. Briefly, it involves filming one complete day from breakfast to bedtime, of a celebrity who will excite the interest of millions of onlookers. To achieve one day without dull spots, we will

*"Beg pardon, ma'am, I think he said stand and deliver!"*

average four days of filming candid unrehearsed material.

I selected you as our first celebrity because I think your day will be as interesting as any I can envision. Also, there is broad public interest in you and your "offstage" life. Everyone, I think, would profit by watching a candid portrayal of you at work and you at play. My guess is that such a production will enhance your career—and mine, too.

Please let me know your feelings, and, if we agree, I will send a couple of reporters to start the research.

Sincerely,
Gary Wyman
President

Dear Mr. Wyman:

I think you underestimate how many days, weeks and years of filming it would take to achieve "A Day in the Life of . . ." of me that would be without dull spots. A candid portrayal of my offstage life would probably put millions of viewers to sleep and, far from enhancing your career, destroy it forever. Better start with somebody else. Sorry.

Sincerely,
Nathan Zuckerman

Dear Mr. Zuckerman:

I have written a short novel of approximately 50,000 words. It is a romance with college characters and explicit sex but has humor and other interest as well, and an original plot. As in your latest book, the sexual activity is an integral part of the plot, so is essential.

I intended to send it to Playboy Press but have backed down because there could be repercussions. My wife and I are retired, living very happily in a retirement village in Tampa. If the book turned out to be successful and the people here found out that I wrote it, we would lose our friends at once and would probably have to sell our home.

I hate to do nothing about the book, because I believe it would be entertaining for readers who like explicit sex and also those who don't mind it as long as there is something worth while accompanying it. You are an established author and can publish such a book, as you already have, without worrying about adverse opinion.

Please let me know if I may send you the manuscript, and also the address I should use. Then, if you like it, you may wish to buy it outright from me as an investment and publish it under another name than your own.

Sincerely,
Harry Nicholson

The phone.

"All right, then," cried Zuckerman, "who is this? You, Nicholson?"

"Right now we are asking for only fifty thousand. That's because we haven't had to do the job. Kidnaping is an expensive operation. It takes planning, it takes thought, it takes highly trained personnel. If we have to go ahead and get to work, fifty thousand won't begin to cover costs. If I am going to keep my head above water, you won't get out of a kidnaping like this for under three hundred thousand. In a kidnaping like this, with nationwide coverage, we run a tremendous risk and everybody involved has to be compensated accordingly. Not to mention equipment. Not to mention time. But if you want us to go ahead, we will. Hang up on me again and you'll see how fast. My people are poised."

"Poised where, palooka?" For it was still with something like the caricatured voice of a punch-drunk pug that the caller was endeavoring to disguise his own—and threatening to kidnap Zuckerman's mother. "Look," said Zuckerman, "this isn't funny."

"I want fifty thousand bucks in cash. Otherwise, we proceed with the full-scale operation, and then you will be out three hundred thousand at least. Not to mention the wear and tear on your old lady. Have a heart, Zuck. Haven't you given her enough misery with that book? Don't make it any worse than it already is. Don't make it so that she regrets the day you were born, sonny."

"Look, this is call number three and has by now become a disgusting sadistic, psychopathic little joke——"

"Suppose it was cancer, would you think that was a disgusting joke, too, would you make her go through that, too, rather than dig into the margin account? Christ, you have just got close to another million on the sequel. How much more do you need in one year? The way the world gets the story, you're so pure you hold your nose when you have to handle change from the taxicab. You fraud, you hypocrite! Your talent I can't take away from you, but as a human being exploiting other human beings, you haven't got the greatest record, you know, so don't get high and mighty with me. Because if it was my mother, let me tell you, there wouldn't be that much to debate about. I'd act, and fast. But then I would never have gotten her into this to begin with. I wouldn't have the talent for it. I wouldn't have the talent to exploit my family and make them a laughingstock the way you have. I'm not gifted enough to do that."

"So you do this," said Zuckerman, wondering, meanwhile, what *he* should do. What would Joseph Conrad do? Leo Tolstoy? Anton Chekhov? When first starting out as a young writer in college, he was always putting things to himself that way. But that didn't seem much help now. Probably better to ask what Al Capone would do.

"Where did you hear that I just made a million on 'the sequel'?" If only he had a tape recorder. But the little Sony was down on Bank Street in Laura's office. Everything was that he needed.

"I didn't 'hear' it. I don't operate that way. I've got it right in front of me in your file. I'm reading it right now. *Variety*, out Wednesday. 'Independent Bob "Sleepy" Lagoon paid close to a million——' "

"But that is a lie. That is Independent Lagoon puffing himself up without paying a dime. There is no sequel."

Wasn't this the right approach, the one they recommended in the papers? To level with the kidnaper, to take him seriously, to make him your friend and equal?

"That isn't what Mr. Lagoon tells my staff, however. Funny, but I tend to trust my staff on this more than I trust you."

"My good man, Lagoon is promoting himself, period."

"Haw, haw, haw. Very funny. No less than I expected from the savage satirist of American letters."

"Look, who is this?"

"I want fifty thousand in United States currency. I want it in hundred-dollar bills. Unmarked, please."

And how would I get you the fifty thousand unmarked dollars?"

"Ah, now we are talking, now we are making some progress. You just go to your bank in Rockefeller Plaza and you get it out. We'll tell you when, at the time. Then you start walking. Easy as that. Doesn't even require a college degree. Put the money in your briefcase, go back out on the street and start taking a walk. We take care of everything from there. No police, Nathan. If you smell of police, it'll get ugly. I detest violence. My kids can't watch TV because of the violence. Jack Ruby, Jack Idiot Ruby, has become the patron saint of America! I can hardly live in this country anymore because of the violence. You aren't the only one who is against this stinking war. It's a nightmare, it's a national disgrace. I will do everything in my power to avoid violence. But if I smell police, I am going to feel threatened and I am going to have to act like a threatened man. That means police stinking up Miami Beach and police stinking up New York."

"Friend," said Zuckerman, changing tactics, "too many grade-B movies. The lingo, the laugh, everything. Unoriginal. Unconvincing. Bad art."

"Haw, haw, haw. Could be, Zuck. Haw, haw, haw. Also real life. We'll be in touch to set the hour."

This time it wasn't the novelist who hung up.

*Freestyle always*
*was your best event.*

*He knows how to wear his diamonds.*

*Your jeweler can show you other exciting trends in men's diamonds starting at about $400. The ring shown is available for about $4,500. Prices may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions.*

*A diamond is forever.* De Beers

# I HATE GOLF

(continued from page 158)

*"The only thing I learned from belonging to a country club was how to drink while walking."*

through the handicapping system. The worse you play, the higher your handicap is, which permits you to rob honest guys like me blind. I once played nine holes with a man who shot 54 and beat me out of some lettuce. That's fun?

It is also said that scenery is a pleasurable aspect of golf; all the years I played, I never saw a damn thing. I played from *inside* the scenery.

And quite a few people told me I should join the club because golf was good exercise. I have since learned that it is possible to play 18 holes without burning off much more than 75 calories, that many only if you are attacked by bees.

"All golf does is spoil a good walk," says Dr. Edward St. Mary, the medical consultant to the Miami Dolphins. When you ride a cart, you burn off about 222 calories an hour, if you turn a lot. If you ride a cart, you get more exercise spitting watermelon seeds.

They tossed me out of the country club the day I went berserk during a tournament and used the Lord's name in vain, ripped my shirt off and rolled around in a trap like a mad dog. I was playing against a little man who could pee about as far as he could hit a drive.

The man I played in the tournament shall remain nameless, because, for all I know, he could melt down his ball markers and hire some cruncher to feed me to the perch.

I had been known to blast a golf ball. I once drove one from the tenth tee to the tenth green at Southern Hills in Tulsa, which has never been done or will be done again. I hit the ball so hard it about cried. It flew over about 100 trees and went over a housing addition, but hooked back onto the field of combat and rolled to the green. Then I fourputted, so the drive didn't make much of a damn, did it?

On a par five during my last tournament, I pounded two shots into a trap by the green. My partner crept down the fairway, a bit at a time, like he was playing tiddlywinks. It was dangerously windy that day and a limb had blown across the far edge of the trap. My golf ball was about 30 yards from the limb, which wasn't *in* the trap, it was over the edge. So, like any normal person, I picked up the limb and carried it off.

My opponent called the hole on me. It is illegal to remove an object from in or over a trap, even if it's a dead body.

It took my opponent about seven shots to reach the green, but all that mattered was that I had broken a rule of go f and, as he joyfully explained to me, we had to protect the integrity of the game.

I never understood all the rules. (There is one, I think, that says if you hit a shot and a water moccasin eats your golf ball before it stops rolling, you have to swing the son of a bitch counterclockwise around your head six times; then, if the snake doesn't spit out the ball, you can bash its brains out on a ball washer, though one no nearer the hole.)

I stomped off the course without settling various tabs, so they put a lawyer on my trail. I got a loan and squared things.

One of the things I owed for was lessons. I had taken hundreds of dollars' worth of lessons. They had put me on video-tape machines and looked at the evidence and said I had basically a horseshit swing, which I knew in the first place.

I had also bought hundreds of dollars' worth of clothing and gear from the pro shops. They come out with some new shaft, something like a kangaroo-bone driver, every couple of years. Pros like Johnny Miller get endorsement deals with companies like Sears. Every time I tried to look like Johnny Miller, all I had the desire to do was sell refrigerators.

I had even tried to comprehend lessons from magazines, where drawings of golfers had arrows around their heads and between their legs.

But the only thing I ever learned from belonging to a country club was how to drink a bloody mary while walking.

•

It's hard to quit anything cold turkey; so after being struck on the ass, after being booted out of the club, I played one more round of golf with the vice-president of a big company. The only thing that brought me out of retirement this last time was hatred—I wanted this guy, bad.

He was real phony and kept telling me how Watson would play this shot and Trevino that one. But I had him by his Titleists.

He kept doubling his bets, and going to the 17th hole, there was the distinct possibility that I would be moving into my opponent's house that night.

The reason I was playing so well was because I had had about five beers and hadn't swung a golf club in four years. Golf is one of the few sports you can play all right drunk.

He weaseled one off the tee that flew into some bulrushes, and he blamed it on a cloud. I clothes-lined one that hooked, sliced, knuckled and came to rest in the middle of the goddamn fairway.

From where my golf ball was, I could have underhanded it onto the green, but as I stood there, basking in the sun and glory, thinking maybe I had been wrong about the value of golf, my opponent off to the right said, "I found it, it's one foot in bounds!"

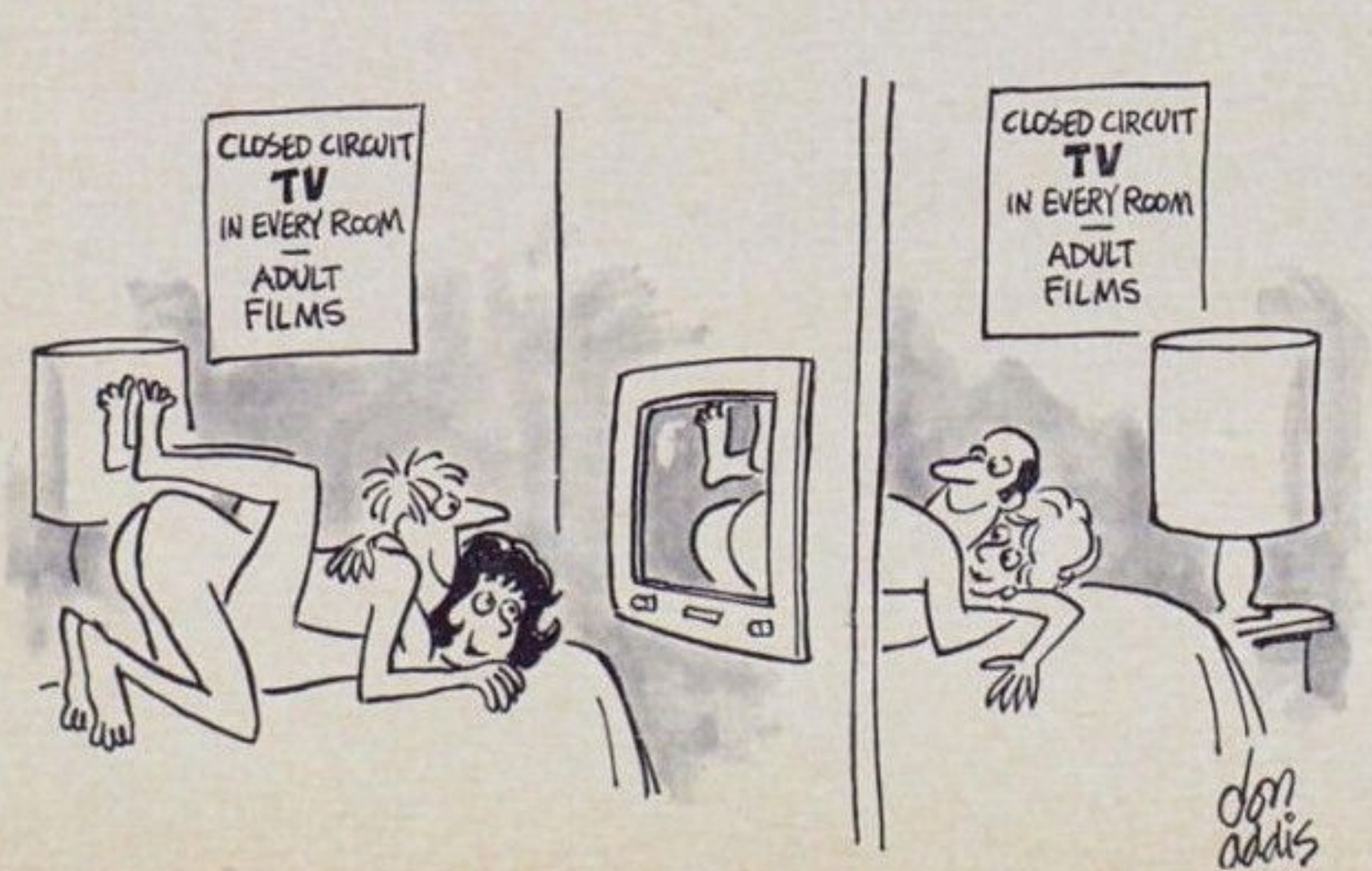
"Stop that, you cheating bastard!" I yelled.

A ball flew out of the weeds and landed on the green.

This character ripped his glove off, like he had just done a heart bypass, and he drove his cart to the green.

I lost the 17th and 18th holes and had to pay this rat $20.

I blasted my last shot over the clubhouse.



*"Michelob makes any time fee*
*a little like a weekend*

# MICHELOB BEER

*Put a little weekend in your week*

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# Renault Presents The Remarkable 18i Sportswagon.

Renault, maker of Europe's best selling cars, presents a remarkable new wagon for America...the Renault 18i Sportswagon.

Remarkable, because it is, at once, a wagon that provides comfortable seating for 5, *and* muscle to move you crisply from 0 to 50...

...a wagon with up to 65.5 cubic feet of load space, *and* the good manners to go where you aim it through precise, quick rack and pinion steering (lock to lock in just 3 turns)...

...a wagon that takes care of the whole family, *and* carefully meters out fuel for outstanding efficiency*...

...a wagon that bristles with innovative technology of the 80's.

38 HWY EST* 25 MPG EST

**Bosch L-Jetronic Fuel Injection**
This is the Electric Multi-Point Bosch system also used by Porsche 928 and Jaguar XJ-S. It precisely measures out the fuel required for optimum performance and efficiency from the 18i's enthusiastic 1.6 liter (1647 cc, aluminum block and head) 4-cylinder engine.

**20 Years Experience in Front-Wheel Drive Design.**
The 18i front-wheel drive system is a study in compact, lightweight design. Front drive transaxles, engine and 4-speed manual transmission (5-speed, avail.) are deftly mounted to provide a 60/40 weight ratio, front to rear. It also allows quick access for service at any of the more than 1300 Renault and American Motors Dealers.

**Slip Stream Aerodynamics**
The 18i Sportswagon silhouette is notably slippery. A wide front modesty panel—more discreet than add-on air dams—encourages turbulence to slide beneath the 18i. Slip stream styling effects promote excellent fuel efficiency* as the wagon carves the air.

**Road Adhesion**
The 18i Sportswagon is masterfully tuned for the road. With 155SR x 13 Michelin steel belted radials, box section "live" rear axle (it flexes in the turns), front and rear sway bars, and beefy helical coil springs (variable-flex in the rear) surrounding long-travel shock struts.

**Inner Space Geometry**
The 18i's elegantly tailored seats are bio-formed with special support for the lumbar region and upper thighs.

Controls and gauges are strategically angled and positioned for driver access.

A wide rear bench seat folds forward, providing a lushly carpeted flat load bed more than 5½ feet long.

*The Renault 18i Sportswagon. Remarkable? We think so. It provides what wagon users ask for...generous space and great mileage. And something many have been missing...the sheer joy of commanding a responsive, nimble, sensitive, exciting road machine.*

*EPA estimated at 25 mpg. 38 mpg highway est. Remember: Compare this estimate with estimated mpg for other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, trip length and weather. Your highway mileage will probably be lower.

# Renault 18i

**More than just economy**

**At Renault and American Motors dealers.**

WHAT DID YOU SAY THE NAME OF THIS PLACE IS, WANDA-
-YI!
I'D BE PLEASED IF YOU LADIES WOULD ACCEPT A COUPLE OF OUR BUMPER STICKERS.
Gilley's CLUB
Gilley's RECORD ALBUMS
Gilley's COOK BOOK
Gilley's PIZZA
DANCE THE
Gilley's T-SHIRTS HERE
HE'S
Gilley's BUFFALO CHIP

# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

DID YOU KNOW THAT SOME OF OUR MOST OUTSTANDING COWBOYS CAME FROM NEW JERSEY? THIS FACT LEADS US TO ASK, "JUST WHAT IS A COWBOY?" AND, LIKE "IS THE UNIVERSE FINITE?"... OR "IS ANNIE A VIRGIN?" OUR QUESTION MAY HAVE TO GO UNANSWERED. BUT WE ARE GOING TO TRY TO DEAL WITH IT, HERE IN PASADENA, TEXAS; AT GILLEY'S, THE BIGGEST COWBOY HONKY-TONK IN THE WORLD.

HIT!
YOU WON'T LET ME PUNCH THE BAG OR RIDE THE BULL. ...NOW, WHY CAN'T I PLAY THE TIDDLY-WINKS?
THERE'S JUST SOME THINGS WASN'T MEANT FOR WOMEN, HONEY.
WE AIN'T GOT NO MORE QUARTERS FOR THE PUNCH-BAG MACHINE, GATOR.
HELL, I DIDN'T WANT TO WAIT IN LINE, ANYHOW.
PUNCH!
POOL TABLES
JOHN WAYNE PLAZA
BUS TOUR
BAR-B-Q
SOUVENIERS
DANCEFLOOR
BAR
J.R. EWING FAMILY REUNION
JEEPERS, LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT.
FIVE ACRES OF BRAWLING COWBOYS. IT LOOKS LIKE THE MACHO MAN IS MAKING A COME-BACK.
YOU'D BETTER BELIEVE IT, HONEY.
STEP OUTSIDE AND SAY THAT, SOD-BUSTER!
LOOKS LIKE A SHOOT-OUT!
WANTED

STAND BACK! SHOOTOUT!
WAIT! IT AIN'T HIGH NOON YET!
HI! I'M A MARLBORO MAN!
GRAB IRON, COWBOY!
FILL YOUR HAND, PARDNER!
MACE! MACE!
MACE!

WHAT'S THAT?
EL TORO! YOU RIDE IT LIKE A RODEO BULL ...TRY IT!
I THREW THE BULL AT Gilley's
TWO BUCKS FOR THE PLEASURE OF BEING HURT? ...HMF!
EW! I'LL TAKE TEN DOLLARS' WORTH.
ONE RIDE $2.00

IT'S ONLY A THIRTY-SECOND RIDE.
YEE-HAW! RIDE 'EM, COW-PERSON!

I'LL LAY YOU FIVE TO ONE SHE FALLS OFF!

I'LL LAY YOU TEN TO ONE!
YOU'RE ON!
WELL, NOW, LET'S HURRY OUT TO MY PICKUP. IT'S ALREADY A QUARTER TO ONE.

ARE-AREN'T M-MY THIRTY SECONDS O-OVER YET?
RIDE LONG AS YOU LIKE, HONEY.
I'VE GOT SOMETHING YOU CAN RIDE FOR PRACTICE.

JEEPERS, THAT WAS FUN!
ANNIE, HERE'S A NICE COLLEGE STUDENT WHO WANTS TO MEET YOU. HE'S NO COWBOY, BUT HE'S GOT THE CUTEST PREPPIE LOOK.
NOW, THERE'S A COWBOY.
I'M A SIGMA CHI. WANT TO BE PINNED?
I LIKE HOW YOU RIDE, LITTLE LADY. YOU AND I BELONG TOGETHER. WE FIT.
WIND! WIND!

HE'S A REAL COWBOY, ALL RIGHT. CHECK THE WAY HE WINDS THAT THONG AROUND THE RODEO GLOVE ON HIS RIGHT HAND.
HEY! WHAT AM I DOING? I'M A LEFTY!
WIND! WIND! WIND!
WHOEE! HE SURE DO STINK!

OH, RIDE 'EM, COW-BOY!

THAT SURE DOES TAKE THE TICKLES OUT OF TES-TICKLES!

SO THAT'S WHY COWBOYS WALK WITH BOWLEGS.

WHAT'S HER EXCUSE?

SHE'S ON HER HONEY-MOON.

HE BROKE THE BULL.

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE!

YOU (GROAN) SAID IT.

WHERE'D YOU GET THAT PURTY SOPRANO VOICE, BO?

HI, COWBOY. ARE YOU A TAURUS?

ARE YOU GUYS SURE THIS IS A BULL?

SEE YOU LATER, ANNIE. COW-BOY BUBBA IS TAKING ME FOR A RIDE.

PREPPIE ARNOLD IS TAKING ME BACK TO TOWN IN HIS DAD'S LIMOUSINE.

IN HIS DADDY'S WHUT?! ...HE SOME KIND OF YANKEE SISSY-BOY?!

Gilley's PARKING

LATER

THANK GOD I TRACKED YOU DOWN. MY COWBOY TURNED OUT TO BE A PHONY. HE'S ACTUALLY A BARBER. AND I'M STUCK HERE, BACK OF HIS SHOP, WHILE HE'S HAVING A FUN OLD TIME WATCHING DUMB COWS ON A DUMB TV WESTERN. ...GET ME OUT OF HERE!!

HEAD 'EM OFF, TOM.

LEAPIN' LIZARDS, WE'RE WATCHING THE SAME SHOW-

-AND IT'S WATCHING US. MY PREPPIE IS ACTUALLY A REAL COWBOY AND WE'RE LOOK-ING AT REAL COWS, THOUSANDS OF THEM.

OF COURSE, THIS ISN'T THE WHOLE HERD. DAD HAS ANOTHER HUNDRED THOUSAND HEAD IN THE NEXT COUNTY.

JEEPERS, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

JUST CHECKING OUT THE NORTH FORTY.

END

About $75
(when available)

About $9

# The apple never falls far from the tree.

**Ballantine's in the famous square bottle inherits its great taste, and its blend of 44 great whiskies, from our 30-year-old Ballantine's—the oldest, most expensive scotch in the world.**

**Ballantine's. Makers of the oldest and most expensive scotch in the world.**

© "21" Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland. 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

STYLE

# THE DURABLE AMDURABLE

In Israel, these colorful corrugated-plastic containers called Amdurables are everywhere, swinging down lanes, avenues and village streets in the hands of people who are toting produce home from the market. Amdurables have a number of things going for them; they're inexpensive (prices range from about $5 to $12), easily cleanable and fun to carry. We like the folder and portfolio styles shown as a kicky alternative to the more formal look of a leather briefcase. (One would liven up a court of law.) And when an Amdurable gets scuffed, you don't feel guilty—or go broke—if you just toss it out and buy another.

DAVID DEAHL

The three Israeli-made folder-style Amdurables shown above measure about 13½" x 10" x 2" (the widths vary slightly, from one to three inches), feature elastic closures and are priced at $5 to $6. The red spiffy portfolio with a plastic handle measures 24" x 16" x 1½" and costs $12; the handsome black portfolio's dimensions are slightly less and it costs only $9. All are available from Amdurable Designs, New York City.

# LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

While the predominant fashion color story this season centers on neutrals and pastels, there is a growing use of hotly colored accessories for a touch of wit or a sparkling uplift. It can be as simple as a bright-red band on a summer straw hat, as cheeky as the flash of yellow suspenders or as bold as a boldly striped knit shirt. Traditionally, the necktie has been the most common means of high-energy accenting, but the wherewithal to do it has expanded to virtually every other area of accessorizing, perhaps most surprisingly, even to shoes. Call it the Van Johnson (whose trademark was red socks) approach to fashion. Not that the soft-color looks are necessarily boring or monotonous. When they are put together with care and unpredictability, they can have as much drama as high colors. But fashion, these days, is more about variable approaches than any singular style. Hence, bright accessories can hit the spot, when it suits your mood. A word of warning: The use of too many bright colors in a single outfit, aside from turning you into a jelly-bean bag, smacks of too much fashion aggressiveness. Best to use no more than two brights in any one outfit. Perhaps the ultimate bright bit will be the return of a flower on the lapel. —DAVID PLATT

Following the numbers: **1.** Straw hat with a contrasting red band, by Makins Hats Ltd., about $38. **2.** Chino slacks, by Wrangler, $16.50. **3** & **4.** Pinstriped shirt, by Career Club, about $18; worn with a bright knit tie, by John Henry, about $9. **5.** Nylon sailor bag, by Kiffe II Accessories, about $15. **6.** Nylon slicker, by Jordache Sportswear, about $30. **7, 8** & **9.** Cable-stitched crew-neck, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, about $60; shown with a checked shirt, from Equipment by Henry Grethel, $24; and a pair of Western jeans, by Jean-Paul Germain, about $38. **10.** Bandanna with multicolored striped trim, by Nick Philolius, $3. **11, 12, 13** & **14.** Wool/silk/polyester glen-plaid jacket, by Christian Dior, $255; teamed with a cotton shirt, by Nino Cerruti Shirts, $30; an Irish linen tie, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, $14; and gabardine slacks, by Christian Dior, $37. **15.** Pink socks, by Alan Flusser, $7.50. **16** & **17.** Cotton shorts, by Bert Pulitzer, about $28.50; with a hand-knit belt, by Susan Horton, about $14. **18** & **19.** Knit pullover, by Bert Pulitzer, $22.50; plus yellow suspenders, by Alan Flusser, $32.50. **20.** Canvas belt, by Gary E. Miller Associates, $19. **21** & **22.** Striped cotton pullover, from Polo by Ralph Lauren, about $32.50; and a cotton/polyester pullover, by Wrangler, about $14. **23, 24** & **25.** Tweed jacket, from Fitzgerald by McCoy, about $150; polyester/cotton shirt, from Brigade by Arrow, $18; and a knit tie, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, $9. **26.** Canvas boat shoes, by Bostonian, about $30. **27.** Nubuck shoes, by Giorgio Brutini for Harbor Imports, $45.

RICHARD IZUI

# DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

That perennially popular item of summer apparel, white slacks, always poses the problem of what color shoes to wear. Dark shoes are inappropriate and white ones make you look like a male nurse. The best solution is to check out the array of brightly colored—and inexpensive—casual shoes available, including canvas *espadrilles*, huarachos and deck shoes. Having four or five pairs in different colors that coordinate and contrast with your summer shirt-and-sweater selection will give your wardrobe versatility.

•

While an oppressive economy may increase the pressure to separate fashion from fad, there's still a lot of interest in such frippery as surgical-chic operating-room togs. (The favorite color is orderly green.) And one company is offering your basic cook's outfit that consists of a sturdy white cotton shirt and pants redyed in a variety of crazy colors. Let's hope the trend stops before some entrepreneur starts peddling tie-dyed postal uniforms.

•

We've said it before—that fashion and style are often about doing the unexpected. One fresh new look this season is to combine cotton sleeveless sweater vests with short-sleeved shirts. Doing so might not seem logical if dressing were only to stay warm or cool. The fact is, it can be a nifty look with either knit or woven shirts.

•

For guys with long, gangly feet or calves like Walter Payton's, pulling on a pair of stretch socks is something of a hassle. Here's one solution: Turn the sock inside out. Then stuff the toe back into the sock until you come to the heel. Slide your foot into the stuffed portion. Then pull the top of the sock (which is inside out) over the foot and up. *Voilà!* It works.

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# *Benson & Hedges Lights*

# NO-HOCUS FOCUS

Many shutterbugs are their own worst enemies. With places to go and subjects to photograph, nothing seems to work out quite right. At least that's the way it was until some genius invented the auto-focusing camera. All six of these trim little wonders set their own shutter speed and aperture opening, and indicate through their viewfinders when available light is too low. And, except for the Polaroid, all feature full 35mm format, a built-in auto-flash unit, a fixed 38mm lens and post-shot distance readings that confirm correct focusing. All you do is release the shutter. What a snap!

Below: James Garner has been spreading the gospel of Polaroid's SX-70 Sonar OneStep for some time now, yet there are people who still haven't got the word that this marvelous camera really *can* focus in total darkness; other features include a self-timer, auto-focus override, automatic time exposures and the wonderment of instant prints, $269.95.

DON AZUMA

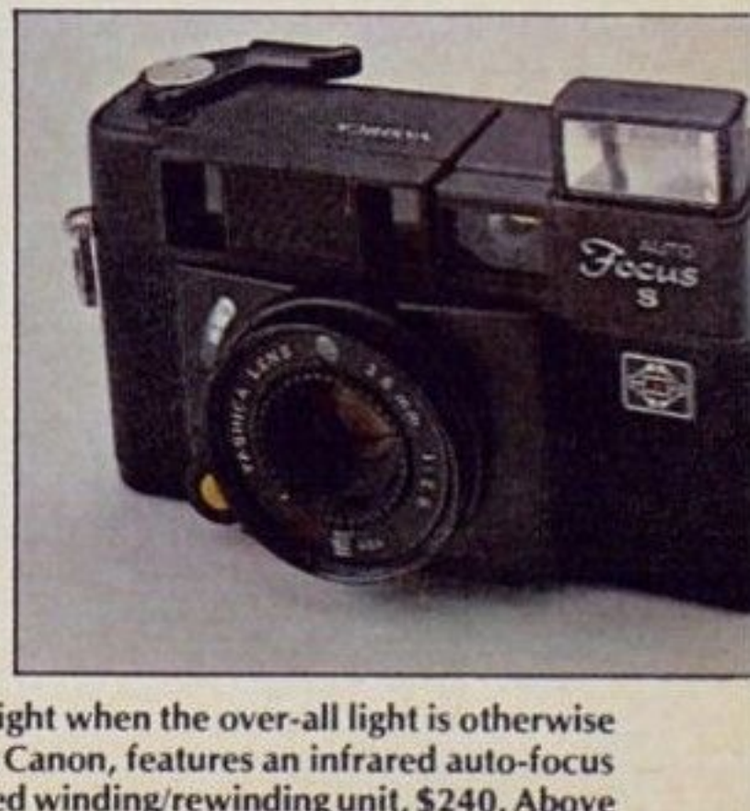
Above: Konica's compact C35 AF2, the first 35mm auto-focus camera on the market, weighs only 13.2 ozs. delivers ultra-sharp photos every time, $230.

Above: The Hi-matic AF, Minolta's auto focus, has an ultra-bright LED distance indicator in the viewfinder and 1/430 maximum shutter speed, $240.










Above left: Fujica's unusual Flash Auto Focus camera comes with a built-in beam sensor that provides added light when the over-all light is otherwise too low for auto-focus operation, $215, including batteries and film. Above center: The Sure Shot AF35M, by Canon, features an infrared auto-focus system that—like Polaroid's—allows you to take shots in the dark, plus a prefocus lock, self-timer and motorized winding/rewinding unit, $240. Above right: Yashica's Auto-Focus S has a well-marked, easy-to-use prefocus lock, a low-light shutter lock and 1/360 maximum shutter speed, $250.

## Deep in the Heart of Texas

**Eat your hearts out, urban cowboys. You won't catch this shot of actress LISBY LARSON on your TV screen when she appears in the series *Texas*. At *Grapevine*, however, we sure can pick 'em!**

GARY NICHOLS

© 1980 SCOTT DOWNIE

## Mama Mia....

**Our celebrity breast of the month belongs to MICHELLE PHILLIPS, who has played a lot of steamy parts. She can fog up our windows any old time.**

## Slip Him a Mickey

**It's kind of hard to figure out what ELTON's up to these days. Is he looking for a wife or a job at Disney World? He knows the English have a long theatrical tradition of dressing in drag. We want the real Elton to stand up, even if he does it in Minnie's shoes.**

© 1980 ROBERT A. MATHEU

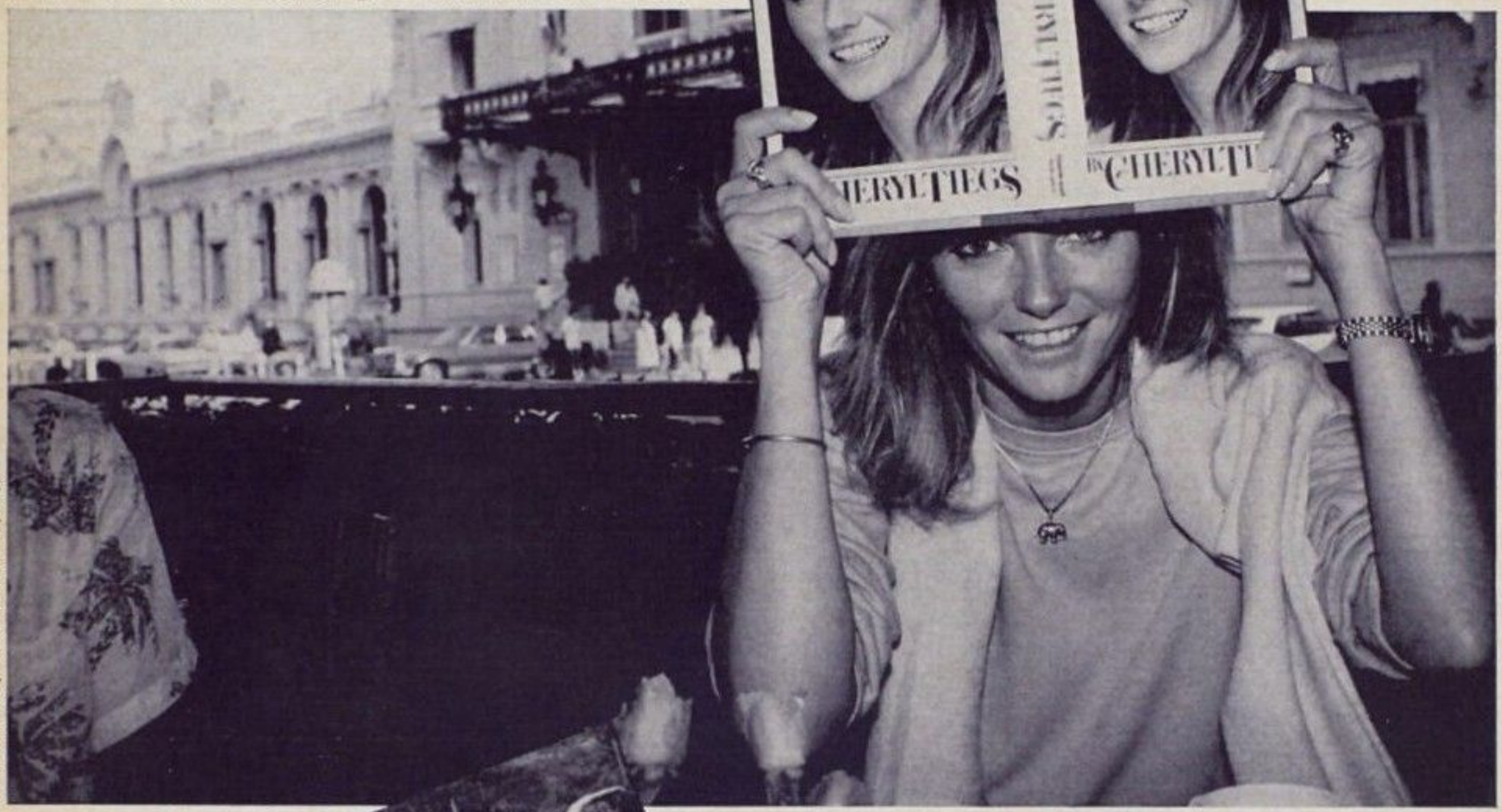
MICHAEL PUTLAND / RETNA, LTD.

## Right Guard

**We know TED NUGENT's a little crazy. Here he is in Europe, soaking up culture. Ted needs a little classing up, but the guard looks too good to be a backup singer.**

## Hey, Look Me Over!

**Model CHERYL TIEGS has one of the best-known faces in the world—for good reason. We don't like to see a beautiful woman hide her face in a book, but considering the author of this one, it's OK.**




DAVID RANNES / PHOTOREPORTERS, INC.

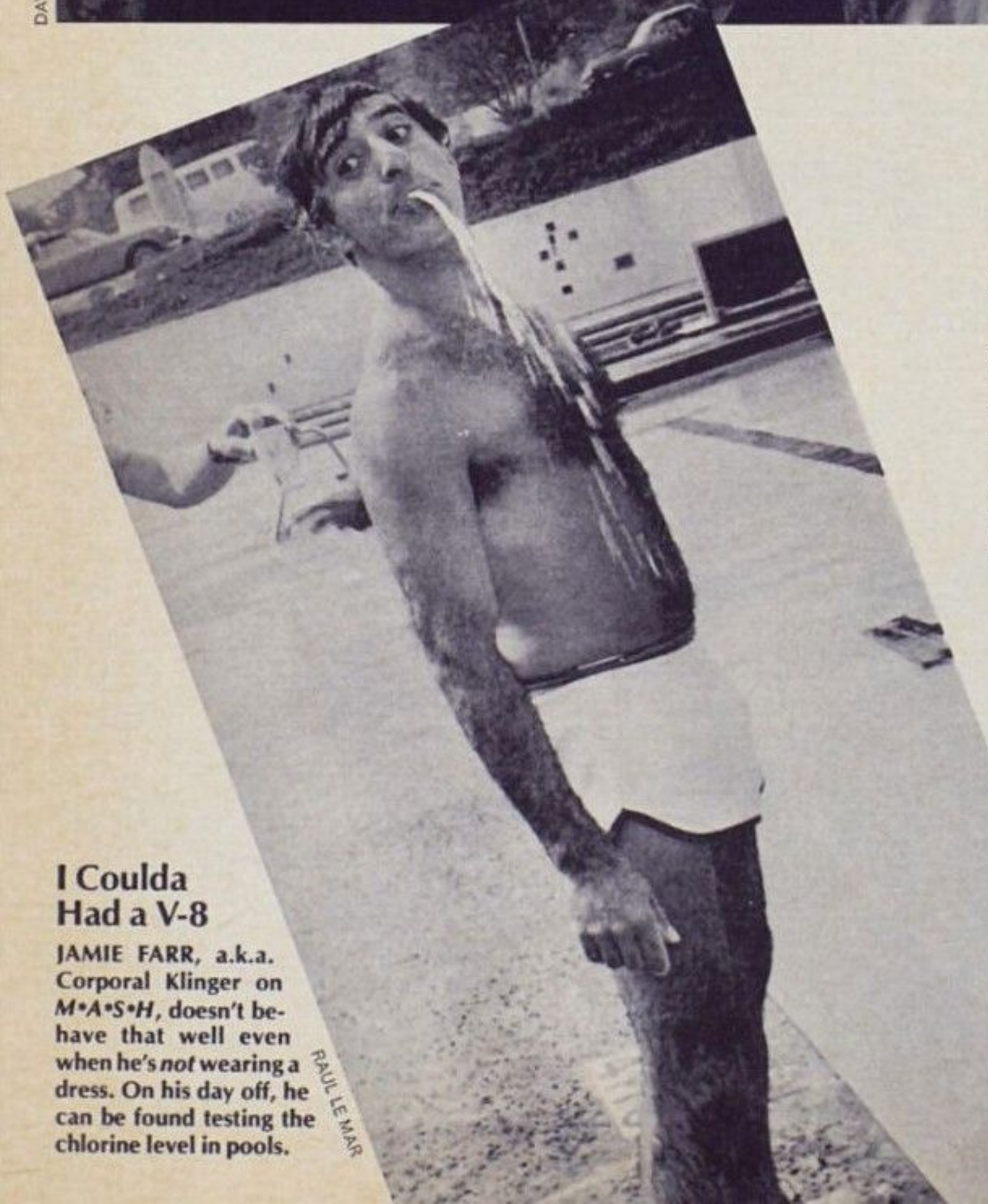
## Prime Time

**Former ingénue SUSAN STRASBERG grew up before our eyes in her book *Bittersweet*. She looks sultry now. And ripe. Maybe life *does* begin at 40.**

HENRY GROSSMAN / TRANSWORLD

## I Coulda Had a V-8

**JAMIE FARR, a.k.a. Corporal Klinger on *M•A•S•H*, doesn't behave that well even when he's *not* wearing a dress. On his day off, he can be found testing the chlorine level in pools.**



RAUL LE MAR

## SCIENCE STREETWALKS ON DEPARTMENT

The International Fertility Research Program of Durham, North Carolina, is about to take a strategic step in the war against venereal disease. Scientists there intend to test a V.D.-preventive substance on a population of French prostitutes. That's taking it to the experts. The compound, non-oxyenol-9, is commonly found in spermicidal foams and jellies and has long been suspected of killing other microorganisms. Since the commercial preparations are sold over the counter, they would provide a preventive measure easy for sexually active women to use. Researchers have opted to use prostitutes because their frequency of sex would put the substance to a more thorough test over a shorter period of

**If this mola from Panama depicts the daily life of that country, maybe that's why the natives wanted us out of the Canal Zone.**

time than that of a normal female population. Since French prostitutes are legally registered and carry health certificates, researchers won't have to worry about other medical complications. In the project, now in the planning stage, half the hookers will use the non-oxyenol preparation while the other half won't. Then, incidence of gonorrhea, syphilis and herpes will be correlated with its use. Its efficacy as a spermicide will not be tested. As for which commercial preparation will be used, the study group hasn't yet decided.

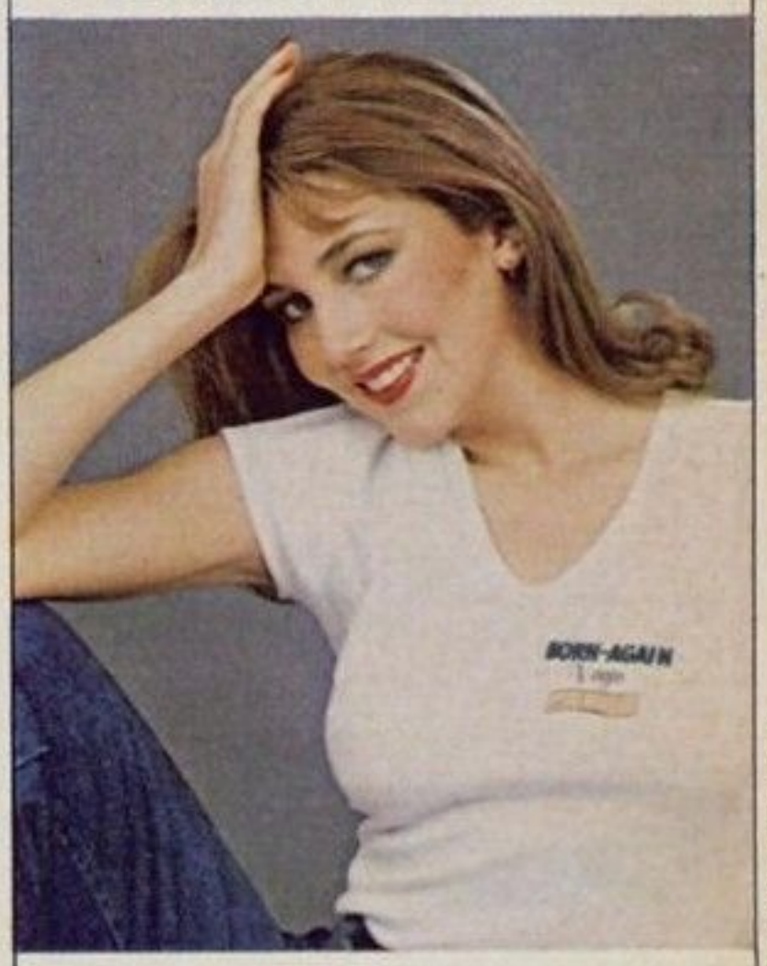
## BUT IT SURE KEEPS THOSE WARDROBE BILLS DOWN

For years, various students of the human condition have either damned or praised the effect of nudity on children, but not much evidence exists to support either position. A new book, *The Naked Child*, by Dennis Craig Smith, for the first time takes a look at family nudity through the eyes of adults who grew up in a clothing-optional environment. The author reviews negative opinions on the subject, ranging from Dr. Joyce Brothers' point of view that "incest is an obvious end" of family nudity to Dr. Benjamin Spock's contention that it's best for parents to play it safe and keep their clothes on around kids. The interviews tend to indicate otherwise. Most of the subjects describe an adolescence in which sex seemed *less* of a focal point than usual. Smith claims that none of the interviewees raised the subject of sex when describing personal childhood experiences. Some even postulated that most nudist environments would be boring for sexual adventurers. For an unacademic look at people who grew up with their clothes off, so to speak, send nine dollars to Century Twenty One Publishing, Box 8, Saratoga, California 95070.

## TOSSIN' AND TURNIN': INNERSPRING FEVER

Sperm density, hence fertility, has spiraled downward for most of this century. It has decreased more than 50 percent since 1920. In recent years, a growing list of toxic substances in the environment has been at least partially to blame. The latest culprit may be the flame retardant Fyrol FR-2, commonly used in mattress stuffing. Theoretically, the compound enters the body through the skin. University of Florida chemist Ralph Dougherty has found

## T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH



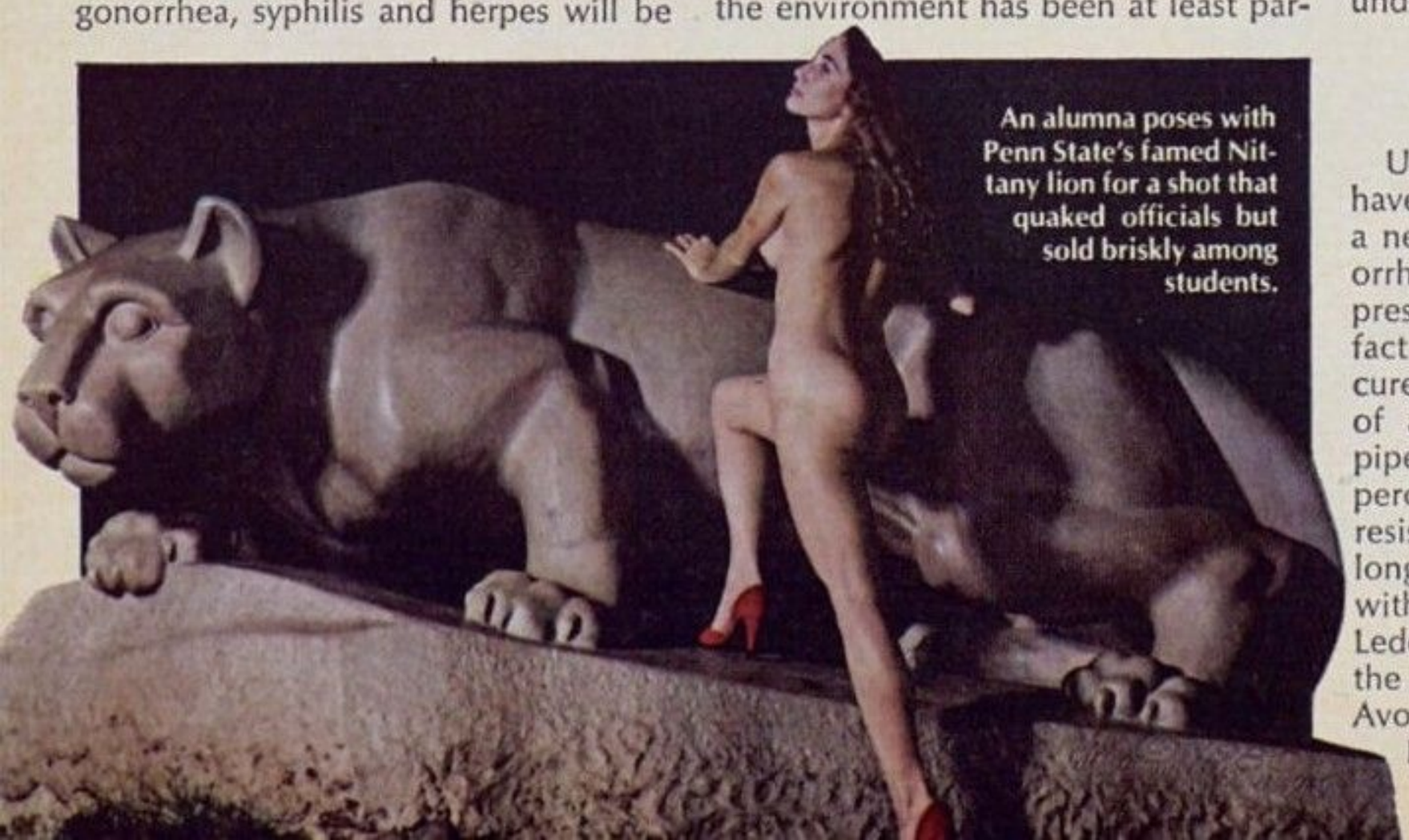

GARRICK MADISON

**Virginity has its price. In this case, it's $18 for the Born-Again Virgin Salvation Kit, including the shirt, proper I.D.s and certification from Puritanical Productions, Box 11661, Costa Mesa, California 92626.**

significant concentrations of the substance in the seminal fluid of one fourth of the students he tested. Fyrol hasn't yet been statistically associated with low sperm count, but Dougherty suspects that may be the case. Why? It's known to cause mutations in laboratory animals, so it's a potential carcinogen. Chemicals that cause cancer often cause sterility, too. So mattresses may join pollution, stress and tight underwear as a cause of infertility.

## A DRUG GONORRHEA CAN'T RESIST

Until recently, public-health officials have been increasingly nervous about a new penicillin-resistant form of gonorrhea. While the disease is not yet present in epidemic proportions, the fact that there has been no known cure has frustrated researchers. Tests of a new form of penicillin, called piperacillin, have shown it to be 100-percent effective in eradicating the resistant gonorrhea strain, as well as a long list of nonvenereal infections—without the usual penicillin side effects. Lederle Laboratories, the developer of the drug, plans to begin marketing it as Avocin early next year, pending FDA approval.

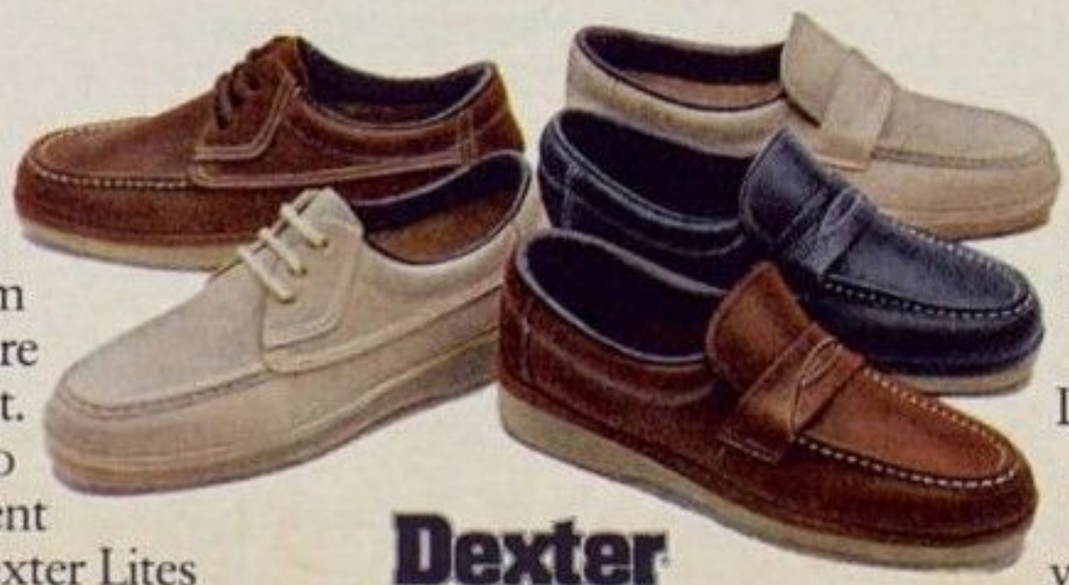


**An alumna poses with Penn State's famed Nittany lion for a shot that quaked officials but sold briskly among students.**

© 1981 Dexter Shoe Company, 31 St. James Avenue, Boston, MA 02116



# Dexter Lite



The controversy continues. There are those satisfied customers who insist that what separates Dexter Lites from the shoes they've worn before is their incredible light weight. Ah, but there are those who take a somewhat different stance. They declare that Dexter Lites are the most flexible, soft, comfortable shoes in the world. Fortunately, everyone seems to agree on one thing. With Dexter styling, craftsmanship, comfort and light weight, Dexter Lites are everything you always wanted in shoes.

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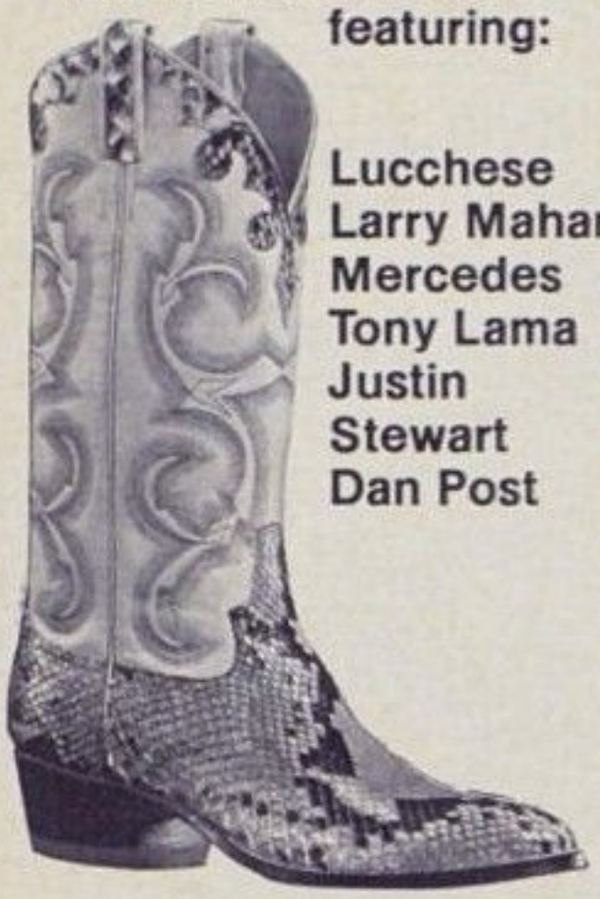

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# NEXT MONTH:

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ROCKIN' TONIGHT

MOVIE YEAR

COMPUTER REVOLUTION

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**"A GUERRILLA GUIDE TO THE COMPUTER REVOLUTION"**—ONE THING TO REMEMBER ABOUT THE TECHNOLOGY WAR IS THAT THE OTHER SIDE TAKES PRISONERS. IF YOU'RE ALREADY A CAPTIVE OF YOUR POCKET CALCULATOR, YOU MAY BE THINKING ABOUT A HOME COMPUTER. OUR ADVICE: READ THIS ARTICLE BEFORE YOU DECIDE—BY **ROBERT E. CARR**

**"THE YEAR IN MOVIES"**—ONCE AGAIN, WE AWARD OUR NON-OSCARS. IF YOU THOUGHT ACTORS DIED HORRIBLY ONSCREEN IN 1979, WAIT TILL YOU SEE THESE GRUESOME FILM CLIPS: GORY, GORY, HALLELUJAH! PLUS MAGIC MOMENTS, MOST MEMORABLE LINES AND **BRUCE WILLIAMSON**'S PICKS FOR THE TEN BEST AND WORST MOVIES OF 1980

**"GIRLS OF THE ADRIATIC"**—WE SENT PHOTOGRAPHER **POMPEO POSAR** BACK TO HIS HOME TURF TO UNCOVER THE REGION'S LOVELIEST LADIES. WE WERE NOT DISAPPOINTED; YOU WON'T BE, EITHER. TWELVE PAGES OF UNSPOILED BEAUTIES

**"GOOD ROCKIN' TONIGHT"**—A LIGHTHEARTED STORY ABOUT A PAIR OF BROTHERS, ONE A PREMIER ELVIS IMPERSONATOR, WHO DISCOVER YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN BUT YOU CAN HAVE A WHALE OF A TIME TRYING—BY **WILLIAM HAUPTMAN**

**"LAGER LOWDOWN"**—EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT BEERS: LIGHTS, IMPORTS, PREMIUMS AND ALL THAT SUDS—BY **EMANUEL GREENBERG**

**"PLAYBOY'S GT WEEKEND BOAT"**—THE ULTIMATE IN ITS CLASS FOR SPIRITED GETAWAYS—BY **BROCK YATES**

**ELISABETH KUBLER-ROSS**, THE WORLD'S FOREMOST EXPERT ON DEATH AND DYING, TALKS ABOUT HER RESEARCH, HER BELIEF IN THE AFTERLIFE AND THE SCANDAL SURROUNDING HER SEANCES IN A REVEALING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

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